



WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

A SKETCH BOTH LIGHT AND GAY
PERCHANCE BOTH DULL AND STUPID

BY

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'AMERICA AS I SAW IT,' "MEXICO AS I SAW IT," "SUNNY SICILY," ETC.

WITH 53 ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING A FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT
OF THE AUTHOR IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND 31 CARTOONS BY
W. K. HASELDEN

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Dedicated
TO
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

WICKED	and	WISE
LEARNED	and	LANKY
DAINTY	and	DAUNTLESS
PLAYFUL	and	PRETTY

but
WOMEN STILL

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A GIRL.

Type of Danish beauty.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

CHAPTER I

LOVE—AND OTHER THINGS

“What is Love, that all the world
Should talk so much about it ?
What is Love, that neither you
Nor I can do without it ?
What is Love, that it should be
As changeful as the weather ?
Is it joy, or is it pain ?
Or is it both together ?
Love's a tyrant, and a slave,
A torment, and a treasure.
Having it you know no peace,
Lacking it no pleasure.
Would I shun it if I could ?
Faith, I almost doubt it.
No, I'd rather bear its sting
Than live my life without it.”

By ELIZABETH PHILP.

I AM a woman, and—

I LOVE MY OWN SEX.

But sometimes they are just a tiny wee bit foolish
—and one would say :

Women the World Over

DON'T habitually wear diamond brooches and strings of pearls in the morning, or in the country, and remember that party clothes ought never to draggle along country lanes.

DON'T ask people to meet at dinner when you know they are not on speaking terms, or haven't one idea in common.

DON'T giggle.

DON'T wear boots down at heel or with buttons off.

DON'T let your fingers show through the ends of your gloves.

DON'T reek of scent.

DON'T have your blouse unfastened at the back.

DON'T forget your waist-belt.

DON'T let your skirt and blouse part company.

DON'T wear large feathered hats on a golf-links.

DON'T cry if you can help it.

DON'T have headaches unless they are really necessary.

DON'T withhold your sympathy or encouragement.

DON'T forget to be grateful for every kindly act.

And DON'T be slow to appreciate unselfishness.

Now for the men :

DON'T, Don't, if you can avoid it, marry beneath you. It doesn't always turn out well.

A man likes a sedative for a wife, a sort of ladylike dose of bromide.

But he likes a pick-me-up, a dose of *sal volatile* for a friend.

Having married champagne, he expects her to turn into milk and water within twenty-four hours.

"*L'amour platonique*," said the Frenchman, "*je trouve plat et sans tonique*."



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

HOW IS MRRE MAN TO KNOW ?

The influence of a woman is simply enormous. It cannot be gauged ; it goes on like the waves of the sea.

Take a case of two brothers. They were born of the same parents, brought up alike, given equal advantages. Tom fell in love with his landlady's daughter (landladies always have a constant stream of daughters of marriageable age, and they are often designing minxes), and Tom had to marry her. He was a gentleman, she was a common girl. Gradually, bit by bit, year by year, Tom descended to her plane. She had never had any money, so she was lavish and extravagant. After his marriage people of his own set, at least, the nice women, fought shy of Mrs. Tom. They had her to tea when nobody was there, for his sake, but they could not ask her to dinner, to meet their friends. Thus Tom was thrown into the society of his wife's friends, and his landlady mother-in-law.

Men soon forget to be polite, when politeness is not expected of them. Those sort of people do not understand or appreciate the pretty little courtesies of polite society, and so Tom gave up his nice ways—came to breakfast in pyjamas, wore day clothes and dirty boots at dinner, ceased reading useful books and was content with halfpenny papers. Down, down, he went. He altered in appearance, as he altered in mind and taste, until he was engulfed in the atmosphere of mamma-in-law and her surroundings.

The second brother, Harry, was not so clever in school-days, but he had more sense at the hymeneal altar. He married a girl whose connections were better than his own, who was a lady through and through, whose father held a good position, and whose

mother was a mother-in-law to be proud of. The bride had always lived in a good home and had money, so she knew how to handle it, and was economical, and wise.

All the old friends rallied round the young couple. They were asked here, there, and everywhere. People helped them to business and pleasure. Harry was a courtier to his wife, and all her people, because they expected it, and he knew they liked it.

Up went Harry. He became more particular in his dress and his manners. He did pretty little things to please his wife. He considered her, and she considered him.

Their home was dainty, the flowers pretty, the lamp-shades clean, the silver polished. Each year they forged ahead, until after a lapse of five years no ordinary being meeting the two brothers together could believe they were even relations. A spendthrift denotes weak intellect; the saver depicts strong character.

All this change came from the influence of two young women. The one dragged her husband down to her own level, the other pushed hers forward in every way, attracted interesting people to their home, and hand in hand they trod the slippery road of success through life, and ended in luxury, ease, refinement, and happiness.

Women make or mar men.

It is wonderful how the strong rise above themselves, the refined continually ascend still higher.

It is deplorable how the weak nurse their grievances, imagine wrongs, give way to vulgarity, and indulge in selfishness.

We are all frail; there are as many men in rest-cures

as women. Cabinet Ministers, Judges, Governors of countries, all find their way to a rest-cure at times.

Well, after all, we women can't be men, and you men can't be women. We may just as well recognise this profound truth instead of fighting over it, and be as nice to one another as we possibly can, and as helpful. Let us shake hands, appreciating each other's virtues, be generous to each other's faults, and cry—

Pax !

But to continue some kindly advice to men :

If you want to get on fairly with women without being called a drawing-room cat, or a "lady killer" (most odious of terms!), don't think yourself a lord born over them to begin with.

If very young, don't imagine when in public that all eyes are upon you, as you slouch with affected weariness, or go shamefaced with hands thrust in pockets. There are many as interesting as yourself—or more so.

If still young, or rash, and a woman's question such as "the woman's vote" is being discussed, with women present, don't swagger and announce loudly, "If I had my way I'd clap the whole boiling lot in a lunatic asylum, or jolly well flog them."

If older and married, don't imagine you have earned the right to drop any small civilities of daily life that seem irksome.

DON'T discuss golf, and drives and puts, or brassies or cleeks, or the fifteenth green, or the burn, or any of these things, for more than an hour at a time.

DON'T forget your wife's birthday, or the anniversary of your wedding-day.

DON'T omit to say good-bye when you leave for the City, or to greet her when you return.

DON'T clean your pipe till the family has gone to bed.

DON'T put your boots on in the dining-room.

DON'T sulk, but come home with such a cheery smile that your return will be always looked forward to.

DON'T forget to shave your chin, or brush your hair.

And never tell your friends the price of your cigars or wine; it makes them feel uncomfortable. And when your wife gives you a nice dinner or does some pleasant little thing, do fold her in your arms, kiss her, and thank her.

DON'T stand beside her and give her a cold peck.

And, once more to paraphrase Punch's sage advice for men who wish to marry :

DON'T wear stays or a *toupée* if you are going bald—both show.

DON'T have dirty nails and cigarette-coloured fingers.

DON'T kiss a girl until you are sure she wants it.

DON'T omit constant courtesy and thoughtfulness.

DON'T eschew flattery or gratitude or be inconsiderate.

DON'T forget a flower, a book; even a box of chocolates is often appreciated as an act of grace.

DON'T imagine for one moment that a woman is physically as strong as you are.

DON'T sulk, or be selfish.

DON'T lose your temper or swear.

And remember

That :

“*TO BE YOURSELF*” often means be as selfish and inconsiderate as you like, or not to curb yourself in anything.

That :

“*TEMPERAMENT*” is a cloak for every form of stupid indulgence and degeneracy.

That :

“*CHARACTER*” sometimes means merely the idea of being stubborn, instead of self-reliance in one word.

And that :

“*STRENGTH*” is the power to admit a mistake and act accordingly. Determination is the child of reasoning ; but obstinacy is the father of a weak mind.

Women are wonderful.

I am devoted to my own sex, and admire their indomitable pluck and tact. I love men, too ; in fact, men and women should never really be dissociated, but spoken of and thought of together.

Each sex inspires the other, and men have splendid traits of strength and forbearance ; but they should be gentle with their power.

Love receives pleasure and inspiration, and gives back of its best.

On the whole, I think most of the good in the world emanates from women. They are the props and stays of comfort, or home, aye, of the very nation. Of course there are bad women, and—like the little lady in the rhyme—when they are bad they are horrid. But when one comes to inquire, one generally finds that some man has been their ruin, and they

unhappily sought their revenge by playing upon the weakness of some other male being.

But first of all, what is woman ?

She is part of a man—brought into the world to help him, to guide him, to advise him, but, above all, to be his comrade and chum.

A girl was asked her definition of “man.” She replied :

“Men are what women marry. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women have sprung further.”

Many people wonder why women work as they do to-day. Primarily they did not—and yet they did—they were the housewives, the home-birds, the bearers and rearers of children. War and disease exterminated races, and women rebuilt them.

In early days man was the hunter, the breadwinner, the staff. To-day he is often none of these things. Many men look upon women as their prey, few women look upon men as their hunters.

Most men are virtuous by necessity. Women are so from honour.

Women grow strong as men grow weak. The more civilised the women, the more advanced a country becomes, for they are the builders of nations. The more retrograde the women, the more barbaric a country remains.

More than half the men and less than half the women in Great Britain marry—the rest of the women, or in any case a large proportion, *must* support themselves. Bachelors are often too luxurious to marry to-day, or too selfish. They live at their

clubs and spend all their money on themselves. Among the lower classes nearly all the men and women marry. The men can't afford to do anything else. They get all they want in one woman, and make her work mighty hard for the privilege of holy matrimony. These women are servants, housekeepers, nurses, bankers, everything, in fact.

There would be fewer marriages if girls knew more. Love, to a girl, is something beautiful, ideal, poetic. It represents companionship of the sweetest kind, sympathy, the giving of her best, making a home to bill and coo in. Love, to her, is all idealistic and beautiful. She little knows how many a man's ideas are materialistic in the physical sense, that there is little of the idealist about him, that the word "love," a word of four letters, is as dissimilar in meaning to the man and the maid as the temperature of the Arctics and the Tropics. She awakes hurt, bruised, crushed, mortified, her ideal gone, her poetry discordant. He is also disillusioned, he misses the wily professional skill. Love often brings more sorrow than joy.

A man can be charming to a woman till he gets what he wants, and a brute to her five minutes afterwards, and, strange as it appears to some men, women do like a little consideration and kindness, to say nothing of love and sympathy. The woman cannot always be giving without some little return. Love is a very misapplied verb.

Women rule the world. Men may scoff and sneer at the idea, but it is a fact. It is a woman's guiding hand that influences the life of nearly every man. His mother, his sweetheart, his wife, or a platonic friend—it is in some female guise that his good angel

stands by his side. She inspires him, encourages him, aids him. It is she who keeps him straight, and helps him along the thorny paths of life. Women soften men and teach them patience. On the other hand, men broaden women's minds and give them strength. Men are dependent on women, just as women are dependent on men. Each sex requires the other.

Women are strong because they are weak. The sexes are psychologically utterly different. Why, even in the matter of clothes, a man loves an old coat as much as a woman adores a new frock. Comfort and ease is the male cry. Elegance and beauty the female aim. Yet in the animal world the male is given the finer appearance.

Women ought to be a pleasure to look upon. A womanly woman is ever a joy, just as an effeminate man is—like a mosquito—to be avoided. Was it not Balzac who said :

“ Il n’y a rien de plus beau qu’un frégate à la voile, un cheval au galop, et une femme qui danse ? ”

But he might have put the beautiful form of a dancing woman before a galloping horse, or a ship's sails. Dancing is one of the most exhilarating and most useful forms of exercise in the world. Why shouldn't old people dance just as much as young people? In fact, they ought to dance far more, when they are no longer able to play hockey or tennis. Old folk should redouble their dancing hours.

Woman is just a delightful bundle of incongruities. Logic is all very well. Men may think and reason, argue and strive; but a woman's wit and wisdom are often worth it all, and she has passed the winning-post

long before the poor dear male thing has got round the bend of Tattenham Corner. A woman sees a point in six minutes which often takes a man six weeks to understand.

Logic is an excellent thing, but it must be properly applied. We women may not understand it, but how many men can apply it ?

For instance, as a specimen of *Man's Logic* :

Spinsters only may be employed by the London County Council.

Spinster marries—out she goes.

Wife becomes a widow—back she comes.

Widow remarries—out she goes.

Woman divorces her husband—back she comes.

Logical result, *nil*. Situation thoroughly Gilbertian. The best class of working woman is prevented marrying at all by these logical rules of men. The very women who ought to have children don't, because they would lose their job.

Logic teaches us reason. (Why say women cannot reason ?) Reasoning gives knowledge (women have a vast amount of knowledge as a rule). Knowledge, according to Sir Francis Bacon, is Power. Women have power, but sometimes they are very, very foolish.

Men and women should be spoken of under one head like the German "*Mann*." So let us at once invent a new word and call the men and women of our country

NAMOW : or Woman spelt backwards, as those letters contain both sexes.

NAMOW : let them be together.

NAMOW : let them work side by side.

NAMOW can do much to move the world and beautify the home.

NAMOW can accomplish untold deeds. Two horses at the pole pull stronger than one horse in the shafts.

Unmarried women in the lower orders of society often pay for the company of men. Servant girls consider it a triumph to get a soldier to "walk out" with them, and gladly disburse their savings for the proud privilege. On Sundays, in omnibuses and tubes, the working woman, the shop-girl, or typist, often pays, and the man calmly takes his fare and barely says "Thank you"; but, once married, the working-class husband hands over the larger portion of his weekly wages to his wife, and she undertakes all expenses, and often goes without food herself rather than stint her family.

In the middle classes the young men with scanty means invariably and generously offer to pay; while the rich young bachelors often let the girls pay the taxi unblushingly.

NAMOW should be independent. Each should pay for himself, and then no one would ever feel uncomfortable. It is an excellent system, that Hom-burg idea of each paying his share, and it is wise to institute it at once with all new acquaintances. There is no sex in brains; surely there should be no difference in the purse of NAMOW (men and women), and no distinction in their enjoyment.

Even in the case of cabs it would be better if every boy and girl paid his or her own share. As it is, the boy is often ruined by having money, the girl by want of it. They could have such a much better time if

boys and girls could lunch or tea, or dine or theatre, or skate or dance, or do any of these things together, each paying by common consent the separate bill. Girls hate being paid for, and yet courtesy demands the boy should pay; often he can ill afford it, so the sooner Homburg becomes general and each person pays that one person's own share, the jollier and happier the world will be.

We all hate doing what we can't afford, and yet how few of us have the pluck to say we can't afford anything when another is concerned.

"Love without wings" is a pretty fair definition of friendship. Just as love occasionally comes at first sight, so friendship is often born in a moment. We like a man instinctively because something in the expression of his eyes, or the shape of his hands, makes us feel that he is going to be a friend. Some bond of union is there, and that first impulse is generally correct. There are other kinds of friendship, of course, that begin in a tepid, lukewarm sort of way, and take years to strengthen, and finally end in enthusiastic affection. The key-note of friendship is its lasting quality. It stands strain; in fact, the bonds merely tighten with the out-pouring of sympathy between the parties concerned.

Love holds one captive, enthralled. Friendship is an entwined link, in fact—surprisingly sweet, and beautiful, unless the chains become too heavy and the link breaks.

Love makes bond-slaves; friendship produces help-mates.

Love is a very unselfish thing; it gives its best, it makes deep sacrifices, and does everything to please

and help the other. It is an inestimable gift, and people who possess it lead better, purer, and more unselfish lives. Love is God's greatest gift.

We cannot all fall in love, but we can all make friends. In youth we do so rapidly, in middle life charily, and in old age sparingly.

A man or woman without a friend, without many friends, in fact, is to be pitied. Some people have only one, or at most two, but they are very staunch; others have as many dozen. In that case they are not quite so engrossing, although perhaps as enduring.

In "Le High Life," pronounced "E Leaf" by the French, platonic friendship is sometimes difficult, because busybodies will insinuate a love that does not exist; but in the lower orders platonic friendships are of every-day occurrence. It is called "Keeping Company," or "Walking Out." It means nothing more than platonic friendship, and generally ends there. Why shouldn't we all copy the nursemaid and the chauffeur, and "walk out" or "keep company"? It would do most of us a deal of good. Platonic friendship is a fine thing; but it can only exist between two people of the same position in life.

As we grow older we go through the bitterness of disillusionment.

Of course women, like men, make mistakes. No sensible person really believes them divinely inspired as the priestesses of Delphi or the Vestal Virgins, although they often appear so. But, as a rule, they plan out their own lives, portion their own purses, and reach the end they wish to attain as well as does the average man; anyway, fewer women make messes of their lives, in spite of having fewer chances of fresh starts.

Again I courageously say I admire the members of my own sex, and respect them—I love them. A woman is the most perfect, and yet the most complex creation God ever made.

Why do so many men think women fools, and why do so many women think men all wise ?

Travelling about the world, I have probably been thrown more than most women into the company of the opposite sex, singly, and in dozens, and under the wildest and strangest circumstances, so I have seen their little foibles as well as their large capabilities. I have excellent friends among them, or I should not dare write as I do; and the friendship between a man and woman is the best kind of friendship. But I cannot help seeing their little traits of selfishness, their self-indulgence, and their egotism, in spite of all their kindness, strength, and courage. Some men are always adversely criticising women, and even their nearest and dearest women; but criticism is often ridiculous. If you want a summer dress, don't buy a winter one and then swear at it. The same with books, and, we might say—people. If you want a serious one don't get a light one, and then grumble.

Only two classes of men really abuse women :

The first is the lad, barely a man, who thinks it grand and grown-up to talk lightly of the feminine sex, to scoff at his mother, his sisters, or their friends. That is the attitude he assumes at his Public School, where reverence for women is not part of the curriculum. He sheds all this nonsense later, just as he learns that it is ridiculous for him to smoke a cigar, or drink champagne in his tender years. All these youthful poses merely betray how very, very young

he is, and how much the boy has yet to learn. He imposes upon himself, but not on other people.

The second class of scoffer is the old bachelor, and no one believes that any man is an old bachelor entirely from choice.

There is something good and something disagreeable about most people. Surroundings and circumstances bring out one or the other of these traits. Some people have flannel minds, other people's minds are like wisps of gauze.

The majority of human beings are selfish. We do not think we are, but we are so self-centred, so engrossed in our own little aches and pains, longings and desires, our own silly foibles, that we forget the larger world outside, and that real happiness in life lies in making other people happy. Of course, we mean to be nice, but we forget that "By and by" won't do; it must be "Now, now, now".

Unselfishness, of course, is often merely moral weakness. This kind is always imposed upon, but never esteemed.

That sort of unselfishness is often sloth of mind and sloth of movement, and requires the tonic of exercise, no doubt. Over-exercise is a poor pick-me-up, and acts like an over-dose of medicine.

In writing about women, it is impossible not to say something about men as seen from woman's standpoint. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, each share in a woman's life, and cannot be disassociated. So, speaking as a woman, one may say, and say again, how splendid by nature some men are, how generous and good, and how knightly in courtesy. Chivalry is not dead in this twentieth century. No, no, it is certainly not dead—far from it.

But, beware ! sentimentality is sometimes mistaken for chivalry. Truly chivalrous men show a strength and gentleness in protecting infancy and old age, a thoughtfulness for the weak, for womanhood, and for elder men, that is captivating.

We women admire the little daily acts of politeness shown by these really *gentle*-men.

For instance, a man, a great historian, went out of town one night in every week to dine with an *old mother*, and every Sunday found him again at her door at tea-time, and then he stayed till the Monday morning. For twenty-five years that busy man travelled an hour by rail twice a week from London to spend two evenings with an old lady, in Essex, until she died at the age of ninety. Men are often kind to their mothers, and considerate.

Let him pet her while she is still there ; it saves so much remorse afterwards. A man cannot spoil his own wife too much, or other people's wives too little, nor can he ever realise all he owes to his mother.

There is another man, a millionaire, who never forgets to send a woman-friend peaches from his hot-houses, game from his land, or the first violets of spring. Years roll on, they seldom meet ; but he always remembers to perform these little acts of friendship.

This truest form of friendship can understand long silences of understanding ; but acquaintanceship always chatters, and demands more.

Women respect men who do these kindly things, and give them their most lasting love. Women love men for many reasons, and sometimes for none apparent on the surface ; but they hate the humiliation of being ashamed of men whom they cannot help loving,

although aware that they are not worthy of that love.

How difficult it is for men and women—Namow—to understand each other. Surely the main difficulty lies in their ridiculously unequal education: from the first starting-point of life they are on different levels, and therefore see everything at a different angle, at a different perspective, and yet, later, they are supposed to merge into one line.

Boys and girls brought up together as in Great Britain, or educated together as in Finland, are all the better for it. They understand something of the relationship of the sexes, and each learns how to behave towards the other. But in France, Italy, or Spain, they live on such different planes that the ordinary youth simply does not know how to behave himself when left alone with a girl. Why should not all boys and girls be educated side by side in the Kindergarten, school, and University? Whenever this is done there seems a better moral tone, better understanding, and quite as high an intellectual standard. Why are large families so good an education for the families themselves? Simply because the boys and girls are constantly thrown together. The boys teach valour, courage, justice, to their sisters and their sisters' friends, and the girls teach gentleness, thoughtfulness, and unselfishness to the youths. Surely boys and girls, and men and women, should be together as much as possible.

Frenchmen have the reputation of being the most polite men in the world. Yet no one can be more rude, or more insolent, than an ordinary Frenchman in the presence of a woman whom he does not know. He will sit while she stands. He will stare her out of

countenance in a café. He will follow her in a street when she is shopping, and literally hunt her down in a picture-gallery. A Spaniard will comment aloud upon her appearance as she shops in Buenos Aires or Madrid, speak to her without provocation, and annoy her just for fun.

Thank Heaven. Englishmen do not do these things.

The influence of women at all times and in all seasons in the world's history has usually been for good. They have been the peacemakers in the cave-dwelling and the tribe, as well as in the home and the nations of civilisation.

Some men love to assert that women are responsible for all the vices of life. They will even quote the story of Eve and the apple with a smirk, to excuse themselves—as did Adam. This is all very fine, sir! but——

Women don't *make* men drink or gamble, gorge or cheat. True, some weak men, thinking their lives blighted because a certain feminine star does not shine for them, have sought solace in these vices, and so blamed the woman as chief cause.

Women don't *make* them back race-horses or bet on Stocks, although men very often stimulate women to do so, by bad example. If a woman is extravagant, it is weak of the man to encourage her to risk what she cannot afford to lose, instead of gently and kindly guiding her back to saner ways.

But women generally inspire men to work, to save, to achieve, to attain. Women help men to help themselves. Many a man has stopped on the brink of an ignoble act, a dirty trick, a rash plan, because the vision of his mother, or the woman he loved, has risen before him.

Men often fail because they have not pluck enough to step out of a rut. Many drift to destruction from want of pluck to shove off afresh ; but a woman has enough understanding to help at times of crisis.

Men and women—Namow—should march side by side in the world's affairs.

Women have influence, undoubtedly, but somehow they are never expected to use it for themselves, or in politics, and yet all the great interests of the world are alike for both men and women. That is why it is so ridiculous to have men's newspapers, and women's newspapers. Newspapers are for NAMOW, except in particular detailed cases, such as football news, men's kit, women's clothes, or housewifely jobs.

The Press has begun to consider women as readers, and the theatres now realise that women must be catered for in their bill of fare.

Politics are a queer anomaly to-day. They are all Party, and little patriotism. When women enter the political arena—women with their splendid sense of discipline, and their keen patriotism and desire for public good, they will throw this Party scourge on one side, and encourage men to work on broader lines, to think and act more imperially and patriotically.

Politics have reached such a state of mire that it behoves women to pick up the game, and play the cards with a cleaner pack. Women think of their country. Men sometimes think of Party advancement, and an ultimate seat in the House of Lords. Alas, to-day the House of Lords is too often the feather-bed of worn-out House of Commons politicians.

There have been clever, conceited, self-analytical

women like Marie Bashkirtseff, who wrote a private diary for public delectation; women of talented misery, as Sonja Kovalevsky, the great mathematician, an unhappy, lonely woman. There have been many great saints besides Saint Catherine and Saint Theresa; great heroines, such as Joan of Arc, or, in later days, Florence Nightingale; plucky women like Grace Darling; political leaders like Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Staël.

What tremendous power those women of France possessed in the eighteenth century! Julie Lespinasse drew all that was brilliant about her to the little attic where she and D'Alembert had one of the most famous *salons* in Paris. She attracted as much wit and wisdom as did the dinners of Madame Necker, the suppers of Madame du Deffand, or the brilliant entertaining of Madame Récamier. It is not in the least necessary for a woman to be beautiful to rule, to triumph, even to enslave. Charm counts far more than looks. Charm is irresistible, Love is divine; but Love is sometimes like a bilious attack—it makes one see double and stand on one's head. There was never a better instance of this than in the case of Mlle Lespinasse, an extremely plain girl, yet of matchless charm.

Or again, George Eliot, whom I often heard my father describe as "one of the ugliest women he ever met" (he was a young man, and she was then an old woman), and yet she possessed such a charm of personality that he always forgot her plainness, and thought of her as beautiful. The famous Duchess of Devonshire was by no means beautiful, but she possessed that charm which attracts, that power which holds.



RUSSIAN LADY IN WEDDING CROWN.

Look at the extraordinary influence of women over the French writers of the eighteenth century—Voltaire, d'Alembert, Galiani, Diderot. And again, over the political desperadoes in the tumultuous times of the French Revolution.

There have been many great women rulers such as the English Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and the late Dowager-Empress of China, though their records were tarnished by grievous faults. Our own Queen Victoria, though she had little real political power, exerted a potent and purifying influence on the moral tone of her country by her simple womanliness. She had a hard struggle. A woman held little or no position in England at the time of her accession; Royalty itself under the Georges had been a thing to jeer and gibe at, and loyalty to the Throne was something unknown when the Girl-Queen commenced her reign. The popularity which Queen Victoria finally attained was entirely due to her own personality and womanly strength.

Women have shown capacities in politics and commerce. There have been women speculators; women who sit at the tape and juggle on the Stock Exchange, and have amassed millions, like Hetty Green; there have been women intriguers and plotters, and there have been women who indirectly have ruled nations. Women, as a rule, are more economical with public money, more conscientious, and more scrupulous in their dealings than the majority of men.

The meanness of very rich people is appalling. The women will lay out a fortune on their dress, the men will spend a fortune on their stomachs, but

Charity, Kindness, Generosity, Thoughtfulness for others less well off than themselves, are items entirely missing, as a rule, from their lives. That is why they are rich probably. They hoard and hoard and sit tight on every bawbee. The man uses a purse, and the woman never has any change. Leakage of Charity there is none, and hence they have become so rich they can afford to buy friends above their station, and look down on their own contemporaries and relations. Trade in motor, rubber and oil, has been responsible for a deal of wealth and snobbery.

Well-born people are always generous and generally poor, but they have that in them which ranks far above gold.

Business is a low form of intellect. The top half is done by strategy, the under half by routine.

There is excitement and variety in business which carries people along. In writing a book or any other head-work there is little excitement, only individuality and long, dull, lonely, dreary work, forced by brain power.

Again, as to profligacy, the famous women who have ruled great men are often quoted, misquoted, in proof of their having lowered the great men, from Antony and Cleopatra to Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Could not these men, of brain, power, and will, have raised these women? Think of their temptations. The Queen longed passionately to retain her kingdom. The beautiful nurse-maid was enticed by men, her elders, with the glittering baits of riches, position, power, the company of Royal personages, and the adoration of England's hero.

Women "go wrong" from poverty; for bread and

butter often enough ; it is mighty seldom they do so from choice. Too little money throws good women into the arms of bad men. Too much money throws good men into the arms of bad women.

While some of the best stanzas in all tongues have been written to women, and much of the best prose ; while the greatest pictures represent Virgins, and the grandest marbles Venuses ; yet some of the philosophers have dared to dip their pens in gall to upbraid the very mothers who have given them birth, and the women who have brought them inspiration. Are we to listen to the verdicts of foreign cranks on women, men who die mad or commit suicide, like the author of "Character and Sex," or Nietzsche, who thought woman's destiny was to be eternally the ministrant to man's æsthetic and sensuous tastes ? He wrote :

"Woman has every reason to be modest. It will be unfortunate if she unlearns her perspicacity, her arts and graces, her playfulness and aptitude for agreeable passions and beautifying life. What she abhors is—truth. Her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance. A profound man can only consider woman as property, as a being predestined to domesticity. To overlook sex antagonism, to dream of equal rights, etc., is a sign of shallow-mindedness. They are very delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, ravishing, but things which have to be caged, lest they fly away."

I never liked Schopenhauer because he wrote such horrid things about women. He abused all women because his mother's life embittered him against them. That is hardly logic, and yet he was a so-called philosopher.

Then again, d'Alembert, the friend of Voltaire, a

Frenchman instead of a German this time, wrote lines of disparagement because the mother he adored formed a stupid alliance after his father's death.

Women have acute sensitiveness and strange intuition, which seems to be a kind of dawning sixth sense arriving without reasoning process straight at a true conclusion. Therefore let the men claim the slower-moving logical minds by all means. Logic often appears so illogical.

After love, perhaps character counts for more than anything in this world. Character is really educated will. Children by nature are dirty, untidy, cruel, lazy, untruthful, greedy. It takes a mother years of toil to eradicate such faults and to build character; and the child resents her corrections all the time. But they must be made.

The severe, strict fathers and mothers train and mould the best-behaved boys and girls. Parental indulgence brings misery on every one concerned; and yet it is so much easier to be indulgent.

Life is certainly a "pie-jaw". Parents lecture children, and wise people lecture themselves. We none of us ever grow up.

It is strange that, as a rule, the nicest women in the world are the ugly ones. Nature has a way of distributing and diversifying her gifts; she has no monopolies.

A plain face need by no means express an ugly mind. To judge a man it is always wise to criticise his features *before* a smile illumines his countenance. Impressions are best formed that way. Ugly minds are oft-times mirrored in repose in a way that smiles can veneer with charm.

It is easier to live with plainness than with beauty. Plain women, take heart. Nothing is more attractive, more delightful, or more enjoyable at the moment than beauty; nothing repels more instantly than ugliness. Although beauty acts as a magnet, its power seldom lasts; ugliness, when once it has obtained sway, holds for all time.

Of course, nothing gives so much self-satisfaction to a young woman as to be pretty. A pretty girl is sure of a good time in all social gatherings. If she is tall, small men will be immediately attracted, and will clamour for introductions, not only because of her charm of face, but for her superior height. Little men love big women. Big women like little men. In a corner of a ball-room stands a plain sister. The scrutinising glance of the "superior" sex passes her over. She is not attractive in appearance. Ah! but wait a moment. Is there any woman born who has not some charms—however hidden—at least one little gift of nature. Perhaps the *jolie laide* can dance, and when some faithful brother, kindly cousin, or old friend trots her out and shows off her paces, it is instantly noticed that she is a born votary of Terpsichore. Then triumphs the ugly girl, and she is more sought after and more likely to have a well-filled programme than the beautiful maiden who may be heavy afoot and lumpy to hold.

A pretty woman has the first innings, but an intelligent woman gets the most runs. A clever woman catches out her opponents.

The purest gems are buried in rocks, and rubble, just as the kindest hearts are often found in the roughest exteriors.

Nothing in the world is so incomprehensible as the

attraction of sex. Age, quality, appearance, learning, position, or wealth, have nothing to do with it whatever. Sex attracts like a magnet; but, unlike a magnet, one cannot say how or why, or name the cause of this power. It is a flash without the aid of steel, or red sealing-wax, or even cotton-wool.

History is full of the anomalies of the Tender Passion, full of cases which disprove the superficial idea that its only true source is to be found in those physical attractions which are the privileges of youth.

Girls play at love. Women begin to understand it between twenty and thirty. But women's real love awakens between thirty and forty. That is the full summer of its strength, its maturity.

Much the same applies to men.

Madame du Deffand fascinated Horace Walpole when she was seventy-two; Ninon de L'Enclos had lost none of her charm when, at over eighty years of age, she dismissed her last lover. The famous Lady Waldegrave, when over sixty, married her fourth husband.

One of the most extraordinary cases of a woman's influence occurred at the profligate court of Spain in the reign of the weak, unwholesome, degenerate Philip IV. Immorality, extravagance, and wickedness of all kinds raged. One day the King, when travelling, visited a little convent at Agreda, where the Mother Superior, a woman of forty and by no means lovely to look upon, spoke kindly but serious words to him. That woman changed the fate of Spain. She may only have retarded its downfall—but until her death twenty years later, Philip IV. continually sought her advice and, what is more, followed it. I am not sure that they ever met again, but hundreds of letters

passed between them, and the influence of the secluded Abbess Sor Maria on the dissolute King was one of the most remarkable cases in history of a woman's power.

Love is unselfishness tempered by obliteration of ego in the desire to please another, touched by a tinge of self-vanity. Love is the most beautiful thing in the world. Love makes a new world, a divine world for those who enter its portals. Love is a gentle breeze of sweetness, or a tornado of power.

It is pleasanter to have some one in love with one than to be in love with some one. The first gives so much, the second demands so much.

Of course, what women really adore in men—the “lords of creation”—is Strength, whether of mind or body.

When it is a case of brains, how often a woman really makes a hero of a man if she finds his brain power is above the average. She glories in the fascination of his conversation, and weaves a romantic vision of his superior genius.



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

WHEN MEN PROPOSE IN WRITING.

CHAPTER II

COURTSHIP—SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE ?

IT is women who change their entire lives by matrimony ; it is women who take on colossal responsibility by matrimony. Every detail falls to the lot of the woman, and therefore the woman should surely be allowed to choose the man for whom she feels herself able to work and give.

The man's share used to be to produce the shekels. He does not always find them nowadays, and many women contribute to the home. They ought not to have to do so, because their father should have made provision for his daughter, even if he let his son go without.

Of course women should propose. It is the woman who *is* the home, it is the woman who *is* the wife of the husband, it is the woman who *is* the mother of the children, it is the woman who *is* the mistress of the servants, it is the woman who *is* the Chancellor of the (home) Exchequer. In fact, it is the woman to whom falls most responsibility, all minor details, all the drudgery, and the woman who has to undertake such things should perforce be allowed to propose to the man for whom she feels she can do this.

It seems to me the most preposterous thing that women should not propose. Of course they should. They should ride the hobby-horse of dreams to the

winning-post. Love to some people is an incident, to others an accident, to most women a life. Namow are equal, and Namow should have equal rights of proposal or refusal.

A man once boasted to me that he had had four proposals. He was a particularly unattractive man, and his publicly announcing what should always be a very private fact made me positively hate him. No sane woman would talk like that. A proposal is the greatest, the very greatest compliment one human being can pay another, something sacred to lock away and think about but never, never to mention; a remembrance to be folded in lavender and laid among rose-leaves in a tiny drawer in life's cupboard. Such an offering is very, very precious, never to be treated lightly, spurned unkindly, or laughed at vulgarly. The offer of oneself is the greatest gift a man or woman can bestow on another human being.

It is not etiquette for a reigning Queen to be proposed to by any man; therefore, when matters have been arranged to the entire satisfaction of the lady herself, her ministers, and her country, she must make the necessary advance, she must effect the proposal to her future Consort. There is a pretty and simple story about the late Queen Victoria, then a charming young girl not long upon her throne, trembling with excitement at the prospect before her of making the proposal to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. He came to England on a second visit, really for this very act of grace. They were left alone, and she handed him a rose. This girl-Queen who had already won the love of her people, and later helped in making the history of the world, had to propose to her Prince.

After a lapse of many years, she not only held the love and respect of her subjects in her hands, but she maintained the devotion and love of her Consort.

Queen Victoria was not so remarkable a woman as Queen Elizabeth, neither was she so well educated, perhaps; for the education of women was at a high standard in the reign of the latter. Women were then at their best. A great Queen makes great women, because she encourages all that is noblest in her sex.

Men will always be the stronger physically, and where physical strength is required they will always triumph; but women are mentally as capable when they are not trampled down by heavy feet. There is no need for sex-antagonism; in fact, sex-antagonism is a serious error. Men must never be allowed to lose their respect for women. Women must never knock the bloom off men's veneration and admiration of women. The sexes must work together. The more Namow work together the better for every one concerned.

We women only ask for equality. We don't say we are superior, except, perhaps, in little things; but in big things we are asking for fair play.

Sex antagonism between men and women is all wrong. It is clumsy and stupid. Women can't oust men, and they don't want to. Equality of the sexes is what we want; no favours, just equal rights, please, dear sirs.

Matrimony is the culmination of the vigour of life. It is the most sacred thing possible between a man and a woman, and even the preliminaries of a proposal should be treated with all seriousness and stowed away in the hearts of both parties with all secrecy.

Namow should be equal in all things. Such being

the case, they should equally be able to choose a partner for life, and a woman should certainly share the right of making a proposal of marriage.

Some people act upon us as bromides, others as cayenne; but we all love to be loved. It is the innate cry of human nature. In England we like to do our own courting, while in Finland they do it by proxy.

Courtship, which is in most countries, and in the animal world, the preliminary to marriage or mating, is natural, and therefore beautiful except in its grosser forms. The courtship of butterflies sporting daintily, of birds in springtime, when males put on their finest feathers and plumes, their neck-ruffs, their brighter colours, to win favour from the more sober fair, and bow and dance and coquet—all this is certainly meant to fascinate, so far as we can judge. Any one who has ever watched the antics of the pigeons outside St. Mark's in Venice must have been amused at the strutting coquetry of the pigeon world.

It is quite interesting to watch the courtship of birds; how deliciously they flirt with each other, how coy the hen bird is, and how persistent is the cock.

Again, the homely little robin is very fascinating. As spring advances he prunes his feathers, when he first goes courting, Nature having dressed his breast with the brightest red.

At last, when the home is made, and the eggs are laid, what a flutter he is in, watching near the nest. If people approach he hops about from one place to another, diverting attention, so as to keep them away from the treasured spot, where his affections are centred, lest all the hopes of the happy family should be blighted.

These episodes are repeated more or less cunningly by all birds and animals.

Some would say Nature decrees the man should propose. Yes, but we have advanced—we humans—and women are now workers, not merely dolls and playthings.

How do we do our love-making ?

Why—some one will declare promptly, flirtation is the beginning. Flirtation is delightful attention without serious intention. Coquetry—says this counsel—is always attractive. That is its very essence, to attract, to delight, to flirt with the uncertainty of ever winning the witching being. A woman who is no flirt, or who has no spice of airy coquetry in her being, is as dull as a milk pudding.

“How abominable.” Cries the opposing advocate. “Give me the honest milk pudding. A flirting, ice-cream woman is worse than a wicked woman, for she is a fool playing with fire ; whereas the bad woman has generally common sense, and strives to fan the flame for her own end. The flirt ruins lives out of simple folly.”

There they are—the two sides to this as to every question. May we not take the safe old middle path in this eternal dispute. To wed without wooing is contrary, at least, to the Anglo-Saxon nature, with which we are mainly concerned. So the gaily innocent flirt who merely seeks to know, “Can this be the He, or the She, predestined for Me ?” is only following a law of Nature. But flirting is undeniably dangerous for the girl or youth brought up in monastic seclusion, conventually bred, with no knowledge of the other sex ; while, on the other hand, her partner in the game has no idea that laughter

is mistaken for love, or an admiring whisper for a proposal. Sorrow enough arises from excessive so-called shielding of girls and boys, who should be prepared for life by a reasonable knowledge of women's ways and men's manners.

Over-dressed girls seldom find husbands. Men prefer in their hearts to mate the "brown bird" with a more refined, subdued exterior, less significant of extravagance.

A pretty girl, with a neat figure, nice manners, and kindly character is more sure of a husband than Miss Pert. Gaudily got up, Miss Pert attracts; men are drawn—flirt with her, play and toy with her, but they do not marry her, at least the best of them do not.

Middle-aged men are amused by fast women, and enjoy their society; but they do not want them for their wives and daughters. Old men——. Too, too often it is a case of "no fool like an old fool," when an elderly widower—rarely the wily old bachelor—is seen ogling some sweet, frightened girl, who, through her parents' scheming or her own loneliness and poverty, seems likely to consent to a cruelly ill-matched marriage, for the sake of his money and position. True, sometimes, though rarely, a girl with no experience, or one cruelly wounded in life's battle, may find peace as an old man's darling. But happiness? A well-known Spanish proverb says, "The kisses of an old man are as an egg without salt."

There are old men who try to play the lover to every woman they meet. They want to make love to anything and everything in petticoats, especially from fourteen to forty. They will chuck a chambermaid under the chin, and spoil the coming-out dance of an

old comrade's grandchild by trying their aged agility. That is senile decay. Such attentions are repulsive to woman; they are even insulting. Woman was meant to be loved, but she must be loved in the right way by the right man, of the right age.

Age is a mysterious thing, and largely a matter of circumstance and climate.

In many countries women at thirty are old and wan and wizened. *Englishwomen* are at their prime from thirty to fifty, and often adorable at eighty. "You must not marry your grandmother," well, perhaps not; but a law will have to be passed to restrain young men from doing so, the grandmothers are so charming and delightful to-day.

Before reaching that mature age known as "fat, fair and forty," one has realised that all one's pet theories are being buried year by year, and that every milestone one passes along the road of life claims another. When we are young we know exactly how parents should act (or not act) towards their children. When we are parents we know exactly how parents should behave; but circumstances and environment and ways and means, delicacy or temperament, all have their say, and we find we are obliged to modify—if not to alter—all our pet theories through life. Experience brings an abandonment of pet theories. Freshness of intellect keeps everlasting youth.

In our little island such terms as "A magnificent creature," "A perfect goddess," "A glorious woman," "A superb being," "Every one loves her," are far more often applied to women of forty than of twenty.

Among either men or women, few *Namow* marry their first love; but that is no reason why that first love should not exist and be a very good thing for

both parties. It is the apprenticeship of love. A little love-making brings out all the good qualities of either sex, the pretty chivalry and sympathetic ways. Flirtation, courtship, love-making call for the best in humanity, just as with the pigeons at St. Mark's, and teach us to dress our front windows prettily.

Surely the average young Englishman is all the better for being in love with some good girl of his own position in life. Her sympathy and interest do much to encourage him to work, and save, and to keep him straight, and his quiet pleasure in her society prevents him from seeking other and less desirable companionship.

This calf-love has equal advantages for the girl; she likes to feel that she is exercising a good influence, and, while unconsciously arousing in the young man gallantry and gentleness, she improves herself. She does *nice* little things because she knows he will appreciate them. She is kind and considerate because he notices; so his boyish love-making is good for both.

As Colley Cibber says: "Love sincere refines upon the taste."

Of all coquettes on this globe, of many races and diverse colours, I verily believe the greatest flirts are the Americans and Spaniards.

"Oh, my!" as the former would say; "they do know how to do it." And American girls are so charming and so spoilt that they lead their youthlings a fine dance.

The Spanish lady reposes on a sofa, appears lethargic while she peeps through her silky black lashes, and her almond eyes of lustrous depths of blackness send a thrill through the masculine heart, as its owner offers pillows and footstools and *bonbons*. The Spanish



Photo kindly supplied by Señora Manuella, Calzadilla.

A SPANISH BRIDAL GROUP.

From near Toledo. The Bride has often been painted by Sorolla. The wedding dress is covered with jewels and relies in silver and gold and embroidered in silk.

girl is a silken, insinuous flirt, with beautiful little feet and hands and lazy ways. The American is an effervescent one. She bubbles all over with life and enthusiasm, is virile to her finger-tips, “jollies” men until they do not know whether they are on their head or their heels; like a whirlwind, she brushes all before her, and makes the males of the United States her veritable slaves.

The most romantic wooers in Europe seem to be Spaniards. In Spain, on summer nights, or often in chill spring dawns, sleepers in a street or square are aroused by the thrumming of a guitar; and, on peeping out, grumpy or gratified, they see a man’s figure wrapped in a huge cloak leaning against a tree or railing. He is singing to one concealed in the house above, behind the blinds.

She guesses, of course. Fresh from her convent, she has been taken by her parents to a box at the theatre, and there has been admired from the stalls, where men alone sit. One in especial has ogled her; that is, his opera-glasses have been levelled during all the opera on her face. She moves her fan slyly in answer. The parents discreetly make no sign, but make inquiries. He is an admirer plainly; a *novio*. When the girl is walking with her sister in front of her Mamma on the Prado—as is customary, because the damsels are thus under the maternal eye—the suitor passes by, and, without outward sign, utters one word in her ear. Presently he repasses—another single word. When he has repeated this manœuvre several times she has learned that he is “Fernando—So and so—(From)—Manila—retired—enamoured.” The game goes on thus merrily, both playing as if the girl were imprisoned in a fortress. One day, the knight seeks

an introduction to her father. Discreetly the latter invites him to call. The lover broaches his aspirations; is accepted. Then, on the Señora's reception day, Fernando calls, and is formally introduced to his soul's delight, who feigns prettily never to have noticed him till now. Wild love-making follows, and then the betrothal is announced.

In France the *beau-monde* are not allowed the pleasures of love-making; these joys are reserved for another class. In the upper circles, when Marie is old enough to be married, that is to say, about twenty, *Maman* looks round among her friends for a family in which there is a son from thirty to fifty years of age, whose income is about three or four times as large as the girl's *dot*. *Maman* approaches the gentleman's mother; the two worldly wise and sensibly good ladies discuss the affair. If "the project," as it is usually termed, does not seem suitable no more is said; if it does—negotiations are entered into, and finally the family lawyers set to work to inquire whether both statements of accounts are correct. The "dot" has made France; the want of the "dot" has marred many homes of England.

Every woman should be given some little money by her father according to his station.

Then, but not till then, do the intended couple learn the fate in store for them, and many a marriage is arranged before the would-be bride and bridegroom have even been introduced to one another. They meet, bow, and talk under the watchful eye of *Maman*, but never until they become man and wife are the *fiancés* left one moment alone. The girl's mother is always there; she watches this forced, formal, business-like love-making, and these two people, total

strangers to one another (the man often old enough to be the girl's father), marry and start off on their honeymoon to live together always; to make the same interests; to lead a dual existence.

What is the result?

Once now and then a really happy home; more often a contented one. The girl has for the first time in her existence gained the sweets of independence. She may now walk out alone, go where she wishes, invite whom she pleases, and so she is at last a Somebody in her own little circle of the world, and rejoices generally in her freedom. Her husband puts her on a pedestal, and leaves her there. It is all she has been brought up to expect, or told to look for in matrimony; and the man—well, he amuses himself elsewhere.

In Germany—there, they are not shy about their love-making; it is all done in public.

Officers in the *Vaterland* are the ideal husbands for all well-to-do maidens, but no one in the army, until lately, was ever supposed to marry a Jewess, or a girl whose father actually kept a shop. The youth may be only a penniless lieutenant, with nothing to recommend him but his debts and his uniform; but, provided he comes of good family, he can propose for any daughter, no matter how well-to-do or exalted a personage her father may be. Then the dashing officer tells the girl's father the amount of his debts, states his prospects, asks what fortune the young woman may expect, and, all being satisfactory, commences to make *Hof*.

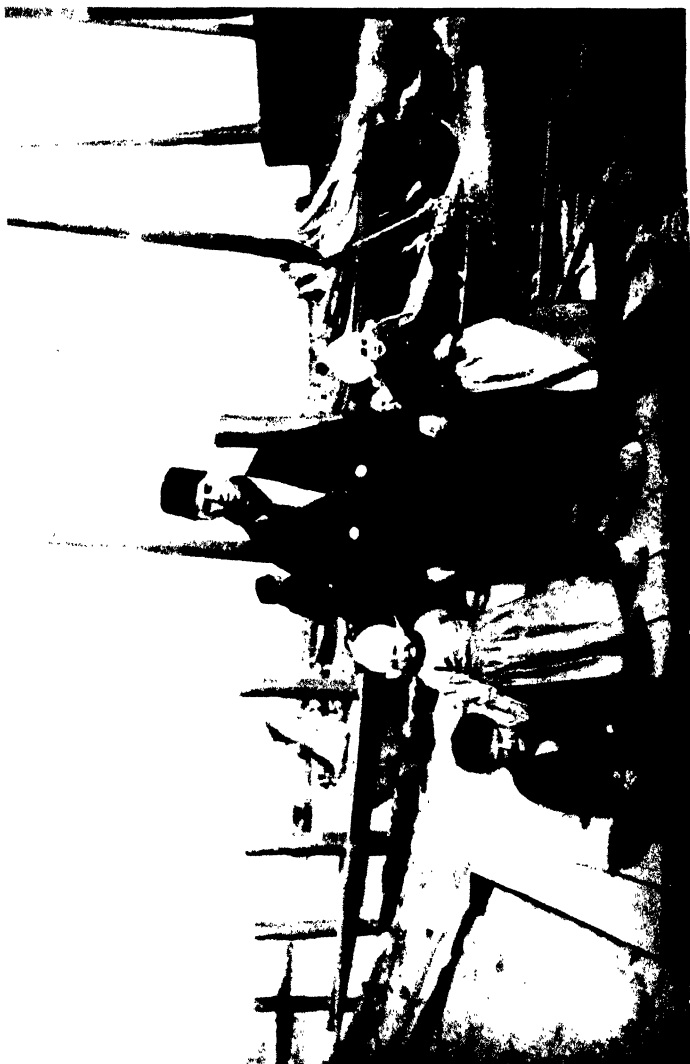
The young couple are seldom left alone; but society smiles, and encourages their violent love-making in public. *Herr Papa* pays the lieutenant's debts and provides everything for the household. The girl is

probably already possessed of some furniture, and much household linen, as in many families these goods and chattels are accumulated for daughters from the day of their birth. They are given to Gretchen as birthday and Christmas presents, the great object kept in view during the girl's earlier life being matrimony, as it was in England a hundred years ago. If she be not engaged at twenty-five—she often remains engaged for years—she is considered a failure, retires from balls and society, and is generally admitted to be on the shelf.

In Germany, even a highly born engaged couple walk about arm in arm, or hand in hand. They embrace in public, he sits with his arm round her waist at dinner; and every one encourages such overflowing evidences of affection. Consequently, of love-making there is no end. "*Ach Gott!* How sweet to see those two loving young hearts," the elders murmur.

Certainly to an onlooker, the Frenchman who never really made love to his wife before marriage keeps up a fine semblance of devotion after it. The German, who made love so madly before marriage, *réchauffés* the dish when wed, and lets it get cold after the first few years have passed.

Why is this? Probably money is its cause. Every Frenchwoman has her *dot*, and a very considerable *dot* when compared with the father's income; indeed, she has no chance of marrying without it. Then, again, the French husband, being usually much older than the German bridegroom (often double his age) has saved a considerable amount, and settles his savings on his wife. Therefore marriage in France starts on a business-like footing, and is not entered into unless both parties can really afford it. That



MAN'S DRESS INLAND OF MARKEN.

great rock, Poverty, is removed from their ship's course.

On the other hand, German girls have very little money. Still, they have a little. The men marry young, often before they have enough to live upon themselves, and certainly nothing to settle upon their wives and children; so they begin a life of scraping and scrimping in double harness.

In England, where three or four hundred thousand persons are married annually (mostly of the poorer classes) we stand about midway. We have not yet realised that every girl should have her dot. Think of the thousands and tens of thousands of homes where the daughters are sacrificed to the sons. More food, more expensive clothing, games that cost money, and, above all, educational advantages are showered on the sons, while the daughters are brought up anyhow, ill-educated and unprovided for. This is all the wrong way round. More should be done for the daughters than the sons. Money should be saved for the girls' future, whether married or single; because the boy by health, and even clothing, has more openings to fend for himself. There will be more marriages, and happier marriages, when women are on an equal footing with men in education and income. When every girl has education according to her position she will be happy, and of value in the world. Men have had all the innings up to now; it is time women had a chance of equality and individuality.

We are not so provident in regard to our daughters, alas, as the French, nor satisfied with such small incomes as the Germans. We have not adopted the excellent foreign custom which allows no officer to marry unless he can prove that he, or his future

wife, has a certain small private income; but then, again, we don't fight duels over love episodes, so we show ourselves more sensible, if less dramatic, in this way.

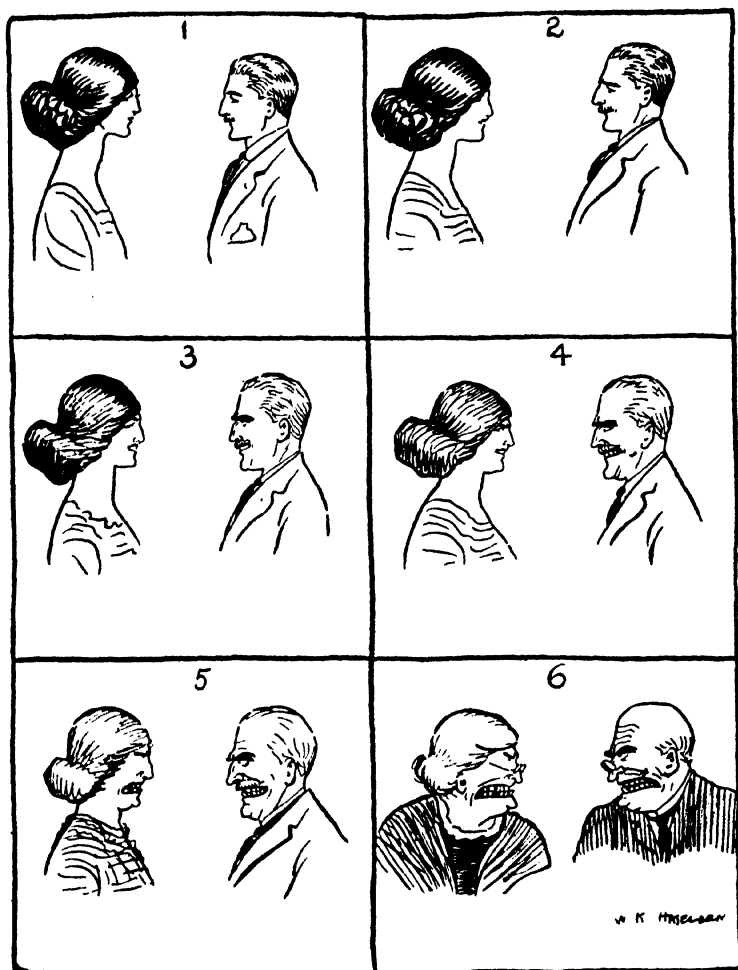
But it slowly and gradually seems to be dawning upon parents that it is a duty to provide for their daughters even more than for their sons, for Denmark, that country which has made such enormous strides within the last half-century, has again shown its good sense by one of its insurance companies offering policies in favour of unmarried girls. If a father deposits the sum of 850 fr. at his daughter's birth, she is entitled to receive at the age of thirty an annuity of 100 fr., which annuity is increased every ten years by 100 fr. up to the age of seventy. If the spinster marries before she reaches the age of thirty, the 850 fr. are returned to her; and, should she die before that age, the company give 125 fr. towards her funeral expenses. Now, could anything be more splendid—for, although the original 850 fr. is not very much to start with, this can be doubled or trebled, according to the position of the father, and the gain is proportionate.

Marry the right girl if you can. It is not given to every one to do so; but be sure and propose to the right person.

A man was very much in love with a girl. She was young and beautiful; indeed, a perfect little dear.

Being an honourable man, and her father being dead, he thought he ought to mention the matter to her mother. So accordingly, one day, he brushed his hat the right way, and called.

The mother received him kindly as usual, and he opened fire by saying :



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

MATRIMONIAL SMILE LONG DRAWN OUT.

"The happiest hours of my life have been spent in your house."

"How nice of you to say so."

"There is a restfulness, a charm, a homeliness which a man loves."

"That is good to hear."

"I count the days from one visit to another, and yet I have not dared to come too often."

"Why not?"

"Because I feared you would think me pushing and forward."

"Not at all. I love to have you here."

"Do you really?" he exclaimed, jumping up and catching her hands. "Then may I tell you I am in love with——"

The lady had caught his face in both her hands and was kissing him warmly, exclaiming :

"You darling!"

"May I—dare I then——"

"Certainly you may, and of course you dare. I've long wanted it."

"Have you, really? How sweet of you, then may I propose?"

"Yes, if you haven't done so already."

"No, I haven't—but I will at once——"

She laughed merrily.

"Fire ahead then, my dear, and let us seal our compact by a great big kiss."

She suited the action to the word.

And so he found himself engaged to—Mamma!

Romance in courtship is an easy matter for the wealthy or well-to-do. Among the very poor, and among savage tribes, love-making rarely exists, marriage



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

NAPHAZARD ENGAGEMENTS.

being a mutual bargain between father and prospective husband over a useful chattel. The young man needs a wife to work for him; in fact, many a youth of eighteen or twenty marries to have his room kept tidy and his meals cooked. The parents can spare a daughter, who is considered their bondslave by birth; but savages expect a price to be paid for her. Higher in the scale of civilisation, the parents still get something out of the bargain, either a riddance of the girl's keep or a future home for the mother if widowed.

In Ireland, the "between-man" is much employed to arrange marriages among the peasantry. When a young farmer has sought his services, and a likely girl has been suggested, the between-man arranges a visit some evening. The would-be bridegroom then borrows a hat from one friend, a coat, a watch, a stick, from others, for luck. He waits on the roadside whilst the trusted agent enters the young woman's home. If invited to sit down by the parents, the go-between remarks that a friend of his is outside and a chat on his virtues ensues. Should the latter be also asked in, then the proposal is understood to be an accomplished fact, and the girl learns it. Of course she can refuse, but this is unlikely. A case in point occurred in the North lately. One day a favourite housemaid asked leave of her mistress for a visit home on Friday on "particular business". As the request was not made until Wednesday she was pressed for her reason, and replied :

"May be I'm to be married on Tuesday."

"But this is very sudden. Why did you not tell us sooner?"

"I didn't know myself, ma'am. Father and mother

have settled it, so they want me to come and see him on Friday."

"But surely you would never arrange to marry a man you have not yet seen?"

The housemaid seemed somewhat shaken by her employer's kind arguments. She had never looked on the matter as anything but a triumph; however, she borrowed a hat to be courted in "for luck". After seeing the man it was reported that she showed some hesitation. But the bridegroom clinched the matter by declaring it was Take or Leave. He was not going to be dilly-dallied with. So she was actually married four days later, on the Tuesday.

Proposal by deputy, or rather courtship by deputy, is rather a funny affair; but even that is exceeded in India by the betrothal of infants.

Many strange customs still linger in Eastern Finland, probably because the inhabitants, far removed from civilisation, cling tenaciously to the traditions and usages of their forefathers. That fine epic poem "Kalevala", according to great scholars one of the finest epics ever written, shows that this courtship by proxy is an old Finnish custom. It must be remembered that for centuries and centuries, until the poem was written in ink, scarcely a hundred years ago, the words were handed down by word of mouth from the *Runo* singers' chants.

These courtships by proxy are done in this wise: If a man and woman appear in any way agreeable to one another, and the circumstances are propitious, the *pubemies*, or spokesman, is sent by the would-be bridegroom to the girl's father's house, to ask her hand. This personage is generally chosen from among the intended bridegroom's best friends, just

as in the days of "Kalevala", and usually is possessed of a ready tongue. The *pubemies* still plays a very important rôle, for not only does he ask for the girl's hand (while the suitor, according to custom, sits like a mute), but he is obliged to help at the wedding ceremony and feast, and also has to provide, from his own purse, brandy and coffee for all the guests.

After the proposal is accepted, there is an exchange of rings, and the young people are allowed to be together, and learn something of one another's tastes, and it is usually arranged that they shall marry when the man has collected enough goods, and the girl has woven sufficient linen and stuffs to stock the little home. The intending bridegroom gives the girl's father a *kihlarahat*, or sort of deposit to show he really means to marry the girl. A cow or something of like value denotes he is in earnest.

A month before the wedding the young couple go to the pastor dressed in their best, and accompanied by the *pubemies*, to arrange for the banns to be read three Sundays in the bride's district. The wedding always takes place at the bridegroom's house.

It is the fashion of the country for the bridegroom to give presents to the *Appi* (father-in-law), *Anoppi* (mother-in-law), *Morsianpiiat* (bridesmaids), *Sulhasrengit* (groomsmen), etc. It is a very important and expensive thing for a Finnish peasant to marry.

The wedding feast lasts for two days, and friends come from miles round and bring contributions, such as milk, corn, brandy, *groatz* (porridge). At the end of the two days the company escort the young couple to their new home, and there leave them.

By law, no person in Finland can marry unless he or she can read and write. Almost every one in

the country can comply with this law. The people are splendidly educated. Yet Finland belongs to Russia, where only about a quarter of the population can do either, and education of the masses is almost *nil*. The cabmen in the streets of St. Petersburg cannot decipher a written address, as the writer knows to her chagrin, and counting is still done by beads in some of the largest shops.

Peeping outside Europe, a Moorish marriage is perhaps the strangest. Report says that the Sultan of Morocco takes a new wife every Friday, which day is the Mohammedan Sabbath; but by the laws of the country a man is really allowed only four wives—quite a sufficient number, one would think.

If he chance to be a poor man, a Moor may not be able to afford more than one, or at most two; but if he is rich he acquires as many as he can manage to pay for and keep. Therefore, his position and wealth are gauged by the number of his women. This sounds to us appalling, and so it is; but custom has worked wonders, and Moorish wives get on a good deal better than one might at first suppose.

Why? Because they have one great bond of union, one combination of strength, and that is against their one great enemy—*man*, and they have one great fear, and that is poison.

The ordinary Mohammedan can read his Koran, but the woman is unable to do even that; she has literally no education whatever, and her beauty is counted by pounds of fat. Until a girl is eight or nine years of age she is allowed to run wild amongst boys and men; but when she reaches eleven she is considered grown up and is hidden away, twelve being the marriageable age for a woman in Morocco.

During this short interlude she is fattened for the marriage market. Should she be a lady of high degree, she sits on a silken divan and spends her days swallowing queer little pills to increase her bulk, or munching sweetmeats. Her only amusement is to chant a sad little song to her *gimbra*.

But stay ! she has one pleasant diversion in the week, and that is on the Sabbath, when the women of Morocco are permitted—indeed, expected—to don a white haik, and, hiding their faces in its folds, to wend their way to the cemetery and enjoy the weekly excitement of wailing and moaning over the graves of their forefathers. It is their one outing, for they are not allowed to attend the Mosque, and therefore they look forward with joy from one Friday to another.

When a girl has been sufficiently fattened, her father looks about him to find a nice young man possessed of the wherewithal to buy her for his wife. He calls upon the bridegroom's father, and the two elder men discuss the price, which is usually settled in cattle, land, or jewels, paid by the bridegroom to his would-be bride's father. Everything having been formally arranged, one fine day, dressed in her best, the pretty little lady is put into a box, a sort of howdah on a minor scale, which is carried into her father's house, and in which she squats, and is conveyed in the swaying ban-box, on the top of a mule, to the young man's home.

This marriage procession is a great ceremony. All the male friends of both families assemble, and as they walk past the bride, who is being shaken from side to side in her box, they let off Arab guns and dance and whoop for joy. The fantastic dresses of the Moors, the gay trappings of the mules, the wonder-



POWDER PLAY, TANGIER.
Where are the Women?

ful musical instruments and beautifully inlaid long guns, the clear blue sky, the palms and aloes, the storks flying high in the air, or a wild pig seeking cover in the scrub, all add charm to a very Oriental and wonderful procession. But then, Morocco is fascinating.

The bridal box is deposited in the home of the bridegroom, who hands over the money or kind—frequently two or three cows or sheep—he is paying for his bride, and the girl is finally left behind. Seated on a divan, her face thickly coated with paint, alone and heavily veiled, she waits, to share her husband's life. When her lord and master enters the room and raises her veil, which she clutches with her dainty little henna-dyed fingers, ancient custom ordains that he should in politeness utter a cry of joy audible to the household listening outside. There is no religious ceremony. Sometimes the bridegroom and bride never meet until this critical moment; but she is only a chattel, and counts for nothing more. Her mother-in-law takes her education in hand, and almost before the paint has left her cheeks and brows she becomes a sort of under-servant to her husband's parents, who teach her her duties and bring her up in the way she should go.

Love-making is a different affair in every country, and alters greatly according to the grade of life. In the lower stratum of society in England it takes the strangest guise; thumps and knocks, punches and bumps constitute its outward form. There is not much chivalry about that. 'Arry grabs 'Arriet's hat and bangs it down on his own head, forgetting that poor 'Arriet has denied herself for weeks in order to put those shillings away for the "Feather Club",

through which she acquired possession of that awful green ostrich plume sticking up straight in the purple plush hat that 'Arry is throwing about in so undignified a way. These kind of people rarely exchange a word.

Yet, in high or low life, in the palace or the cottage, among the hot-blooded, passionate nations of Southern Europe, or in our own phlegmatic climate, it all comes to the same thing in the end. Love-making is the pastime of youth : matrimony the provision for old age.

Whether it be the cook and the policeman at the area steps, the nursemaid and the soldier in the park, the Italian or Spanish lover serenading beneath the palazzo of his beloved by moonlight, the German student and the blushing Gretchen, each murmur sweet nothings, and each vow eternal devotion ; and it is the same old story, the world over, alas, all of them do not keep their vows ; and yet, as some one wisely said :

“ Love comes not as a slave to the uplifted finger,
But some day when least expected cometh like a king,
And mounts his throne.”

Truly Tennyson was right :

“ 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

Love ; ah, yes—love in a woman is life. It is a passion that increases and tightens with years, for nearly all women are loyal.

Love, in a man, is hotter, more passionate ; but, alas, less lasting.

A man between forty and fifty too often seems to



Photo by Sostrene Persen, Bergen.

A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

find it difficult not to let his eyes turn away from the home which he and his wife have built up together. Her love, her interests, her ties, have all strengthened in those twenty years, but his? Ah, men, be faithful to your home, your wife, your children. Be faithful to all that is good in you—to yourself.

Courtship is very pretty, and love-making brings its sweet moments. Abandonment of self in the interest of another has its glorious charm. Mutual sympathy—call it love or friendship as you like—is the most precious thing in life; but even true love cannot bear too great a strain, and, although wealth is not a necessary adjunct, folk should look well before they relinquish all that to which habit has accustomed them, and should remember that not only is Cupid a fickle jade, but that often “when Poverty comes in at the door Love flies out of the window”.

It is not wise to live only in the courtship of the present, for the future does *not* look after itself, and has a nasty way of surprising us if we fail to keep a good look out for rocks ahead.

The pretty attentions of the lover should never be forgotten by the husband. A penny bunch of violets, a twopenny ounce of sweets, the first carnation, a yard of pretty ribbon, a large, luscious orange, a quaint-coloured stick of sealing-wax, any little thing shows that one has been remembered, and remembrance is always sweet. If more men paid these little attentions to their wives there would be more happy homes.

The young wife should do her share too. The pet paper should be in its place, the favourite savoury remembered, the new surprise dish appear, a little flower stand on the writing-table, the muffler be

surreptitiously washed. Only little things, verily ; but little things make life. It is far easier for a man to earn money than for a woman to carry the saddle of matrimony wisely upon her back.

Every day is the birth of a new idea, every evening should be the death of a bad one.

Passion is a whirlwind, ungovernable, wild, bursting with emotion, devoid of reason and regretful of results.

Passion is a flame from Paradise ; but passion burns out. True love is a divine light—and lasts.

At the same time, it has truly been said that, while the best way to win a man is to adore him, to admire his foibles—the best way to retain a man is to be indifferent and independent.

Courtship is the time of probation. Better a thousand times break the bargain then, if there is any flaw in the china, than carry it on to the flame and let the vase crack.

Love is rather like treacle tart ; it sticks—to the spoon, and a woman should have as much right to propose marriage as a man.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE—FOR LIFE OR ON LEASE

MALE No. 1. Come and golf on Sunday, old chap.

MALE No. 2. Yes—oh, er, no, by the by, I can't.

MALE No. 1. Can't ?

MALE No. 2. No, fact is, I'm going to be married on Saturday, and I suppose I ought to keep this week-end for my honeymoon.

Thus the Twentieth-Century bridegroom. In these days of buzz and hurry, there is as little time left for honeymoons as for anything else in life. How different is the report of the early Victorian bridegroom with his early Victorian bride.

First came the more or less protracted time of engagement, of our grandfathers and parents, fraught throughout its course with refined affection and delicate sentiment, the man more punctilious, more attentive than nowadays, the girl more youthful, more blushing, more coy ; next, after well-thought-out plans and arrangements, letters of congratulation, a few gifts from admiring friends and relatives, the momentous date of the ceremony was fixed. Then began, without haste, and with all due care for detail, the ordering of the trousseau, each article being chosen with a sort of affectionate consideration, to last for years. Next came the extensive preparations for the wedding breakfast, and the decision as to

where the long honeymoon was to be spent. After all this business was over and the wedding had taken place, the weary bridegroom and the poor little worn-out bride hied them away immediately to strange countries, where travelling was difficult, and hotels bad, and where an interminable honeymoon was spent entirely in each other's undiluted company; and, on returning to England, the simple bride had been all the time too dazed with the novelty and excitement to remember even what she had seen, while the bridegroom had often felt bored and distracted with fixing *diligence* routes and other intricacies of primitive travel.

How different now. Truly, *autre temps, autres mœurs*.

Race, scurry, breathless haste. No time to make love, no instant for sentiment. A hurried proposal in a motor-car, on a 'bus, in an aeroplane, anywhere; an amusing engagement, every one laughing more or less and chaffing the couple, and they good-humouredly returning it with interest, endless society functions at which both are present, always in public, hardly ever for a moment alone, unless driving to or from some entertainment; noise, fuss, bustle, telephone messages—they are the antitheses of our early Victorian pair with their leisurely billing and cooing, their long love-letters, and their old-fashioned sentimentality.

Then the wedding; no proper breakfast, no long service. All over in a moment. Motor-car at the church door, and a race to the country for a flying week-end; all the honeymoon they want. And there is something to be said for this, for, after all, the week-end honeymoon rubs off shyness and does not court boredom.

When our modern young Venus is about to get

married she needs, apparently, an enormous superfluity of clothes, and oh, what a lot of costly gifts and wedding presents. They are counted by the hundred and notified accordingly to the Press.

A small boy once said to his mother, "It is very cheap to have a party, because you don't have to buy anything for about a week. We always have jellies and creams left over."

It might be said, "It is very cheap to get married, because wedding presents, to the tune of many hundreds, pour in on the occasion." Not one quarter of these are suitable to the style of home the bridal Namows are initiating. A poor young couple are always given solid silver galore—silver trays, teapots, candlesticks—things that require one servant's constant attention in any household; so all the solid silver is perfectly hopeless. A lieutenant starting for India is given large breakable things for choice, because he cannot possibly pack them. The man who has a delightful old country house left him by his ancestors is given thoroughly modern furniture and commonplace plated goods, not one of which his wife would dare to display in his homestead. Those wedding presents are like clothing made for the poor—which never fits any one.

The stay-at-home girl is given walking-sticks, umbrellas, and golf-clubs. The sporting maid is smothered in cushions and frilled lamp-shades. Young people who never read anything are given libraries of books. Much that is done in generosity or charity's name is really only advertisement disguised.

Oh, yes, it is very cheap to be married. Hundreds of pounds' worth of goods are landed on the door-step. Very few are the slightest use, and the toll of recipro-

cation is ever imminent—for all the sons and many daughters of all those givers will marry in turn, and the whole farce must begin again, just as it does at bazaars.

No flowers for funerals, say I. No presents for weddings. We should all be much better friends if these constant strains did not pull at our purse-strings. Marriage and death should be private functions, and not public displays.

A girl was going to be married.

The old cook who had been in the family from before her birth, had been her father's housekeeper previous to his marriage, looked upon the children as almost her own, and took the keenest interest in their welfare.

No sooner was the date for the wedding fixed than she began to ask the young lady what she would like for her luncheon before the ceremony. No answer was vouchsafed, and a few days before the eventful deed the cook again returned to the charge.

"I want cold corned beef, a baked potato, and salad."

"Lor, Miss Edie! What a thing to be married on," exclaimed the kindly body. "I thought, anyway, I might have had the pleasure of cooking something rather nice before my young lady went off to leave me." At which juncture she seized the corner of her apron and was dissolved in tears.

Some years later the younger sister was married.

"And what are you going to have for your lunch, Miss Olive," eagerly inquired the cook.

"I should like to have hot leg of mutton and cold rice pudding," was her reply.

"Lor, Miss Olive," was the answer, "it ain't respectable to be married on such things!"



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

BAZAARS AND WEDDINGS.

These are the days of revolt. Girls object to have their names appear below their mothers' on a visiting-card, they resent chaperonage, they resent everything in their clamour for what they are pleased to call independence.

If they imagine matrimony is going to give them independence they make a bad mistake. Matrimony takes away what independence they had, and rolls them up in a network from which there is no escape.

Marriage is likewise a most weighty responsibility. Men and women mentally and bodily healthy are the only persons fitted to undertake it; but this is seldom remembered. Only unselfish, hard-working men and women find real, true, unsullied happiness in marriage, and yet how often the self-indulgent and lazy become man and wife. The semi-imbecile are permitted to be parents and propagate idiots; while the penniless and unemployable multiply by tens of thousands. A doctor's certificate of health ought to be considered as necessary as the marriage-ring.

Honest love, good health, and the blessing of Providence always ensure happiness, if coupled with the sweet, homely practice of "give and take"; while matrimony and parenthood are, of course, the right states for Namow.

The ideal marriage is for life. The bonds strengthen with years, the happiness increases. Thank God, there are many such marriages. The unhappy marriage is on lease, for a year or two, so to speak. People meet at the hymeneal altar, are wed, declare they will live together "till death us do part," find the bonds irksome, and after a few years are separated by divorce. So ends the marriage which may be compared to a

leasehold. Both parties are free after six months to look out for another house, and, when they find a suitable abode, can sign another contract, and start the matrimonial venture again.

It has been suggested that people should marry on a three years' or seven years' lease. Such a proposition is intolerable, because it would not even start as binding; it would fulfil no obligations, it would be detrimental to children. But it is certainly far better, when the union proves a failure, to let it be dissoluble in the easiest and least scandalous way.

Of course there are worldly-minded, silly, selfish women who break up their husbands' homes by sheer stupidity; but when the husband—who is generally the elder—exercises a little patience, uses a little kindly, gentle reasoning, shows his thorough appreciation of his home, and is grateful for little acts of kindness the wife does, he soon wins the woman back, and puts the home upon a better footing.

It is an iniquity for a man to return from his day's work to find a comfortless house, a lazy, dishevelled wife, a badly cooked dinner; and if he is so weak that he cannot win that wife to better ways—win her by love, and not by threats, mind—then there is some excuse in his seeking more attractive company elsewhere.

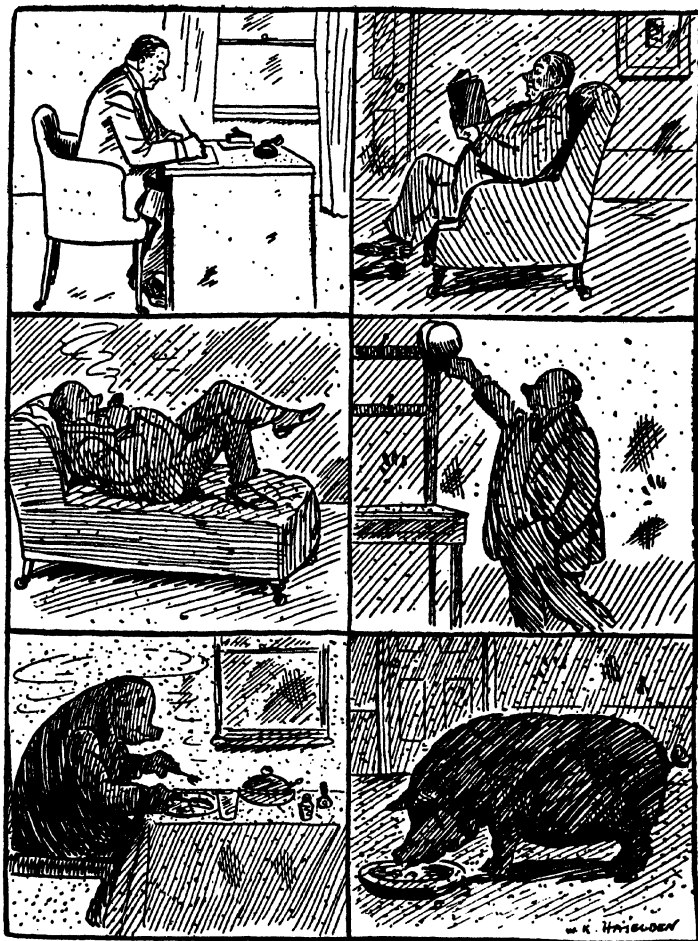
Men propose; men have had it all in their own hands up to now, and if they have married the wrong woman they have only themselves to blame for it. Will men kindly remember that little fact, please.

Every one avoids a newly married couple like the plague, and so they are forced unnecessarily together. How much better if honeymoons were done away

with altogether, if weddings were in the evening after a jolly dinner and before a pleasant dance, and then the couple slipped quietly away to their own home and took up their new life. They could have their holiday a month or two later, when they had got sufficiently accustomed to one another not to be always on edge. That is certainly the most difficult time of married life—the waning of the honeymoon; the time when the glamour begins to wear off. Suddenly the prose of matrimony seems to strike to the heart of the young wife with a chill she never dreamt of experiencing. A girl I knew once said to me: “I know that the first day I saw my husband sitting cross and silent over a meal, and utterly ignoring my presence, was a day of gloom and almost despair to me. Somehow I had never realised that my John could ever look so glum and bad-tempered.” The revelation of such a mood was simply anguish to a wife who had expected to find her husband always kind and sweet and poetic, always adoring, and prepared to make much of her at any instant of the day. So the prose began.

This young wife, however, soon buckled to, used her common sense and the tact with which Nature had endowed her, and found out how to make her marriage a success. Coaxing the man didn’t do it. John only grunted, hardly that. Losing her temper was worse than useless; it only made matters ten times worse. Sulking the rest of the day was as bad, for John took no manner of notice of her.

Then this youthful bride discovered the right course to pursue. She realised that husbands must have their moods, and that wives have to get used to them; that the only sensible course to take was



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

WHAT MAN CAN BECOME.

never to notice them ; to occupy herself with other things ; in fact, to "get busy," and to keep busy ; never to brood or make a tragedy out of next to nothing ; never to be at the mercy of her husband's moods, or resent his constant reference to his paragon mother. Poor, dear, abused mothers-in-law, they are more maligned than they deserve ; when the daughter-in-law arrives, the mother gradually takes a back seat, and often finds it a very hard one. Sometimes John had not the faintest idea that his better half thought him cross. And always he came nicely out of his temper, or his moodiness, or whatever it had been, in his own good time, and was sweeter than ever for having been judiciously but firmly left alone.

Women are moved to tears, men are moved by tears.

Men are more emotional than women. Look down a line of stalls at a theatre. The men weep and blow their noses and snuffle. Artificial sentiment prettily presented appeals to them. Drab squalor in real life, however hideous, appeals to women.

Englishmen do not treat their wives nearly as well as Americans or Frenchmen. They are not as courteous, considerate, or generous to their women-folk as these other two nationalities.

In France everything is settled in the marriage contract. The wife's income, the husband's income, and what each is to do with his or her share. There is no squabbling of ways and means afterwards, this rock on which so many self-indulgent, selfish Englishmen wreck their homes and their wives' health for all time. This settlement of details does much to secure the happiness of the average French couple. The man knows his duties. The wife knows hers, and each abides by the compact honourably. Hence the

proud position attained by French women to-day. Matrimony should never be haphazard, although love is the surest key to real happiness. Love outstrides obstacles. There is, however, a vast deal to be said for the *mariage de convenance*—the French marriage with modifications. If two people are born in the same state of life, if their income is assured in some measure, if their families and friends are agreeable to one another, and then they are agreeable to themselves, there is far more chance of future happiness than if everything is ill-assorted, and all they have to rely on is infatuation. Constant outside tugs tear to tatters the sentiments of passion.

By the way, don't marry a lazy woman. A conversation overheard the other day ran :

“What does she do?”

“She exists beautifully.” Meaning, she does nothing with her life. There is no limit to some women's idleness.

On the other hand, don't have “affinities”. They don't work. It is just as well to remember the seventh commandment. Perhaps you don't know which is the seventh commandment ; it says :—

Well, look it up.

As they happen to have made a little law in New York requiring people to act in accordance with this commandment, a good many men there, who have “affinities”, are finding themselves in Queer Street.

The law might have been made before, but by some mistake the men who made the laws forgot that particular commandment among a few others. It must have slipped their memory.

Women seldom marry beneath them ; men often. One rarely hears of a well-born girl running away

with a groom, a plumber, a house-painter, or a tailor; but one constantly hears of a young man of good position marrying a barmaid, a music-hall singer, a shop-girl, or a *cocotte*. Old men are just as bad as young ones; cooks, manageresses of hotels, and nurses, constantly mate youthful boys or weak, elderly male beings. Either falls an easy prey to a designing woman.

Namow seem pretty much alike when all things go smoothly in that state of life to which they belong. Nevertheless, some persons are like solid old furniture, red mahogany to the core; others merely veneered over common deal.

"It is a pity," said Talleyrand of Napoleon, "that this great man has been so badly brought up."

These words apply to many people who acquire the veneer of the French polisher, but have neither mahogany nor satin-wood underneath.

The surface polish once disturbed, the scratch reveals coarse fibre, vulgarity; just as in others courage, refinement, dignity, are manifest as innate. It is in moments of excitement, of sudden stress and trial, that couples of different breeding and upbringing find out their mis-mating. Seeing that immature boys and girls choose partners for life as lightly and thoughtlessly as they choose partners for a valse, there can be little wonder that there are so many unhappy marriages.

Marriage is always a lottery, but the dice should not be weighted.

A merely ornamental wife is as unsatisfying as an ice-cream for dinner to a hungry man.

Rich young men marry chorus-girls, methinks, because rich, idle young men have nothing better to

do. These marriages, however, are few and far between, although the tom-toms are beaten so loudly that one might think they were of daily occurrence. And the tom-toms clash again when the divorce proceedings follow a few months later.

In my own position in life—the professional class, let us call it—just as many plain girls as pretty ones wed, because men have sufficient wits to choose their wives for their brains and good qualities, and not merely for pretty faces.

The domestic side of life is far more irksome, far more irritating, far more endless, and the reward far less, than the profession or the trade. The ordinary woman's life is more full of pinpricks than the man's, and the rewards and encouragements of attainment are far less. To attain is satisfying. To struggle with domesticity barely reaps a "thank you" from any one. It is one long-drawn-out peace-making, financing, arranging, and total obliteration of self.

How often are we not told woman's place is the home. Isn't it the man's place, too? Only sometimes he seems to forget that little fact.

It always appears that a vastly larger percentage of maid-servants than of shop-girls get married. Men like to take their partners for life from smart, capable, self-respecting young women, and most of those in domestic service have a post-office banking account, which the shop-girl, with her oft-times starvation wages, and no sense of domesticity, as a rule does not possess.

Shop-girls, especially mannequins, acquire a love of admiration and dress which often becomes their ruin. They can't live on eight shillings a week; they want more than that for clothes. Vanity and love of

admiration lead many a foolish girl to betrayal. And these girls read in halfpenny papers that "no self-respecting girl this season can consider her wardrobe complete without an ermine stole"; or, "no girl with pretensions to good looks can possibly go through the summer without three long ostrich feather plumes, to form a frame to her pretty face." The girls who read this (which is all part of the advertisement scheme) quickly fall victims to debt, and then . . .

All honour to the boy and girl who keep straight. God bless them.

Capable women make capable wives; hard-working men make excellent husbands; and the others who are, luckily, few in number, are too idle to do anything well.

Marriage without love is entering hell with one's eyes open. Marriage with love is entering heaven with them shut.

If girls knew what they were really doing, what was expected of them, half of them would not marry at all. It is a leap in the dark, a leap into an abyss from which the virgin has no return. How many people learn, within a few hours of marriage, that matrimony is a failure; and crushed lives or divorce end the tale.

Women should assist in the making of every law. How would men have liked to live all these hundreds of years in subjection to laws made for them by women, and women alone?

Surely divorce should be made easy and cheap, and as free from stigma as possible. It should be granted on equal grounds for men and women. The wife and children should always be provided for. There should be no filthy newspaper reports. It is just as easy to marry the wrong person as to take a wrong

house. Namow should not be punished for life for either accident. Incompatibility of temper should be sufficient ground for the severance of a galling yoke. Morality is so important that everything should be done to preserve it, and divorce—legalised divorce—stops endless side-slips that end in ruin.

And *à propos* of this great subject—Marriage—here are some witty verses. University College Hospital wanted funds. A Bazaar was inaugurated. I was, foolishly, persuaded to get up a booklet for the occasion, which was sold in some thousands. For that booklet many brilliant writers kindly wrote special pages; amongst them was G. K. Chesterton, who sent me the following Ballad :

“BALLADE OF BOTH SEXES

- “ Why women are stronger than Fates,
 But afraid of a mouse on their toe,
 Why men go to party debates
 Which are horribly silly and slow.
 Why men will give lectures at Bow
 While women give lectures in bed,
 That was settled when long ago
 The world and his wife were wed.
- “ The Seraphim guarded the gates
 With plumage of gloom and of glow,
 And the beasts stood close to their mates,
 And the lamps of the night were low;
 With a blessing as swift as a blow
 By the God of the quick and the dead,
 In the gloom of the garden, so
 The world and his wife were wed.
- “ Some people, in singular states
 Of mind, I have met at a show
 With the traces of hair on their pates
 Who asserted that marriage “ must go.”

Mrs. Clutch said, "a feeling must flow,"
 But I do not much mind what she said,
 Mrs. Clutch may be married or no,
 The world and his wife were wed.

" ENVOY

" Prince, none of your tricks, no, no,
 By a marriage decisive and dread
 And not morganatic, you know
 The world and his wife were wed."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Breach of promise is a funny thing. England is the only country that allows it, and right royally we are laughed at for our system. It is a very foolish custom, degrading to the woman and demoralising to the man, and it always seems most prevalent amongst barmaids.

Well, dear Madam, how much does your heart weigh? Hand it up to the judge, please, and let the usher fetch the kitchen scales, and the naughty man who jilted you must drop in sovereign by sovereign until he has put as many in the scales as will balance your lacerated heart, and would you like a few over for luck.

How could a handful of golden sovereigns be expected to mend a lacerated heart. The idea is preposterous.

A large percentage of marriages are supremely happy. In other cases people with wisdom generally settle down to make the best of things, and in a few years are complacently contented with the bargain, and would not alter it for anything. Of all businesses requiring trial, marriage comes first, and yet trial spells ruin, disaster, and utter want of respect and honour.

If only men could be from thirty to thirty-five years of age, and women from twenty-five to thirty



JAPANESE TYPE OF BEAUTY.

Chosen as representative by a high official.

before entering the bonds of wedlock, they would presumably have seen a little of life; and would at least start fair.

In Japan they have a system which has considerable advantages.

The most brilliant young students of the University are looked upon as heroes in the land; and the highest aim of a rich father, who is able to endow his daughter well, is to marry her to a man likely to make his mark in the world. *He looks about, he inquires what men have won laurels of fame, and at the same time bear good characters; he introduces them to his house, and he marries his daughters to them.*

Some of the most famous diplomats and writers and scientists of Japan are the husbands of these rich women. Naturally, the fortune of the girl helps the man who has already shown himself capable and worthy of assistance. He may be of humble origin, but he is a peer in brains, and a model of character.

These marriages ordinarily turn out most happily, as the young people often know one another fairly well, and their fortune is assured. The girl gives the man a comfortable and a pleasant home; and the man gives the girl brilliant society and unusual intellect.

But occasionally these paternally arranged Japanese matches leave one aghast.

A very beautiful little lady was told by her father—a man of great position—she must marry. She had not been betrothed in her youth, as is often the custom in Japan, and her father had looked around to discover some youth of suitable wealth and position for his daughter's hand. It so happened that the object of his choice was a rising diplomat who lived some thousand miles away. That did not deter matters.

The ambassador spoke well of his secretary as a young man, the strictest inquiries were made, and all replies were satisfactory, so the girl's trousseau was prepared, the wedding guests were bidden, and the night before the actual ceremony the bridegroom elect landed at the bride's house in time for dinner. They were formally introduced, they spent the evening with the family, and the very next day they were wed.

Think of it. These two people had only met for an hour or so in public. They knew nothing whatever of one another. They had hardly become acquainted with the expression of each other's faces, and yet they were married and sent off to a distant land to live their lives together, utterly ignorant as to whether they had a single taste in common, or a similar idea. They were both of equally high birth; their combined means were correct, everything from the materialistic point of view was satisfactory; and, strange as it may seem, these factors proved so important that they not only got on, but actually learned to love one another and live in happiness.

"Tis the day of potments: potted sermons, potted plays, potted novels, potted clothes, potted ideas, potted letters, potted courtesy, potted manners, potted courtships, potted everything.

We are rapidly coming to potted marriage. Seven years, and then the Divorce Court, or, in the case of "actresses"—a truly misapplied term for strange kinds of women—seven months suffices.

There are men, nay, there are whole families of brothers, who go about London trying to find rich wives. They are well-born, well-educated men who have reached good positions, maybe of some standing

in Parliament or the Army, but are not over-blessed with this world's goods. These men make marriage a real business. They go to their lady friends who entertain, and say :

“I want a wife. She must have money ; the more the better, but it must be so much (naming one or ten thousand a year, or whatever they think their market value). Don't you know of any nice, suitable girl who wants to get married ? ”

They deliberately weigh themselves out as of so much value, and each friend extols the other's remarkable virtues wherever they go. They form a sort of matrimonial syndicate. Love never enters into their imagination. Comradeship does not count. All they want is something in petticoats who will run a house, a motor, a villa at Cannes, and perhaps a moor at her own expense, and be rewarded by the occasional escort of an amiable husband. There are lots of men like that in London. Some of them succeed in their object, and pretty miserable the marriages generally turn out. But a good many more are growing grey and bald in their attempts to catch a wife with such unpalatable bait.

A large fortune is, more often than not, a curse to a woman. Nevertheless, every woman ought to be in possession, for her life, of a sufficient sum to keep her more or less in the status in which she was born—maybe £20 a year, or maybe £2,000—but she ought to be independent of relations and friends, or being forced to eat the tough crust of charity. More than that often becomes a burden.

A girl with thousands a year is the prey of any adventurer. He does not want her ; he wants her money—but he is not so stupid as to tell her so,

although she is sometimes fool enough to believe "it is for herself alone. Whom is she to trust? Whose dupe will she be"? An heiress is indeed in an unenviable position.

Chauffeurs and lawyers, house-agents and butlers, would-be husbands and general hangers-on, all want to have a finger in picking the pie-crust of Miss Moneybags.

We are not all good women of business *yet*, so to be a woman is to be dubbed a business fool by most men. Any fool can spend money, but it takes a clever person to disburse it wisely and well. How little most of us realise that our own destiny is largely in our own power. So many *deliberately* mar their own lives by not being practical.

A woman's money is generally kissed or kicked out of her in five years, unless it is fixed up tightly by a marriage settlement (made *before* marriage) which guards her and her children from the workhouse.

Women are weak where love is concerned, and therefore every woman's money should be settled on herself (without power of anticipation) and on her children (with powers of appointment). When these clauses are in a marriage settlement, happiness generally results, because the woman is protected against herself, and can neither lend nor give away her capital, and much hateful money-jangling between husband and wife is avoided.

The British woman loses her status when she takes unto herself a foreign husband. The moment she marries him she becomes an alien. Even when her husband dies she remains an alien, she does not even return to the dignity of a British subject. She may marry an American. She becomes an American. He

may nationalise himself a Frenchman. She becomes a Frenchwoman, and from that moment her property ceases to be her own, it belongs to her French husband.

The position is an appallingly topsy-turvy one, and it is about time the law protected these wives, and allowed them to retain the citizenship of the Empire to which they belong, if they wish.

British women were allowed to do this until 1870; from that date the wife's nationality changes with the whim of the husband. Man's logical laws.

You never meet a married woman who poses as a maiden. She does not take off her wedding-ring and pretend that she never possessed one. She would consider such an action disloyal, but all the same, if men refuse to wear a wedding-ring women will be forced to do the same. Often, however, you meet married men who pose as bachelors, who think it fun to pretend they have neither wife nor child; but what may be fun for them is hardly fun for the wife and child, nor fun for the girl who, thinking a man free, may fall in love with him.

If a married woman did not wear her badge of servitude evil remarks would be made, because there are separate laws for men and women, and even in the giving of a ring at the altar-rails the difference creeps in. Some married men do wear rings at their wife's special request, BUT—they have been known to break their vow, and take them off.

Another handicap that falls to the lot of woman is her loss of individuality and family through giving up her own name in marriage.

In France she signs her new name with *née* so-and-so

underneath it. In Germany she signs her new name with *geborne* underneath it. In Spain they go one better, and the man actually signs his mother's name at the end of his own, prefixed by the letter *y*; but English-speaking women are lost. They assume a new name in a moment, and obliterate twenty or thirty years of their former identity. Every wise woman should sign her own old name, with the new one as a suffix.

Names die out when there are no sons; why on earth should not these girls keep their father's names when they marry, and not let them disappear. Much bitterness and soreness of heart would be saved by this arrangement, which in the meantime is only applicable to heiresses.

Surely every woman should keep the name to which she was born, instead of going about the world under the new name, when it is quite a chance if any one remembers her parentage. In fact, people may become friends, and then suddenly discover that Mrs. Smith was once Miss Jones, and that the Jones family were intimately connected with the Smiths; in fact, that Jones the gunner was your neighbour on the Frontier of Cashmere for a couple of months, but as Mrs. Smith never alluded to her old name of Jones there had been no link in the chain of identification.

Let every woman keep her old name, and tack on to it that of her husband to avoid future mistakes and omissions.

“What is the use of marrying a pretty woman?” a man once said to me. “I married one of the most beautiful women in London, myself being one of the ugliest men, and lo! the sword of Damocles has fallen

upon us, for all my daughters are the very image of me.”

Girls who chuck themselves at men’s heads, flatter the men momentarily ; but they never hold them, or even gain their affections. Men must woo to be won. The more adamant the woman the more anxious to win her becomes the man. The woman who allows familiarity loses respect and matrimony.

A young man’s life must be a decent life if he wants to marry a decent girl. Nice women don’t want nasty women’s leavings. Women were made to be loved, and men were made to love them. Somehow, they don’t always do it, and are apt to forget that a smack with one hand and chocolate with the other is merely sugared insult.

Clever men sometimes like stupid women, and marry them, and then after a few years wonder why they find them dull.

Never grow dull. A man respects a woman who is bright and cheerful, and well dressed, and even a flirt. He is all the better husband when he sees other men appreciate his wife. A little jealousy fans his old love-flame. Dull women never keep their husbands ; they merely draw them back in their old age.

CHAPTER IV

PARENTHOOD—ANCIENT AND MODERN

DULL women are often domesticated, though I never will believe they are as good housewives as the brainy ones, or as good mothers.

Men who marry educated companions gain cooks ; but men who marry uneducated cooks never gain companions.

In all cases the happiness of the household largely depends on the woman being given absolute control of the household purse, and being asked no questions. When she is trusted she is seldom found wanting. In planning and arranging she finds amusement and pleasure.

Women are born organisers and economists. A man is too fond of making a mystery of his income, when his wife immediately imagines he is far richer than he is, and acts accordingly. Honesty and confidence in these matters always meet with sympathy and co-operation in return.

Haggling over money brings discontent, and discontented lives lead to separate interests and semi-detached homes.

Girls so often know nothing of life and its intricacies. They marry, and when their generous, courteous lover turns into a stingy, domineering husband they are abashed, dumbfounded, horrified. Good women



MOTHER LOVE.
Dakota squaw and child.

love good men, although they are sometimes taken in. The bad man reverts to his badness after matrimony, just as the drunkard reverts to drink. So girls, beware.

After all, we are happiest when we are too busy to brood and think, too practical to dream, and too overburdened to repine. The fuller the life the greater its joys.

Which are unhappiest, married men or married women, when ill-matched ?

Suppose man does not get on with his wife ; she is untidy, lazy, unpunctual, slovenly, bad-tempered, or even drinks ; his home is uncomfortable, uncongenial, miserable. Well, breakfast is quickly over. Off he goes to his office, and never thinks of home again till seven or eight o'clock at night. Instead of trying to mend matters, he dines several evenings a week at his Club, or with a friend. Being a man, he is free and can do that sort of thing. On Saturday and Sunday he selfishly goes to play some game, while he expects his wife to attend Church to "keep up appearances" for the sake of *his* own respectability.

Result : the home sees little of him, and even if he does suffer boredom for a few hours in every week, he manages to live the greater part of his life outside. Of course, he is to be pitied, very much to be pitied, but he had all the world to choose from when he sought a wife, and if he drew a blank in the matrimonial lottery he has only himself to blame. Absenting himself does not cure the trouble at home, which kindness and love might remedy.

More breaches have been healed by week-ends devoted to wife and children than men ever realise. Those Saturday afternoons and Sundays ought to

belong to the family and, as in France, should be cheerfully spent with them. The woman has the mothering of the children all the week; the husband should take his share on Sundays whenever he can.

Suppose a woman has married unhappily. Some women do. Most of them with heroic bravery suffer in silence.

A man's life often brings big returns, wealth, position, fame; a woman's more often brings babies, anxieties, cares, and an empty pocket. The daily routine of washing, scrubbing, cleaning, and fighting dirt and dust is as dull as Bond Street on a Bank Holiday. It is difficult to find amusement in spring cleaning, and curious to think men in every land believe their womenfolk enjoy it.

Women must always be heavily handicapped in matrimony, in the present state of affairs.

It often happens that a girl marries, not because she wants to, but because she must. Her parents demand it of her, or she herself thinks it her duty to make way for younger sisters. The parents perhaps do not intend to provide for their daughter; they cannot, or will not, and simply tell her to marry.

The girl does so. She has not a large field of choice; She accepts the man who proposes. She draws a blank—a selfish, bad-tempered, immoral, or cruel husband. She has two or three children (oh! the indignity of it under such circumstances), and month by month, alone in her misery, stitches little garments for the next arrival, and realises the awfulness of her position.

She cannot get a regular allowance to run the home on. She simply shakes in her shoes every Monday morning, when she has to present the weekly



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

DOMESTICITY IN ENGLAND AND AMONGST OTHER RACES

bills ; she hardly dare ask for a little cash over for current expenses, or suggest that a tap leaks and she must have the plumber, or the spring-blind has gone wrong and must be attended to. To ask for money is to wave a red flag to a bull. She knows her husband has money. Does not he belong to many Clubs, when one would suffice ? Does he not keep a sailing-boat that he rarely even sees ? Does he not continually go away for week-ends ? And yet she cannot get enough to clothe the children, though she has reduced her household by a servant to please him, and even does the bulk of the washing at home, so as to have a little extra for other things. She does not, however, get the extra money ; she merely ends in getting the extra work.

Instead of the interests of the office, with its large field and possible recompense, she toils over her home and children all day, fearing the key in the latch will bring discord. She prepares a nice little dinner for seven o'clock, the appointed hour, which is spoilt by eight, when her lord and master returns to grumble. He grumbles and sulks all the evening—is even jealous of her needlework—until he goes off in a quiet doze ; he grumbles again at breakfast ; he undoes all the discipline she has inculcated during the day by telling the children they may do what their mother has already forbidden, as unwise or too expensive.

She cannot get away. She cannot go to the Club—it is a luxury she cannot afford. She cannot dine out. She cannot afford a week-end, or be spared from the children at home. She has to bear it all, and does bear it all for the children's sakes, and because she has not a penny of her own, poor soul.

Alas, what a number of misguided girls there are

who think matrimony will mean independence, and start marriage as a profession : not of choice—but of necessity. This is not an admission that any self-respecting girl would like to make ; neither would her parents, who are more responsible than herself in the matter. But it is true in thousands of cases, and it must be, so long as paterfamilias's ideas of what is necessary for his daughters remain what they have been in these past generations. Luckily, with so many callings opening to her, there is less need for a girl nowadays to adopt matrimony as a profession, but for many it still remains, on the surface, the most attractive one.

Look at the position of the daughters in the ordinary English middle-class household—the sort of home one finds in the country parsonage, at the seaside doctor's, or the provincial lawyer's. We all know the large families, the struggling father, the overworked mother who finally fades away and dies, worn out mentally and bodily by years of training children and daily toil.

What is the end of it ? The boys are educated in the best way the family exchequer will allow ; the girls pick up what knowledge they can. The father eventually follows the mother, dies—and then. Ah, what then. The boys procure employment ; friends help them because they have a certain groundwork of education, and they gain a start from that. But the girls have no practical education, no experience of life, and—think of it—no money. What is to become of them ?

Children ought to be disciplined as well as educated. They must be taught to work. They must learn the meaning of the words “ duty ” and “ respect ” in the

nursery, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the nation. If parenthood was too strict in the past it is certainly too lax in the present.

The general slackness of the day is mighty bad, and one can only hope the society started by the Earl of Meath may do much good.

“CHAWORTH HOUSE, OTTERS Shaw, CHERTSEY.

“*June 26th, 1914.*

“DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

“You ask me to write you a few lines on the ‘Duty and Discipline Movement.’ You are one of those who need no instruction in regard to either Duty or Discipline, for your life is a witness to your devotion to the cause. You have never shirked duty or dishonoured it by giving the precedence to pleasure—you have lived the strenuous life, not scorning recreation, but putting it in its proper position, as the handmaiden and helpmeet of duty—you have recognised the strengthening and educative value of struggle in life—struggle which is as necessary to full and proper development of spiritual and mental, as, it is universally recognised to be, in physical life.

“The tendency of the age is to eliminate struggle from the educational curriculum of the young—to make every task easy, never to require the pupil to exert his or her fullest powers, not to insist on concentration, but to permit the youthful mind in its search for knowledge to imitate the eclectic bee and suck the honey where it can be obtained with the least exertion, thus weakening the mind and character and rendering them unable to face and overcome difficulties, when, later on, in the bitter world, the

young man and young woman are confronted by opposition, untoward circumstances, and the other inevitable distresses of every-day life.

“There is good cause to believe that this softening of moral, mental, and physical fibre is in no small measure responsible for the acknowledged and rapid increase of hysteria, lunacy, and suicide, especially amongst the young.

“The Duty and Discipline Movement, which now numbers several thousand members, and is encouraged by the support of a remarkable number of the leading thinkers and of illustrious men and women belonging to nearly all phases of religious, political, and social thought within and without the British Empire, is an effort to stem the tide of what appears to us a most fatal flood of sentimental hysteria which threatens to drown the sane, the hard-working and the fit, and to overwhelm society and the State in order to relieve a few evildoers and slackers from the consequences of their evil-doings and of their slacknesses.

“The Duty and Discipline Movement believes that the future of our race and Empire does not depend so much on Statesmen, who in a free country represent the ideas and aims of the majority of citizens, as on the parents of the young children of to-day who twenty to thirty years hence will be the voters and consequently the rulers of the British Empire. The Duty and Discipline Movement * recognises also that the virile training of girls is of even greater importance than that of the boys, inasmuch as there are over a million more women and girls than men and boys within the British Isles, and that, whether the former

* Secretary to the Duty and Discipline Movement, 117 Victoria Street, London.

obtain the right to a political vote or not, it is evident that feminine influence will in the future be a more potent factor than it has been in the past.

“It must not be forgotten also that women are demanding, and increasingly demanding, equality of opportunity with men in the civil occupations of life, and that real equality is not a matter of votes but of efficiency.

“To obtain such efficiency, women and girls must renounce privilege and exemption from penalty on the score of sex, must cease to be amateurs, and become professionals in the contests of life.

“Women cannot both have their cake and eat it; they must bravely make their choice and play the game if they be desirous of occupying the position of fellow labourers with men in the serious businesses of life.

“Yours sincerely,

“MEATH.”

This Society should do much to improve the moral, mental, and, finally, physical standard of our country, and instil grit into our boys and girls.

The cost of helping and educating the unfit comes, alas, out of the pockets of the fit; but, on the whole, English upbringing is good.

How different the children of different countries are. For instance, there is something strangely artificial about French children. The girls are dressed-up dolls, the boys conceited little men. They do not seem to be children at all, but bad copies of grown-ups, who sit up late and sip their wine and coffee. Yet all this comes right afterwards.

French children are an interesting study, however. There seems formerly to have been something at fault about their bringing up, for an immense change in the "system of the nursery" is taking place, and in most of the better-class families to-day English nurses and English governesses are to be found.

"Why do you employ so many of my countrywomen?" I asked a beautiful comtesse, with white hair, daintily powdered and thrown back over a cushion, herself the grandmother of many English-speaking mites.

"There are many reasons," she replied. "They are cleaner and more particular in their nurseries and in the bringing up of the children generally. They look upon baths and hair-brushing as necessities, and not as luxuries. They have not so many friends to gossip with, nor do they continually want days out. They come here to make money and save it, so that they are altogether more thriftily inclined, and, above all, the children learn English from them without the trouble of being taught. Nearly all the people I know in Paris have English nurses or governesses, and you find little French children playing together any day in the Bois, speaking the English language among themselves."

All this sounded very sensible, and it certainly was true. These Englishwoman have acquired an excellent reputation in France. Once, when travelling from Dinard, in Brittany, towards Paris, a nice-looking middle-aged woman and two little girls got into the carriage. A smart-looking chauffeur was seeing them off, and a *valet-de-chambre*, with his white apron, was tucking away the luncheon-basket. The overcrowded train at last steamed away from the

hustling, shrieking station, and I surveyed the little party more minutely. Evidently a superior English nurse with two well-born little French girls.

We soon got into conversation, and they managed to while away the time agreeably. The nurse had been fourteen years in France, and she had only been in two situations, her present employer being a friend of the first one.

"I take the young ladies to the sea for six weeks every summer, and Monsieur and Madame come backwards and forwards; but they never stay more than a week at a time. We have a villa at Dinard, and the children call it their villa, as it is really kept for them."

"And how do you spend your days?" I asked the elder girl.

"We have an English breakfast," she replied grandly—"eggs and marmalade, at eight o'clock. Then we go down to the beach, and we paddle all the morning. We have lots of friends, and we build castles and things, and eat greengages, and have an awfully good time. We are always very sorry when Nannie says it is time to go home for *déjeuner*."

Nurse smiled.

"Yes; I have great trials getting them home sometimes. After *déjeuner* I make them rest, lie on the bed, and be quiet for an hour. Bébé is only four, and she sleeps."

"I don't," proudly explained Mademoiselle Quatrecrans.

"I'm too old to sleep, you see," continued the elder. "Then, when it's cooler, we go on to the beach again, unless Papa and Mamma are there. Then we have to be dressed up and go out in the automobile in gloves; and I hate that."

Nurse smiled, evidently appreciating the fact that her little protégées preferred to run wild to being dressed up in sashes and starched frocks.

"I take them home about six," said Nurse, "and we have a meat-tea generally consisting of fish or eggs, fruit and jam, and about seven I put them to bed."

"Yes; but you brush our hair first, you horrid old Nannie."

The good woman smiled.

"And a nice mess I find it in, mademoiselle."

Then I congratulated them all on their English.

"I like English better than French," exclaimed the elder girl, "There aren't so many stupid 'Monsieurs' and 'Madames' in it."

She was right. We are not nearly so polite as the French. We just say "Yes" and "No," never repeat a sentence, and rarely address a person by name; therefore much less material is necessary to keep up an English conversation.

And so the little French girls whirled away towards Paris, where they were only to stay a couple of days, to repack and start for Burgundy, where the parents had a château, and were already installed for *la chasse*.

Another instance of French childhood I came across was a little girl of eight. She had never seen the sea before, and her joy over the waves, the seaweed, and shrimps—which she found were grey instead of red—was delightful. She wore a red blouse and little red knickerbockers; so we called her Mademoiselle Langouste (crayfish). Most of the people in the hotel were English, and she was very unhappy that she could not play with the children. However, language would not deter her, and so she played,

laughed, danced, punched them, showed them her doll or her bucket, and became quite friendly. But one fine day she put her hand in her mother's and said, "Teach me some English quick; I want to talk." And so in a very few days she did.

A word here and a word there will work marvels in a foreign language, as Mademoiselle Langouste soon found out.

She told all the older boys she would marry them when she was grown up, marriage evidently being well to the fore in her little French mind at the age of eight.

Another instance of this French fashion of Anglicising the children. In a friend's house I lately visited, a little grandson of the hostess was staying. He was eleven, a French boy who had never been out of France, who spoke excellent, faultless English, but very bad French. This was really going a little too far. He called himself "English", and said he would be "naturalised as soon as he was old enough"; in fact, he was far more of a John Bull than an ordinary English child.

"Do make them send me to school in England," he whispered in my ear one day. "Do just be nice, now, and do—do."

I laughed. "Why?"

"Because English boys have lots of story-books of travel and adventure, they play football and cricket and hockey and lots of things, and they don't have to wear short trousers and bare legs with socks."

The greatest charm of French children is their deference to their elders, their respect for their parents, and the close family ties that seem to exist in every home in France, whether among the rich or the



Photo by Richard Burch, from Hutcheson's "Living Races of Mankind," First Edition.

A NUBIAN DANCING-GIRL.

poor. The French have a strong sense of duty, and are very conscientious in their homes.

We must all learn self-reliance to gain happiness. Want of sympathy hardens. Over-sympathy weakens. It makes people gloat over sores and cease to buck up and do things. Many people go about the world craving for sympathy, longing for friends to say, "You poor dear thing"; but really words of that sort are an insult to a human being with will-power and character.

Suggestion is a great lever. To-day it is a new cult. Women have always known it, and women's suggestions have so often been acted upon in history. Suggestion is now becoming a science. Doctors are practising it, and men are generally their patients, for men suffer far more from neurasthenia than women.

It is sometimes said women show greater heroism than men. Why so? Because true heroism does not merely consist in rising above one's self in moments of danger. True heroism is rising above one's self in cold blood, mastering difficulties, overcoming temptations, keeping one's self always in check, helping others—self-control, in fact.

Therefore, I repeat (oh, how some dear people will hate me) that women are far greater heroes than men. Men are moral cowards. Women often seem possessed of supernatural power for self-restraint and unnoticed deeds of heroism, especially as regards Motherhood. Women are full of pluck.

The ancient mother and the modern mother are two very different beings. The very ancient mother fought for her children like the tigress for her young cubs. The mother of past generations gave her entire life to her children to the absolute neglect of her husband. The modern mother, although she

sometimes neglects her children for her fads and frivolities, is really a much more sane person, for she lives three lives : one part she gives to her husband, one part to her children, and a third part to herself. Instead of entirely obliterating herself, as the ancient mother used to do, she believes in self-culture, self-advancement, and is a thinking, human being, she is therefore more of a companion to her husband, and more capable of educating her offspring.

No wonder that many advanced girls are declaring and proving around us that they prefer their liberty on an earned pittance to such marital thralldom as suffered by their old-fashioned mothers on an income of hundreds, or even thousands of pounds. The more honour to them that they work, pay their way, and keep straight. How many of their brothers keep as straight ? "Oh, but men's temptations are far greater," most men will declare. How little they guess at the temptations of a young woman, at her courage and endurance if she can lead a pure, honest, and hardworking life, as so many tens of thousands do.

The husband seldom takes his share ; sometimes he is even known to grumble when little things go wrong, but occasionally he has been known to say, "Thank you. I appreciate all that has been done for me," instead of—as is more often the case—grumbling at home, and explaining to strangers what a wonder his wife is. When women love, they sacrifice themselves, their health, often their very life.

A woman who is too clever is annoying, a woman who is too stupid is exasperating, a woman who is too pretty is an anxiety, a woman who is too ugly is a worry. The world is made up of every sort and kind of woman, of every colour, shape and form of woman,

and yet, after all, they have one thing in common, their great prerogative—they are always women. Collectively they can do most things that men can do, and yet they can do what no man can do. To do that a woman risks her life; she should be looked upon as a heroine, and treated as such by every man. No consideration is too much for her, no kindness too great. Men should shield her at every turn, the State should help her by every means. The mothers of the race are the greatest assets of a nation, and yet how badly those mothers are often treated by men, by laws, and by the State.

Women certainly lose their independence by matrimony. They so often become the slaves of men, servants, children, society, conventionality.

Men are different. They gain homes, house-keepers, accountants, children, comradeship, sympathy; and men, for the same income which they once spent selfishly upon themselves, receive an untold return and a hundred per cent. increase of pleasure.

Women of experience know this and sometimes dare to say it.

Men also know it, but they seldom own it.

Domesticity is the hardest taskmaster; it costs so much and yields so little. Business is less exacting and produces more.

Yes, ye mothers of England, teach all your daughters to do something and do it well; keep them from marrying for wealth or title, or even a home, unless love and respect be behind it all; and if you have cause to believe your future son-in-law will not make a good and honest husband, tell your girl, and explain your reason.

Bring her up to believe matrimony brings the greatest

happiness, but it is not the be-all and end-all of a woman's life, and that old-maidism need not spell failure. Far from it ; many of the best women this world has ever known—women whose achievements stand in the front rank of life—have preferred to remain single, and it is well it should be so, or what would become of the great extra million.

The capable woman, who knows what work means, invariably conquers in the end, whether she be married or single. Married women need much tact—the tact that realises when silence makes for peace, or words are golden.

Marriage is a great and holy institution. Its natural outcome is parenthood, and parenthood means more than playing with a baby and treating it as a doll. Once the baby is there, surely every mother, rich or poor, should attend some class on Mothercraft. Marriage and parenthood are the most solemn and important events in a man or woman's existence.

Surely neither should be entered into lightly. They are ties which last all our life, and more than that, it is not only one's self who wins or loses in the game, but the children and the children's children.

And children are a terrible responsibility. Parents do so much more for their children than children ever do for their parents.

There is nothing more bonny, and yet nothing more exhausting, than the children's hour.

Oh ! how we loved it when we were small. Nursery tea over, the washing and dressing—the combing and brushing of hair, the larks between ourselves at pitch and toss with socks and shoes—or running away and hiding old nurse's comb, or upsetting the soap. Tearing round, we incidently pushed baby's things, all

white and fresh from the laundry, and hung out to air on the guard, into the smutty grate. How excited we used to be over that dressing ; how we longed for the bell to ring just a little earlier than the appointed hour, and, if it did not, how eagerly we watched the clock for those silly, slow, old hands to reach 5.30, so that nurse might open the door and let us scamper off to the drawing-room.

Poor mother. We never thought of her ; we did not mind whether she had come home tired and would prefer peace and a book. This was our own precious hour, and bed seemed a long way off as we scampered chattering down the stairs, with nurse following with baby in her arms.

We were all beautifully clean and tidy, our faces shone, our fingers were immaculate, and our heads neat and tidy as we bounded off.

We did not return quite so buoyantly upstairs, nor were we quite so tidy after hide-and-seek round the sofa and a pillow-fight with the cushions.

When one is grown up and has children, one realises what our mother's anxiety over our rampant behaviour must have been : how she must have sat on pins and needles gazing on many of our rushes towards plate-glass cabinets, or even viewed with dread baby's proximity to the coal-box in which he loved to forage.

Nothing should interfere with the children's hour. It may be hard on the mother, who has to appear fresh and radiant an hour later to greet her spouse ; but what a relief to the nurse to know that for a whole sixty minutes she is free from the incessant noise of the nursery ; to know that she has time to turn round and tidy up, to get the night things out pre-

paratory to putting the family to bed, and for 3,600 seconds can relax from the constant anxiety of being with children. And what a happiness for the offspring.

Children are most exhausting. The healthier, stronger, and happier they are the more demand they make upon one. Wickedness is born in them; they are only good when they are ill. In fact, a really good child invariably means there is something amiss, something wrong, or it would not be good and placid. A healthy child is full of life; it loves to jump and run and romp and laugh, and even scream for the sheer joy of living. For such a child the whole world is beautiful, and life one happy game. These are the children with vitality, the children that make the best men and women; but their sheer animal spirit is somewhat exhausting to their elders. Their questions are as incessant as the shots from a Maxim gun, and must always be answered honestly, or by the prevarication "You are too young to understand; I will tell you when you are older." No child should ever be answered by a lie, however disconcerting its question may have been.

Let them have their romp; but let them know obedience is a necessity, and when they are told to stop, or go to bed, they must at once obey. These are the future men and women of the Empire, and we must give them our best. Having thoroughly enjoyed the time, become hot and excited over balls, dolls, and games, it is an excellent plan to spend the last quarter of an hour in reading aloud to them. Every child loves being read to. Fairy tales stimulate their imagination, and hide many a little lesson, but they must not be of a gruesome order. "Strewel-Peter"

teaches a moral, "Robinson Crusoe" awakens an adventurous spirit, "Black Beauty" a love of horses, and so on. Children can be encouraged to love reading or music, and both should certainly be fostered in early youth. As they grow older they learn to read for themselves, some easily, and some young. I had a girl cousin who could read at four. It came quite naturally to her, and we used to curl ourselves up on the hearthrug or sofa, and she read aloud to me. It kept us quiet for hours ; but, alas ! I could not read properly myself. My father cajoled, argued, and encouraged, but all to no avail. I was to get half a crown when I could read a leading article from *The Times* without a mistake, and I was nearly twelve before I earned my prize. Of course, I read to myself long before that, missing or spelling out the difficult words ; but I stumbled and hesitated badly when reading aloud. Parents, do not despair ; a child may be backward in the very thing which later in life will bring success.

This love of reading, or, rather, listening, inculcated in the young is a well-sown seed for future happiness.

A boy who has played tennis, footer, or cricket, and can sit down and rest with a book, is a happy boy, and will probably make a useful man.

But we are wandering from the children's hour, which was the *raison d'être* of the moment. It is a splendid thing when the father can join hands with the mother over that happy time with the bairns. No father should come home and exclaim, "Can't you keep these children quiet ?" or something equivalent. They are his children, and he should abandon himself to their pleasure just as readily as the mother. It is his duty, and it should be his joy.

So many fathers take the cream from their children ; they just see them on their best behaviour for a few minutes, pamper and pet them, and send them off. That is all wrong. They should share the upbringing, teach them and correct them, just as much as the mother, instead of leaving her to attend to all the disagreeables of the nursery, while they only enjoy the happy feeling of proud possession.

Men who boast about their children the most are generally the men who see least of them, and do not realise the endless anxiety boys and girls really are. To bring up children well, to train them judiciously, to foster their little talents, to correct and encourage, is far more difficult than most people realise. In fact, only men and women who have children and do their duty by them—instead of handing them over to nurses and governesses and chance—know what the strain and schooling for themselves this education of the young entails.

Even the children's hour brings its anxiety, for during that happy time between tea and bed the babies learn a vast amount of useful knowledge, and many tiny seeds are sown which later bear fruit for good or ill. These are the children who will later mould nations.

Happy children. Tired parents. But it is worth a great deal, that hour of comradeship, and much sacrifice is rewarded tenfold by the love, sympathy, and understanding engendered between parent and child during that children's hour.

Talking about children, there are many sore-hearted women who turn to the nursery, glorying in the sheer delights of motherhood ; but this is a thing that cannot be forced, neither is it a crime to be without it.



A DUTCH BEAUTY.

It is more often a crime to be obsessed with it, for women who are solely absorbed in babies are generally utterly selfish women, who neglect their homes and husbands.

How many men have had cause to be jealous of King Baby. Like everything else, motherhood must be begun in economy and followed by moderation.

Surely one of the greatest mistakes of parenthood is to discuss a child's looks or qualities in front of that child. Once say a child is ugly, and a seed of resentment is sown in that little breast. Once say a child is clever or witty, and a bulb is deeply implanted which is always struggling to give forth little shoots of brilliancy or wit. From the moment that remark is made the child is handicapped. It ceases to be natural, it is made to think of itself, to wonder what it should say or do next, to be self-conscious; and yet one hears again and again Namow discussing their own children in front of those children, and guests being foolish enough to admire their beauty, laugh at their little sayings, repeat their little jokes, and belaud them generally. It is unwise to make a child self-conscious, and it is absolutely cruel to show any difference in affection to the various members of the nursery.

Married life without a child is like bread without butter. It is dull and tame; but at the same time there is no school so severe or so exhausting as the school of parenthood. From the very first hour the parent is the pupil and the child's development and welfare a mighty hard and exacting taskmaster.

Namow collect beautiful things for their children to inherit, feather the nest for their children to cuddle in, store their brain to impart knowledge to

their children, school themselves to school their children.

Parenthood is bitter-sweet, like some fruits. One suffers to enjoy, and enjoys to suffer.

But parenthood is a hard taskmaster. Every young thing clings to its mother for protection. Calves on the prairie can find their own mothers out of a thousand cows. They never make a mistake. Every twenty-four hours, when those cows and calves come together, each singles the other out from the herd, and refuses to have anything to do with foster-parents.

The mothering instinct in women is tremendous. The girl who loves a doll is not necessarily the best mother; indeed, it is often the other way. The mother, the child, and the home are one, and yet when that child is grown it leaves its home without compunction and makes its own nest, leaving the old one bare. To have children and to rear children is no mean task, and then to lose them is no light sorrow.

The child is, more or less, the mother's for ten years, schools lay hold of it for the next ten years, and at twenty the child is in the grip of the world, and practically lost to the parents. Education makes this more so every year.

Boys and girls sometimes forget that parents who have arranged their holidays and pleasures for twenty years would like the pendulum to swing for a change; would like the young people to arrange little trips and all attendant bothers of luggage and tips for the older folk just for a change. For twenty years children are being looked after and taught, for the next twenty years they should look after and help others—surely that is only fair.

Later the child marries, and the severance is com-

plete. Our children are only our very own when they are babies.

Generosity is not the gift of superfluity, but the gift of self-denial.

In the lower classes the man does not always even feed and house his wife. He easily slips out of work, and it often happens that the once smart domestic servant, with half a dozen ill-fed, crying children, and a drunken, lazy husband, has to keep them all by charring or go to the workhouse. Tens of thousands of working women keep their husbands and children. Those wretched, over-worked women never, never get as much as an evening out, which they clamoured for and insisted on when they were in service. Householders to-day spend time in arranging and coping with servants' "evenings out". Soon we shall have to arrange which evenings they "will kindly condescend to be in".

The memory of idle loafers in Edinburgh still haunts me. Near John Knox's house, in bunches of ten, wretched men were lolling, smoking their pipes. It was eleven o'clock, not the dinner-hour in Edinburgh; yet there that disreputable class of men loitered.

"Oh," replied a friend to whom my mind was unburdened, "the women are toiling in the factories; the children are there, too, except the ones that are too small and are left at the crèches at the expense of the ratepayers. The women and children keep these men. After the day's work, the wife goes home and gets supper and puts the children to bed, and next day she goes through the same routine, while

these men pawn the blankets off the beds if they get a chance, to buy drink."

Curiously enough, many men—and women still more often—stand adversity so much better than success.

After a fair share of life's experience, I am firmly of opinion that no married woman with children ought to be forced to work. If she be a good wife, runs her home well, and looks after her children, her hands are full for twenty years, and she does her share in the matrimonial bargain. There are exceptions, of course; all wives are not mothers.

There seems no doubt that a happy married life is the greatest bliss this world affords; all great thinkers avow the fact. But, as many marriages are not happy, we must seek the cause.

"The corner-stone of every union, whether friendship or matrimony," wrote Dr. Franz von Rottenburg, Bismarck's most intimate friend for many years, "must be as the old Philosopher said, '*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas,*'" which in English would mean :

Unity in essentials,
Freedom in non-essentials,
Charity in everything.

Surely he was right.

If husbands were a little cleverer they would be a little kinder. Women love appreciation, sympathy, encouragement, and if only men were more lavish in these ways they would have more contented wives. It is no good to suppose silence denotes satisfaction.

If women were a little broader-minded there would be fewer discontented husbands, and if parents were a little stricter there would be fewer idle children.

In ending this chapter, few truer words can be quoted than those of that fine old man, the late "General" Booth, in a message on the subject of Women that was read aloud in every Salvationist place of worship in the country :

"We want a higher estimate and a more generous treatment of woman as a wife. In seeking a partner I am afraid the requirements of many men are often far too low. Some, I fear, have no intelligent idea at all as to what is wanted. Perhaps no relationship in life is entered upon in a more haphazard manner.

"I have often said that I owe much of the happiness of my married life to the fact that, before my marriage, I had formed in my own mind a picture of the sort of woman I needed to best promote my happiness, my usefulness, my spiritual development. This picture, no doubt, prevented my being led away by some unwise fancy, to be repented of for ever afterwards.

"So I say that every man, and every woman as well, should have a rational plan in their minds as to what is required in their marriage. This would tend to prevent many serious mistakes.

"Having found a wife, every Salvationist husband should place her in the position and give her the treatment to which she is entitled. Let him begin by making her feel that he regards her as a being of equal value with himself. She is so, whether he admits it or not. The self-sacrificing work he expects her to perform for him must in importance be equal to anything he can do for her.

"Is not her work in the holding up of her husband in the paths of righteousness, in the directing of his

home, in bearing, nursing, and training his children, as important as is his toil in the field, the factory, the store, or elsewhere ? Certainly it is. Let the husband then recognise this, and act accordingly. Let him use all reasonable effort for her support, and maintain her as generously as his income will allow.

“The meanness some men display in granting but a stinted allowance to their wives is beyond contempt, and only too often drives women to deception.

“Let him have all reasonable care for her health, watching over it with an eye quick to perceive, a heart prepared to sympathise, and a hand ready to help at the first approach of sickness.

“How many mourn their dullness in this respect when it is too late for love to undo the results of past neglect !

“Let him bestow all reasonable care upon her happiness.

“Every husband should love his wife. Without love for her he ought not to have married her ; and if love be there, let him see that he cultivates it.”



A MOORISH MAIDEN.

CHAPTER V

WIDOWS AND SEMI-DETACHED WIVES

“O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!”

OTWAY

CHANGE is the salt of life and gives flavour to existence.

Widowhood is the time of flirtation.

For every proposal that falls to the lot of a girl, a widow, if she is at all young or attractive, gets a dozen.

A girl is shy, awkward, gauche, often all arms and legs and as straight as a wand. She may have a pretty face, but she seldom has a beautiful figure.

Men don't know what to say to young girls. The schoolroom Miss of seventeen still savours of bread and butter. She is out of fashion.

With a widow all is different. She can talk about anything, understand, sympathise, and advise. Her mind and body are developed. She is a woman, no longer an unformed stripling. If she has money, she can entertain; and even if she has none, she can receive callers and offer the blessed hospitality of tea.

Could anything be more delightful than to be born a duchess or a widow?

Men readily fall her victims, and so widows are dubbed dangerous. Many a widow has received a proposal at a second, third, or fourth meeting. Such things are by no means uncommon.

Men are swept from their feet after an hour's chat with a young, handsome, and really fascinating woman. They recover after she has said them nay—and remain very good friends ; that is the joy of it. An attractive widow is surrounded by discarded swains ; but she takes precious good care no one knows who they are, or she would lose their friendship at once. This is where the tactfulness of the “widee buddy” comes in.

One of the most useful assets of society is its charming army of widows. They do so much good, avert so much harm, just because men look upon them as comrades.

It is no exaggeration to repeat that every proposal the young widow may have received as a girl is multiplied a dozen-fold when she is free again. At first sight this seems strange ; but in reality it is not so.

As a girl her horizon was small ; she only went to parties with a chaperone. She had to make her young friends. The boys of her own age—her brothers' school chums—were too young and too penniless to marry ; therefore, a suitable husband only presented himself now and again. Her choice was limited.

Five or ten years later all is changed. Her late husband's friends are older than herself ; they are probably in a position to marry. They have seen what a good wife she made, what an excellent mother she is. They know how charmingly she runs her house, how smart she looks at the head of her table, what sort of a home she has built up around her, and naturally—quite naturally—fall in love with her fascinations, and propose.

The widow's horizon is unbounded.

She has made many friends during her married state. She has had men to dinner, they have stayed

with her in the country, she has been at their theatre parties in town ; she knows men ; she is not afraid of them. They have called on her and chatted upon every conceivable subject over the tea-cups ; they have ridden or motored with her, and they one and all look upon her as a “ rattling good sort,” or a “ regular chum,” and—they propose.

Thus it is that the young widow has so many chances of marrying again. Does she do it ?

“ They always do,” some one at once remarks. That some one is wrong, for, as a matter of fact, it is rarely the case. The widow seldom remarries.

Surely the reply would be more correct if the tables were reversed. Widowers almost invariably remarry. Why ?

Because a married man learns to appreciate his home ; he loves to feel he can dine at his own table, pull his arm-chair up to his own fire, and need not turn out to dinner, or after dinner, as is the case if he is the *habitué* of a Club. Home is home, and once a man has tasted a few years of club life he generally leaves it willingly and never returns unless circumstances force him to do so.

After he has had a wife and home he is miserable without them.

Then the married man has learned the inestimable joy of thinking of some one besides himself. He knows the pleasures of talking over the events of the day with his wife. He has learnt to appreciate the refining influence of the society of a woman. He realises the great loneliness of his life as a widower ; however much he may go into society, the craving for the intimate sympathy of a good woman lies deep in his heart.

Home is no home without a wife, and even the man who has not properly appreciated that fact soon has it borne in upon him when he is left alone.

Again, the widower cannot manage his own household; he is generally imposed upon, and, beyond every other consideration, if he has children, he does not know what to do with them. Men have, of course, brought up children successfully, aided by some excellent nurse or judicious governess; but it is the exception.

Thus the widower marries again, and quickly, too, as a rule; simply because he is lost and lonesome, and cannot manage for himself. He is right. No man was meant to run a house or bring up children—and no man was ever meant to live alone. If he does, all that is worst in him comes to the forefront, whereas, if he be married to a good woman in his own position in life, all that is best naturally rises to the surface.

Love startles a man. He seems to be born again, his eyes open on a new world, and he is all the better for the performance. It does one good to read such a life as that of Professor Huxley. His youth was a struggle with ill-health and poverty; for the cause of science he sacrificed much, and he saved hard so as to marry the woman of his choice. Huxley said himself repeatedly how much he owed to women. He revered his mother and adored his wife. He was a splendid son, and an ideal husband.

Men who are inordinately selfish will yet sometimes forget *ego* in their desire to please their wives.

Widows sometimes find themselves in awkward predicaments. For instance, a lady lost her husband in India and came home. She had been very devoted to him, and it was some time before she felt she could

face society. Her first outing proved a very starchy dinner-party, where, sitting opposite her, was a man she had known slightly in India, and had not seen for some time.

Conversation flagged. Evidently hoping to set the ball rolling, he asked the widow jovially in a loud voice across the table :

“ Aw—and where is your husband stationed now ? ”

Pause.

“ Is it a very hot place ? ”

Every one looked aghast. The silence could be felt. Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, she replied :

“ I—I—really don’t know.”

Horror on every one’s face.

A pompous old gentleman at the end of the table at once chirped :

“ Do you play Bridge ? ”

Every one in wild excitement and relief replied loudly in different ways at once, expounding wild theories of Bridge, and so the little widow had time to recover herself.

Widows are of two kinds. One is the young and attractive woman who brings happiness in her train. The other dons a widow’s bonnet and cuffs, and never puts them off again, wrapping herself in a chilly air of miserable resignation.

If a widow has no children, she often does re-marry, and that quickly, for she, like the widower, feels the loneliness of her life, the want of sympathy and interest. She comprehends more than ever in her solitude that Namow were made for each other, and not to live alone. She agrees with Robert Louis Stevenson—“ the simple act of falling in love is beneficial.”

But by far the larger proportion of women have children, and then the question arises, which is it to be. Is she to consider her own inclinations, or the happiness of her offspring. It is often a great tussle ; but somehow, when one looks round among one's acquaintances, one sees that the ordinary young widow often sacrifices her own inclinations for the good of her children.

Is she right in so doing ?

Children are brought into the world *nolens volens* ; often without thought or wisdom, they are given life they did not ask for, and expected to go through with it. Is it not the duty, therefore, of the parent to do the best he or she possibly can for the children's sakes ?

Suppose a woman be left with two or perhaps three children—families do not often go beyond that number nowadays—and she is barely thirty years of age. The burden on her shoulders is heavy, often crushing. Her income is usually about a quarter of what it was in her husband's life-time—perhaps an eighth—and that at a time when expenses are really only beginning, when the seriousness of school-bills are facing her for the first time. Her position is not an enviable one, and even the rebate of all taxes, which might be conceded, are not allowed her.

Harassed with new anxieties, perplexed at which end to begin to cut down expenses, utterly lost without the helpmate, probably many years her senior, on whom she had learnt to rely, the first years of her widowhood are days, weeks, and months of trial indeed.

She hourly realises her responsibilities, she feels the loss of that strong man's aid, the loneliness and worry of her life. That loneliness of soul we all of us experience

at times eats into her very vitals. But she knows her children ought to be her first care, that she must bring them up to take their place in the world, and help them to work their way to honourable success.

The first six months go by, and then some man comes forward and proposes. Others quickly follow suit. The question of remarriage faces her. Shall she do it? She herself might like to, but there are the children to consider, and once done it cannot be undone, there's the rub.

She looks round and gradually realises that a step-father is even a more doubtful success than a step-mother. She knows men are proud of having children, and she feels the second husband's children would hold his heart, and supplant any little love he might have tried to acquire for her own. She knows that if she really loves the man, and he her, it is only right she should give herself wholly to him, and how can she when she already has other and pressing calls. Lifting the veil in imagination, she tries to look into the future. Suppose she remarries, and her son goes to the dogs, or her daughter turns out badly, would she not blame herself for taking on other tasks, and forsaking those she had already possessed, or not thoroughly completing them.

Of course, one may say, "No woman is meant to sacrifice her own happiness for her children. They will grow up and leave her." That is true, but who is it that influences the child's life. What have great men written again and again in their biographies?

"I owe everything to my mother."

The woman who sacrifices her own life for her child is amply repaid if her son can feel and write such sentiments as J. M. Barrie wrote of Margaret Ogilvy.

That the childless widow should marry again is surely only right. Why waste a good life when it is at its very best. That the widower with children should remarry is really a necessity; but that the young widow with children should marry again, alas, often means unhappiness to all, and misunderstandings in several lives. So the woman's own inner self has to be sacrificed for the children she has borne.

A beautiful widow was asked why she had not remarried.

"Well," she replied, "you see I really have all I want, so it seems superfluous."

"But you have nothing," replied the man.

"Oh yes, I have. I have my parrot, my cat, and my dog."

"And how can they take the place of a husband?" inquired the persistent suitor.

"Well, you see, the parrot uses bad language all the morning; the dog growls on every opportunity, which means the greater part of the day."

"And the cat?"

"Oh, the cat is out all night. So they take the place of the ordinary average husband rather well, I think."

With the sweetest smile, she added:

"Don't you?"

But somehow the man didn't seem to see it in that light.

Quite another person is the "grass-widow." The sudden transition from widowhood to semi-detached wifedom may seem startling. She should really not come into this chapter at all. But then, where is she to be placed. As an example of matrimony?

"Certainly not!" I hear the indignant British matron exclaiming.

Of flirtation? Fie! The respectable brigade of married women and those who look forward to marriage would revolt.

No place, properly speaking, is allotted in our social edifice to the grass-widow. But that she is, nevertheless installed therein—one of a numerous gay band that plays a conspicuous part in the daily drama of life—is self-evident to any one who goes about in Society.

Grass-widows are manufactured wholesale in India. They originated in the East. Women from Europe cannot bear the excessive heat of the Indian summer—often, indeed, cannot stand the climate at all. Thus it is that they are frequently sent home, while the men pursue their ways, and so arises the problem of the grass-widow.

Nowadays in the West—that is to say, in the United States—grass-widows are just as common, but not from causes of climate or health. In America the men have no time for leisure. The women have a distinct inclination for pleasure. It is not a matter of health at all, though occasionally the children's education is made an excuse for a trip of pleasure round "Eu-rope," while "Poppa" sits at his desk at home.

Both these armies of grass-widows and grass-widowers assume that fascinating position of independence for months at a time—one might almost say years.

Grass-widows are springing up like mushrooms in England to-day. No doubt this is largely due to the American invasion. Our sisters from over the water have taught us to enjoy hen-parties, to appreciate

little luncheons with our own well-dressed, chatty sex, and have shown us that it is possible to go to the theatre or anywhere else quite easily without the escort of a man.

Grass-widows are on the increase. They are everywhere. Men go off on big-game expeditions for long periods; or they have seats in the House of Commons, which fact necessitates their being in London, while they leave their wives at home in the country; or they take trips abroad for "business," while their wives are left to look after themselves.

This is all very well. A certain amount of independence is a good thing; but grass-widowdom and grass-widowhood seem becoming more and more fashionable.

Cards and sport have a great deal to do with the multiplication of semi-detached wives. Men have lost their money, and women have suffered. Women have gambled too, and then their house has been neglected, their "all" has been in jeopardy, and the peace of the home has been destroyed. How many instances do we all know where a "little Bridge" enjoyed by the husband or wife outside the home circle has led to family rows, loss of temper and money; and temporary Bridge-widowhood has even sometimes ended in permanent separation.

A first bet won, does more harm than good.

Perhaps the world would get on far too fast were it not for the constant side-slips of stupidity.

Then, again, the strenuousness of modern life obliges men to spend more and more time at their business, or attending to their professions. Day by day a man finds himself more engrossed, and thus the married woman is seen even less with her husband

as time goes on. Other men and women tell her how clever she is, how pretty she looks, how well she keeps her home. Those little words of comfort and encouragement naturally become preferable to the eternal growls of an over-tired husband, who thinks it his rôle to do nothing but grumble from the moment he steps across his own threshold.

Quite lately the son of an eminent man remarked to me :

“ I believe that my father is said to be an excellent *raconteur*. Do you find him so ? ”

“ Certainly,” I replied. “ One of the best in London.”

The young man looked sad.

“ Really ? ” he said.

“ Unquestionably,” I replied. “ Why do you doubt it ? ”

“ Because he never opens his lips at home except to grumble at my mother, swear at the servants, or abuse the dinner.”

However, it is not entirely due to the husbands' neglect that grass-widows are so prevalent. There are many stupid little women to whom the word “ domesticity ” spells naught. This is not right. Too much liberty is as bad as too tightly drawn bonds. Too many outside friends lead to new interests and neglect of common ones ; and, if men and women run too far apart, they get at last to be indifferent not only to one another, but to all their mutual friends and interests, even to their very homes and their children.

Marriage is the chief game in life. “ Give and take ” is its essential motto. If women dressed their best for their husbands, planned their nicest little

menus, met them with a smile, and tried to take an interest in all their doings, there would be fewer grass-widows.

If men were a little more considerate and amiable at their own fireside, a little more grateful for acts of kindness, little thoughtfulnesses, and all a woman does to make home "home," there would be less cause for grass-widowers. Praise is always sweet, and praise is the greatest incentive to achieve better things.

Of course, a grass-widow has a good time, even a better time than a widow, for she has as much freedom as she wants, or as little.

Every man is at heart a courtier to every woman to whom he is not tied.

No man has the right to compromise the name of a good girl. She should be on a pedestal in his eyes, to be guarded and saved from harm. The love of a good woman is worth having, the love of others can be had at two a penny; that is not love, but the wily greed of gain and artifice.

Spinsters are not jealous of the grass-widow because they are not afraid that they themselves may be deprived of a matrimonial prize. Wives are not jealous, because they know the grass-widow cannot have serious intentions.

She is just a gay, bright, irresponsible delight. How dull reasonable people can be, and how entertaining a little eccentricity often is.

Husbands, be kinder and more considerate to your wives. Wives, be nicer and more sympathetic to your husbands. And we shall cease to hear the eternal sneering harangue against semi-detached husbands and wives.

Widows will always awaken jealousy in the female breast, because they represent a trump card. Both hearts and diamonds are often in their favour.

Men think widows adorable; women think them dangerous.

Yes, you husbands, just you be a little kinder to your wives. After all, a man has only one wife, so he may as well make the most of her. It is quite a different affair in Mohammedan countries, where each rich man is allowed to keep four wives. In his case he may find it a little difficult to be equally gallant to all four ladies, and the situation may engender jealousy in the hearts of some. Men would have us believe there is no jealousy in the harem; but we cannot think it.

We independent women of the great world—no, not independent, but semi-independent—we don't realise the lives of the women of the harem. The utterly animal existence—bed, breakfast, sleep, dinner, more sleep, mint tea, more sleep, supper, bed again, and only one outing a week, and that for the purpose of weeping professionally.

Only two or three of the bewildering, tortuous streets of Morocco have names at all, but one day we succeeded in finding one called "Wad aharadan," where an old man, who was on the look-out for us, stood at the door of the house of Sidi Abdel Salem el Mokri. After indicating that we were to remain in the hall, he went off and fetched a female "slave," who was to escort us over her master's house, for we naturally wished to see a harem before leaving Tangier.

The gentleman must have been very rich, for he had thirty-two women in his establishment. Although a man may have only four wives, according to

the law laid down by Mohammed, he may have as many "slaves" as he can afford, and his wealth is estimated accordingly.

An enormous negress, enormous both in height and width, smiled and bowed as she led the way into the central hall, which was covered by a glass cupola to keep out the wet. Had Sidi not been a grandee, the "patio" would have been open to the sky, like the Pantheon in Rome. The lower floor was beautifully tiled with charming old Moorish tiles, in which the ground-work was laboriously cut out to admit the coloured pattern. The tiles covered the walls to the height of about five feet, and above were the wonderful white plaster designs so common in Moorish architecture, around the panels of which were whole verses of the Koran in Arabesque characters. Splendid arches supported the gallery above, and in accordance with the usual Moorish custom four chambers opened off the main patio, or hall, where a fountain was playing in its marble basin. Deliciously cool in summer; but somewhat cold even for a Tangerian winter.

There is a peculiar feature about these chambers which invariably open off the patio. They are long and narrow, and have enormous doors into the logia; but they are windowless, so that in the day-time the big doors must be left open to admit the light (and any amount of cold air), otherwise the rooms would be pitch dark.

"*Kif Kuntsi?*" (How do you do?), we asked the ponderous Soudanese slave.

"*Labass,*" she replied bowing low, "*Merhaba-bicum*" (Quite well, you are welcome).

"*Werrina el Dar*" (Please show us everything),

we repeated, having learnt our lesson before entering the Moorish house. The woman grinned all over, and between her thick lips showed glorious white teeth. She was a real black negress, and a very fine one ; but oh, her fat ! She could hardly walk upstairs, her enormous legs and huge carcase actually wobbling from side to side. She was splendidly dressed, with yellow silk scarves on her head, white embroidered *Kaftan* (gown), and a wonderful *hazam* (waist-belt) of red and yellow silk woven with gold about ten inches deep, which helped to support her massive form. Turning into a room on the right, we found two of the wives at work. At either end of the long, narrow apartment were real beds, for although the Moors sit on the floor they sleep in a bed, which, being six to seven feet long, filled in the whole width of the long, narrow chamber. They were double beds, spread with handsome silk coverings, and wonderful coloured embroidered pillow-cases ; in front of them hung muslin curtains, prettily draped, so that the bed itself looked like a cupboard at each end of the room. Facing us and joining the two beds together, as it were, was a long mattress, probably over twenty feet long, and perhaps two or three inches high, which formed the great divan, and ran the whole length of the room. Every few feet was a bundle of silk and gold-embroidered pillows, on which the family reclined when tired of squatting. The wall was distempered ; but above the mattress we saw one of those beautiful silk-embroidered panels called *haiti*, appliquéed with velvet in Moorish design.

One wife was hemming white linen, and, judging by the hundreds of linen garments hanging over the balusters of the floor above, the family indulged in

large quantities, or perhaps they had just returned from the wash and were not yet sorted.

“*Halasama*” (Welcome), the ladies kept saying, and when we repeated the words after them they smiled and looked pleased. Then we noticed another wife in the opposite corner nursing a small baby. She looked deadly ill, poor woman, with a strange transparency of complexion, probably due to the Moorish habit of hiding their women and seldom allowing them to take any exercise, as also to the small quantity of fresh air they are permitted to breathe generally being inhaled through their *haik* (long cashmere or camel-hair cloak or blanket) with which they are obliged to cover their faces when they go out of doors. Rich ladies, however, hardly ever go out; they are too fat and too grand to walk, they cannot ride, and there is barely a vehicle on wheels in all Morocco.

Before wife No. 2 was a large palmeto grass basket, in which were a few grains of flour, and this woman nursing her baby, with black painted eyebrows after the fashion of both rich and poor Moorish babies, was happily rolling the flour into macaroni-like things with her fat brown hands, the nails of which were henna-stained, and so were the palms. The paste she was rolling is called *shabria*, and is used in soup, for although she was a grand lady she was not above assisting in supplying the household wants.

They were interested in our garments in a casual sort of way, the only thing about which they evinced real surprise being the riding-boots; but there is no doubt about it, such women are mere machines, dolls and puppets in the rich man's show. As Byron says, “A soulless toy for tyrant's lust.” They have

no education; they cannot even read and write; their minds are absolutely fallow. They are animal in every sense, are pleased as babies with trifles, and are content so long as they are dressed in fine clothes, fed sufficiently to attain the regulation amount of fat, and can munch sweetmeats all day.

Leaving this chamber, we saw a vision of a kitchen. "Kitchen" we said, boldly marching down the passage.

"*Kitchena*," answered the fat negress, grinning all over at our interest in the culinary department. That kitchen was delightful. Five black "slaves" were performing their different tasks. They had very little on, beyond their ornaments, but one of the girls was positively beautiful, and her figure a dream. She was of medium height, with well-shaped and beautifully rounded limbs, and the neatest hands and feet, the soles and palms of which were much lighter than the rest of her dark, well-oiled skin. She had a splendid carriage, and a wonderful bend in her back, across which she wore a girdle round her hips, the long ends of which hung down in front. As she entered the kitchen carrying a huge brown earthenware pitcher of water on her head, balanced by one hand, she made a perfect picture, although, being a Mohammedan she naturally objected to being sketched or photographed.

One of the girls was making bread. Two were superintending the little brown charcoal pots (*Mejmar*) which stand on the stove, and constitute the entire cooking apparatus of a Mussulman's household. Another was making something which looked like *Koos Koosoo*, the national diet of the country.

"*Koos Koosoo*," we remarked, and the whole lot

of them went off into merry peals of laughter at our knowing the name of their great dish.

Through more grand chambers with damask curtains and matting floors, we marched upstairs to pay our respects to the chief wife.

What a picture. Inside one of these enormous doors, dressed in splendour and surrounded by luxury, was the wife, squatting on the matting, her little leather sandals resting on the step outside.

She was a beautiful woman. If she were English, she would be called thirty-five, but being Moorish she was probably under twenty; they age so early as a race. She was not painted, beyond a blue line from her lips and down her chin, a tattoo which denoted she came from the mountains. Her face was all tied round in softest white gauze, beyond which projected enormous earrings, the size of bracelets, and set with uncut stones. Her dress was most costly, a perfectly gorgeous yellow, embroidered with masses of gold thread, and softly veiled with checked silk muslin, opening over her breast, and showing more embroidered vests of glorious hue.

Bangles—of silver, for gold is against the creed—decked her arms, and rings her fingers, and her splendid face, and dreamy eyes, her sad, wistful look, and regal splendour, formed a picture of pathetic beauty, not likely to be soon forgotten.

To welcome us, she sang a weird little tune, a pathetic, sad little dirge, that seemed to suit her soulless eyes; but those eyes brightened a little when we sang her a tune in reply, and she actually seemed amused and pleased. Beside her was a splendid brass tray of Fez work, beaten by the hand, and on it the wretched little Britannia-metal teapot, “made in

Birmingham," which all Moorish women so dearly love, as well as a handsome native silver *Roshasha*, from which she sprinkled us with rose-water.

Beds furnished both ends of the apartment as usual, and several of her dresses hung along the damask wall; but while we were admiring everything and saying :

"*Mezian bzuf*" (Beautiful), she was intent on making us look at her real treasures. Will any one guess what they were ?

An old musical box, all out of tune, five Geneva clocks all standing at different hours, for they had long since forgotten the use for which they were originally intended, and two large glass cases crammed full of the most awful wax flowers such as sometimes adorn British seaside lodging-houses in company with green wool-work mats, and white crochet antimacassars.

French mirrors formed a chief feature of the furniture, and looked sadly out of place among the lovely silks and costly hangings of the gorgeously tiled Moorish house. Alas, the wondrous art, the splendid architecture of the Moors of the past, are almost as much forgotten as their history when they held such sway in Europe, and made all countries bow before them. Then they could teach us much of what is called civilisation; now we can teach them—but, alack, coupled with modern manners and customs, we are leading them to admire wax flowers and large glass balls, and to wear new patent leather boots beneath their artistic Moorish robes.

And thus we ring down the curtain on wives without husbands, on semi-detached wives, with half a husband, and on Moorish women with a quarter of a husband.

How different are customs and habits according to the decrees of geography.

CHAPTER VI

BACHELOR GIRLS AND OLD MAID MEN

OLD maids and bonnets have gone out of fashion. Prim unmarried women with ringlets and theories have ceased to exist. Yes, there is no doubt about it. Old maids are dying out.

An old maid—otherwise termed a “lady in waiting”, or “an unappropriated blessing”, is now “a bachelor girl,” and a right royal time she has of it. *À propos* of which is a pretty little poem :

“ ‘Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?’

‘I’m going to Girton, sir,’ she said.

‘What do you learn there, my pretty maid ?’

‘Total extinction of man,’ she said.

‘Then who will you marry, my pretty maid ?’

‘Superior women don’t marry,’ she said.”

But, of course, that is all nonsense. The educated, capable woman has more proposals than the flippant doll, although the flippant doll has more flirtations.

In a few years’ time the typical old maid of our youth will rarely be seen, and a hundred years hence she will probably be dead altogether. As a relic of the past she will be read up and discussed by antiquarians, with as much delight and surprise as that occasioned by the rhinoceros which was found in Regent Street, or the enormous tusks of a mammoth unearthed in Euston Square, or the elephant discovered in Gray’s



A BOULOGNE FISH-WIFE.

Inn, with a spear-head lying beside it, probably the very weapon which had caused its death.

Times change. Half a century slides by and much that people were accustomed to think immutable has glided away, and a new order of things has imperceptibly been established. Even in the course of a year how easily old ties are severed and new ones begun.

In the days of Jane Austen women made pickles and jams and conserves, or cured hams, while waiting for a husband. When the husband came not, they languished and died. But now women are all vitality and life. Manufacturers make jam and pickles; women have discarded satin shoes for walking, and donned stout boots; they no longer enjoy galloping consumption, but galloping after hounds.

Women are virile and alive to-day; they hate being thought weak just as in Jane Austen's time girls hated being thought strong.

This is women's century. Women are up and doing. Men have acquired business habits, which women could have acquired if they had had the chance. Men get all the big, satisfying plums, while women have to crack the nut of minor disagreeables, and a tiny kernel is her only reward.

What constitutes the present-day old maid? An unmarried woman. Not a bit of it. There are just as many "fidgety old maids" to be found among married women as among those who have not entered that holy state, and the greatest number of fidgety old maids are to be found among elderly bachelors.

Our population is such that a vast number of women must always remain unmarried. There is not the slightest disgrace in that. Indeed, there is often honour, because, as we have already seen, it

shows that a woman prefers to stand alone rather than sell herself without love to the highest bidder. Formerly unmarried women were jeered at, sneered at—politely may be—but, nevertheless, chaffed and scoffed at for being less attractive than their sisters, less amiable than their cousins, or less worthy than their sister-in-law. The world was hard, and cruel, and unjust upon the spinster.

Little wonder, then, that she resented unpleasant remarks or cruel acts, and became querulous and soured, until the fidgety, cantankerous old maid stage was reached. She was driven to it. All is now changed, and every one respects the old maid for having had the strength of character not to marry the wrong man.

We have gone into the disastrous question of girls always being thrust aside for their brothers, whose education swallowed all the family cash. It was a cruel picture, but true, nevertheless. Many of these girls did not secure the husbands they were taught to look upon as a necessity, and the natural result, to an unbalanced and uneducated mind, was disappointment, which ultimately developed into that sorely-to-be-pitied class—the old maids. How different was the lot of unmarried women in China, where at death a red lacquered arch commemorated the virtue of her who had led a pure and single life; but perhaps some of the appreciation was due to the fact that the female population was reduced in China by destroying any superfluity of female babies in Baby Towers. At first glance the idea seems appalling, but on second consideration would it not be a kindly act to pass the female babies on to the great Beyond, instead of letting them grow up to suffer and struggle.

How much kinder to drown the baby girls than to bring them up to starve, to fight, to lie down soul-sick and weary, to drag out their lives and die of broken hearts and half-starved bodies.

The public might have been saved the annoyance of this book if the author had been discreetly dropped down a Baby Tower in her youth.

Those old Chinese were mighty wise. Their Baby Towers were really humane. While we were asleep they were inventing the nucleus of nearly everything we know from gunpowder to printing. They evolved one of the grandest religions in the world, and they saved millions of girls the misery of growing up to starve in a land where they were not wanted.

Some of the saddest homes are those where the father is a clerk. He earns from £200 to £300 a year. He, his wife and many children live in the suburbs of London. He goes into the City every day dressed in a top hat. All the family feel they must live up to that style of gentility. They "run a slut", otherwise a wretched little domestic. The sons of Suburbia are brought up to go to business, the girls have a go-as-you-please sort of education. They know nothing thoroughly. They idle, they join tennis clubs, and go to cheap Subscription Dances. They are no good to any one, and soon are no good to themselves. They are not educated to earn a living, and when the father dies and leaves a few pounds a year for his wife, to starve on, those girls are destitute and incapable.

Is it right, is it human for a man to have children and treat them like that ?

Parenthood is a great and holy thing, not a game at skittles.

Those girls should make some effort, when fifteen years of age, to take up some trade for themselves, or go into service. Otherwise they sink down into that awful slough "shabby genteel," or go on the streets.

How irresponsible some boys and girls are. Take an instance.

A handsome young subaltern in the Army, barely twenty-one, without a halfpenny in the world beyond his pay, and a family of sisters behind him with practically no income at all, elects to get married. The bride has nothing, and he has only his miserable military pittance.

At the end of ten months comes baby number one—a little girl.

At the end of the next year comes baby number two—another little girl.

At the end of the thirty-second month of their matrimonial career comes baby number three—a third little girl, quickly followed by number four.

Would it not have been kinder to drown those babies like kittens, than to let those four miserable little girls grow up without any prospect whatever in the future, with a very scanty education, barely sufficient food or clothes for the circumstances into which they are born. Four girls were thus turned out into the world to work, through the selfish, wicked want of consideration of their young parents. Ladies by birth, charwomen by circumstances.

Had that boy waited a few years, the "being engaged" would have done him no harm, he might have got on to the Staff, he might have made some position in his regiment, he might have saved a few £10 notes, and anyway, he and the girl would both have known

whether they were still prepared, after serious consideration, to face the difficulties ahead. He neglected helping his sisters, he ruined his own prospects—for a young officer under such conditions is poorer than the "Tommy" of the regiment—he put a millstone about his neck much too heavy for any man to bear with equanimity. And what of his wife? They could afford no servant. She was the daughter of a professional man, brought up in some comfort, and her husband turned her into a nurse, cook, charwoman—everything in one. They lived in tiny quarters, and that wife did everything for the whole six of them, with the result that the pretty young girl of twenty became a haggard old woman at thirty and looked double that age. There are no women angels in the Bible—at least, I never found any; perhaps that is why there are so many of them on earth.

Was it fair?

Are young people not to be taught seriously—seriously and solemnly taught—the responsibilities of matrimony, and made to realise that children must not be a haphazard game, but a serious responsibility, gravely undertaken, which must be shouldered through to the best of one's ability to the end. All would-be parents must realise that parenthood means twenty or twenty-five years of ceaseless self-denial, constant watchfulness, endless expense, and anxiety. The pretty doll is amusing for a while; but the doll grows, and with it grow responsibilities.

Every year is altering the position of women; they are emerging like butterflies from the chrysalis, and although we folk are not likely to live long enough to see them on an equal footing with men in all things, that day is rapidly approaching, and our

children and children's children will reap the reward of the pioneer work done in our own generation.

The term "old maid" is now seldom or never heard. The expression "bachelor girl" has taken its place, and many and happy are the bachelor girls in Britain to-day, with their independence, their little homes, and their own well-arranged lives. Marriage is no longer woman's only mission.

Women may be just as happy single as married. It is not matrimony alone which brings happiness : it is occupation. Make that occupation, seek an interest outside self, and you will find you are a hundred per cent. happier, healthier, and more beloved than you were before. If you are rich, much work lies at your hand, and you have the wherewithal to perform it, to lighten many of your sisters' cares, to work for the good of all around you ; with money you can afford to do good "for love," your own newly found interest and happiness being your reward.

The highest pleasure is to give pleasure.

Liberality, too, consists less in giving than in giving appropriately, and that is what the bachelor girl of private means so often does. The average woman does much more good with her money than the average man.

If the unhappy wife is far unhappier than the unhappy husband, the happy spinster is a hundredfold more happy than the selfish bachelor.

Another phase of the old maid—the idle one, with cats and parrots, to lavish and waste her love upon, the sentimentally foolish woman always hugging and kissing little dogs, is dying out fast, and one and all of these women will in time be sufficiently educated to read with pleasure, to travel with appreciation, and to

work for their own good and the good of Namow, feeling themselves of some consequence in the world, instead of a hopeless hindrance to their family.

Think of the army of women workers in England. Many thousands find employment in the Post Office alone; the Clearing House Department is worked entirely by women. Although their salaries at the beginning are small, five hundred pounds a year may eventually be reached. There are many women holding posts as sanitary inspectors, who receive two and three hundred pounds a year; there are teachers of all grades, women in many branches of government work; there are doctors, public accountants, indexers, gardeners, farmers, hair-dressers, stockbrokers, lecturers. But perhaps the best-paid women of all are the novelists, singers, or actresses.

Among the poorer classes some million women and girls are employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics, and close on four millions in workshops. Indeed, in the great trades of the United Kingdom there are now almost as many women employed as men, but alas! they are not paid equal wages for equal work, which is one of the disgraces of the day.

Work is always honourable, and if parents are so thoughtlessly wicked as not to provide for their children in money, or by education, the children must take the initiative into their own hands and provide for themselves. But they must never neglect the home-duties which await every woman's hand, *if* she is fortunate enough to have a home. No matter how disagreeable the job, one gains self-respect for doing it, and eventually ceases to hate it.

Why not let every girl of fourteen or fifteen decide what she would like, and can do best—paint, play,

write, cook, teach, study law, theology, medicine, architecture, sanitation, engineering, designing, book-keeping, accounts, advertising; bind books, carve wood, keep bees or chickens, run fruit or flower-gardens, take care of children, make butter or cheese, work at a desk, or trim hats and make dresses; but whatever she fixes upon, let her learn to do that thing well, and master all its details, till she is able to do it easily and correctly, and let her remember that—

Real poverty seldom complains.

Real virtue never proclaims.

Real talent rarely boasts.

Real conceit always flaunts.

The girl who has thoroughly learnt some one branch of employment can find plenty of opportunities of proving its usefulness among her friends, and when the necessity arises for her to earn a living she is no longer the helpless creature she might have been, but a skilled worker. More than that, let her read up her subject—get at the theory of the thing. Always have plenty of good books in the home; for a home without books is like a home without a woman—bare and comfortless. Girls will be all the happier for systematic training and practical knowledge; and surely the best wives and mothers are those who, having had professional training, have worked shoulder to shoulder among the bread-winners.

The more we know the more interested we become in life; the more we do, the happier our position. Without ambition and employment Namow sink to the level of animals.

“Want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.”

Women who have learnt to occupy their time profitably, in more noble walks, will not tittle-tattle and gossip, nor have time to become soured and cantankerous; and so we shall bury for all time the discontented, typical old maid. All hail, ye modern bachelor girls—all luck to you.

Men owe so much to their daughters, and until lately have done so little for them. It is only in the last few years that women have really been properly educated. "Anything will do for the girl," was the cry of generations, and only women like Mrs. Lynn Linton, who educated themselves in their fathers' libraries and among their brothers' college books, were ever raised to the intellectual plane of an ordinary gentleman.

That terrible stumbling-block, the entail of land, is now often broken, and instead of the squire pinching and screwing all his life to leave his son something to keep the family estate going, he can sell the white elephant (if there is any one who will buy it), and out of the sum realised therefrom provide decent comfort for his womenfolk, which in itself does much to bury the discontented old maid. The daughter has money with which to travel, to buy books, or to take some philanthropic interest in life.

Laura Drake Gill, one of the great women of America, sent me the following as a Christmas Card, in 1913 :

"A CREED OF WORK FOR WOMEN

"**I** BELIEVE that every woman needs a skilled occupation developed to the degree of possible self-support.

"¶ She needs it commercially, for an insurance against reverses.

"¶ She needs it socially, for a comprehending sympathy with the world's workers.

"¶ She needs it intellectually, for a constructive habit of mind which makes knowledge usable.

"¶ She needs it ethically, for a courageous willingness to do her share of the world's work.

"¶ She needs it æsthetically, for an understanding of harmony relationships as determining factors in conduct and work.

"I BELIEVE that every young woman should practise this skilled occupation, up to the time of her marriage, for gainful ends with deliberate intent to acquire therefrom the widest possible professional and financial experience.

"I BELIEVE that every woman should expect marriage to interrupt for some years the pursuit of any regular gainful occupation; that she should pre-arrange with her husband some equitable division of the family income such as will ensure a genuine partnership, rather than a position of dependence (on either side); and that she should focus her chief thought during the early youth of her children upon the science and art of wise family life.

"I BELIEVE that every woman should hope to return, in the second leisure of middle age, to some application of her early skilled occupation,—either as an unsalaried worker in some one of its social phases, or, if income be an object, as a salaried worker in a phase of it requiring maturity and social experience.

"I BELIEVE that this general policy of economic service for American women would yield generous by-products of intelligence, responsibility, and contentment."

In America a man divides his fortune equally between his children, and to do anything else would be considered dishonourable; but in Great Britain we have not progressed as far as that yet, although we are getting on.

It seems to me that every girl of twenty-five—but not before—ought to be given an independent income, or be allowed to earn one, which will enable her to live where she likes and how she likes—it is her right.

It is ridiculous for men to shake their heads and say that educated women do not make the best wives

and mothers, for most undoubtedly they shine pre-eminently in that line.

Foolish women generally have fools of sons, because so much depends on early home-training ; and even a clever father cannot often out-weigh an incapable mother's faults. It is a well-recognised fact that great men seldom have great sons ; but then great men generally marry women inferior to them intellectually because these have a pretty face or winning ways, and their sons suffer accordingly. Exceptions there are, of course, as in the case of the two Pitts, and many of the men who have made history have had no sons, such as Julius Cæsar, Michelangelo, or George Washington ; but, as a rule, it is the clever, brilliant, well-educated women that have been mothers of men who have asserted themselves in the world. The first Napoleon displayed, by his respectful treatment of Madame Mère, how much he owed to that stern, indomitable dame.

Men are improving ; they are gradually realising that wives and daughters deserve their protection more than their sons, to whom the whole world of work is open while only a portion of it is free as yet to a woman's tread.

One sometimes comes across an ideal old maid—a woman who as a girl has aided her mother with the younger members of the family, the helpful kind aunt and cherished friend, whose advent in the home is a comfort and blessing to all, the peacemaker in time of quarrel, the sympathiser and helpmate in sickness and death. That is the ideal old maid, but she is rare. And this is natural, for she is an unselfish saint, and her own life is so sacrificed to others that she deserves to be immortalised.

Old bachelors are really much more selfish than old maids.

Let us suppose each owns a thousand a year. The bachelor has a flat, patronises several clubs, where he enjoys the luxury of food cooked by a *chef* who is paid as much per annum as the bachelor's own entire income. He dines out a great deal, goes to theatres, where he takes his half-guinea stall, dresses from Bond Street,—never asking the price of anything,—and is quite a self-contained albeit a very selfish man on his thousand a year. He “does himself well,” and does nothing well for any one else.

The lady with the same income—and she is a much rarer product—has a little home with a cook at twenty-five or thirty pounds a year, a housemaid, and perhaps a parlour-maid. She invites her friends to lunch and dinner; she has her relations up to stay with her, and gives her nieces a good time; gives the girl a hat and frock, or the boy pocket-money to take back to school. She occasionally goes to the theatre with a friend and pays seven-and-sixpence for her dress-circle seat, giving her less fortunate companion a ticket also. She distributes lots of little things in charity, especially to her own sex; she takes an interest in her pet hospital. She does a good deal in the parish, and is always ready to help the clergyman; so that every year a large part of her income has been expended for the good of others, and she has indirectly reaped the reward of joy always to be found in doing things for other people. The bachelor will gaily spend a ten-pound note on a week-end out of town for his own enjoyment, while she will stop at home and invite her poorer friends to luncheon or supper.

Everything goes by comparisons. A drive on the top of a motor-bus is often more enjoyed than a drive in an *automobile*, as our American friends call a motor for short. The pit of a theatre contains supperless critics who really enjoy a play, while the people in the Stalls are "bored stiff" after too much dinner. We so soon get satiated. Variety quickens enjoyment, and we appreciate so much more what we have a little difficulty in attaining.

Poor, dear, lonely, soured old bachelor. You are one of the saddest sights on earth, and are much to be pitied. Your cook may marry you in the end—for your money—and at last you will be glad to take her or any one else, so sick you will be of yourself and your gout. The old bachelor of means usually falls a prey to his cook or his nurse. Both minister to his creature comforts before matrimony—seldom after.

Which are the most absurd—old-maid brides or old-bachelor grooms?

Both are inimitably funny to their friends. The spinster, who has passed the Rubicon of forty, and is nearing fifty, goes back to second childhood the moment she becomes engaged. She minces and ogles, and laughs shyly as if she were seventeen, and never for one moment does she cease to speak of "Jim." It is "Jim this," and "Jim that," "Jim thinks young women so unsympathetic," "Jim likes me in blue," or "Jim likes me in black," "Jim likes the way I do my hair," "Jim can't bear tall women; isn't it nice I'm short?"—until at last we "can't bear" Jim either.

When she is married she is just as foolish; it is always *her* trousseau, *her* wedding presents, *her* bridal calls.

"Of course the host took me in to dinner, my dear, because I am a bride." So this better-late-than-never honour is dinned into our ears and dangled before our eyes by some middle-aged-looking lady until one peevishly wishes she had been wedded in her cradle.

Generally the elderly spinster marries a man years younger than herself.

The old bachelor bridegroom—well, perhaps he is worse—oh, not really worse, but nearly as bad. He stands champagne to his male friends to drink the bride's health, he bores his lady friends to distraction by recounting her charms.

"I couldn't have believed I could fall in love like this," says the bald-headed, rotund gentleman. He always marries a very young girl, unless a widow marries *him*.

Really they are inimitably, pathetically comic, the bride and bridegroom in whom love first awakens long after youth is spent. They are as unnaturally spring-like as a mistaken chestnut flowering in October, and grotesquely surcharged with frisky life and spirit.

According to Ovid, love and dignity are inconsistent. Certainly in elderly folk that appears quite true, and yet real love is very precious as one grows older.

It would be curious if one could ascertain how many Namow remain single because of the want of pluck to propose. More happiness is marred by lack of courage on the part of men than most folk wot of. Lives are so often ruined for want of a little pluck. Just as it requires education to appreciate scenery, and breeding to rightly value art, so intuition is necessary to choosing a life mate. Women's instinct is more likely to find a suitable husband than man's logic a good wife; so please let women propose.

Women are generally right. Look at Mother Shipton. Over four hundred years ago a wonderful old woman spoke. All but the last line of her prophecy came true :

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

First Published in 1488, and republished in 1641.

“Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents shall fill the air with woe ;
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet new wonders do—
Now strange, but shall be true.
The World upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree ;
Through hills man shall ride,
And no longer ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do :
England at last shall admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.”

Wise old Mother Shipton ; was she once a bachelor-girl ?

Thank God, most marriages are satisfactory. When the man is kindly, generous, and thoughtful, and the woman does not nag, but does her best to make her home happy, and give her husband a warm wel-

come, marriage is pretty certain to be a success ; but there must be no doubts, no hiding of facts, no want of confidence, or the card house will tumble to pieces.

Of course a marriage ceremony is an absolute necessity, both for decency and for future generations. Nothing else should be tolerated. Matrimony is the ideal state, parenthood its culminating joy ; but single lives can be happy and full of interest, and the more occupation there is in them the happier they will be.

The bachelor-girl has come to stay, and a very fine product she is. She is both loved and loving.

The independent working woman is a great natural asset, and does not misplace man in this constant reorganisation of trades and professions. She keeps herself honourably by work, instead of dishonourably hanging on in idleness to some man's coat-tails. If men won't or can't provide for their mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, then all hail to the woman who is capable of doing it for herself.

Single lives can be very, very happy, if those lives are wisely employed. But the " old maid " men are the most lonely creatures on God's earth, and grow more lonely every year to the end.

That loneliness of soul that grips all of us at times comes just as much in a crowd as by oneself. It is a form of self-analysis that clutches every thinking man and woman. It is an incentive to better things, a spur to kinder deeds.

The more intellectual we are the more lonely we are. Fools can put up with the sort of companionship one can buy at two a penny ; but brains and heart cannot stand anything that is not pure silver, and once true friendship or love is found, the world seems bright with gold.

Loneliness of soul is a great sickness that all thinking people must necessarily suffer. A life of selfish amusement is like cabbage water—it stinks ; a life of thought brings both pains and joys. The joys are so deep that they are worth attaining—and retaining.

There are solitary persons who make a luxury of solitude ; but there are many more who appreciate human surroundings, of which the world is so full that it is their own fault if they are too unresponsive or too proud to meet the world half-way.

Sympathy costs nothing more than the interchange of the right visiting-card, and life is very beautiful to people with beautiful minds. There is a flavour of happiness in every budding thing.

CHAPTER VII

THE WOMAN ABROAD

THE most advanced women in Europe are to be found in Finland.

The most brilliant and charming women in the world are probably the Americans.

The most business-like women, and the best-dressed, are the French.

The best linguists among women are the Russians and Scandinavians. The latter also have glorious complexions.

The Germans are the most domesticated women in Europe—at least, in their own estimation.

The best-dressed heads and most lustrous eyes are to be met with in Spain.

The prettiest hands and feet are probably those of Italy.

And possibly the handsomest women are to be found in England ; but they often lack charm.

The most gracious, sweet, and self-denying women are the Japanese, into whom the law of threefold obedience to father, husband, and eldest son has been instilled till they are little bundles of self-sacrifice ; and, as a natural consequence, the men are more selfish than elsewhere.

The most dejected, hard-working women are the Icelanders.



From "Through Finland in Canoe," by the Author.

WOMEN BURNING FORESTS IN FINLAND.

Saying all this, I am doubtless inviting the vengeance of the half-dozen worthy persons for whom is claimed the authorship of the phrase "Comparisons are odious." Let me, however, ask the question, "What is the basis of human judgment?" Is there any other answer than "*Comparison*"? Analyse it as one will, Comparison is a fundamental part of human reason and logic. But then *Woman* is naturally a subject for generalisations.

To take an aeroplanic glance at women of all lands, we will begin with the most advanced, whom we have decided are to be found in Finland (called by the natives *Suomi*), that small, up-to-date corner of belated Russia where women have already attacked, and in fact solved, the problems with which their English and American sisters are at this late day still grappling.

In Finland there is no sex problem. Society has been formed on the basis that men and women are practically equals. As already pointed out, from the Kindergarten right through to the University they sit as boys and girls on the same bench. They start equally, are equipped equally, and the women forge ahead and come in winners in the race of life equally with the men. As young men and women, they find all professions equally open to Namow. Both sexes may work at any trade or profession they choose. Equality has always been a characteristic of the race, far back to the distant time when their ancient "Kalevala" poem was chanted by the bards—dear old men, ancestors of those very bards I heard singing, the virtues of women and the power of Love, far away on the borders of Lapland.

Women not only have the vote, but sit in the

Finnish Parliament at Helsingfors. There is no Married Woman's Property Act, but wives take with them into matrimony the same rights concerning their property that they enjoyed as spinsters. To gain these ends there was no fighting, no imprisonment, no unruly rows. Several women have seats in Parliament; and they not only have political rights, but hold many Government offices.

Why? Because they did so much to help and support their country during those terrible years of struggle at the opening of this century, when Russia tried to take away all the rights which it had given and sworn to uphold. The men of Finland recognised the women's practical assistance and power, and gladly gave them all they deserved, even before they asked for it.

Finland is a country of poetry and romance planted amid snow and ice. Midnight suns and glorious summer warmth lash these cold people into being. The thoughts that they sit and think in the dark and dreary winter, spring into life and action as the corn and grass grow under the heat of twenty-four hour days.

Out of a small population of about two and a half millions, Finland has thirty-six thousand more women than men. The Finns are poor, and the women have shown sufficient brains and enterprise to pull themselves above the position of mere serfs and drudges, to which they are relegated in so many so-called "civilised" but benighted and backward countries.

Large families not being uncommon, the parents are absolutely unable to keep their daughters in idleness. No country is more democratic than Finland, where there is no Court and little aristocracy. Ac-

cordingly one finds the daughters of Senators and Generals taking up all kinds of work. It is amazing to see the excellent way in which they fill their posts, in the vast numbers of employments open to women.

Amongst the unmarried, it is more the exception than the rule to find an idle woman. Work is not regarded as a degradation, it is admired on all sides ; teaching meets with special respect, for the Finns actually learn how to impart knowledge scientifically instead of attempting to educate the young after the manner of the beasts of the field—as so many nationalities have done until recent years—by means of mimicry, and perfunctory parrot-like feats of memory.

Finnish ladies are thoroughly well-educated ; they are musical, artistic, do beautiful needlework, are good housekeepers and intelligent conversationalists, and generally speak and read two or three languages with ease. Further, in spite of advanced education, in spite of the emancipation of women (which is erroneously supposed to work otherwise) Finland is noted for its morality. Indeed, it has the reputation of being one of the most moral nations of Europe. Divorce is very easy, therefore it is uncommon. Next to Belgium, it shows the smallest number of dissolved marriages.

And though a woman is under the legal guardianship of her husband, there is probably no country where women are held in more reverence and respect than in Finland. While in Germany the *hausfrau* has been content, until lately, to take a back seat on all occasions, hardly speaking before her lord and master, and being in many cases scarcely better than a general servant (of the “ Jack-of-all-Trades and master of none ” class), doing a little cooking, seeing to the dusting and cleaning, helping to make the beds and wash the

children, and everlastingly producing her big basket of sewing or "hand-work", the Finnish woman, although just as domesticated, is less ostentatious in her performance of such duties. Like her sisters in Britain, she attends to her household matters in the morning, according to a well-regulated plan worked out for herself. She trains her servants properly, and, having set the clock going for the day, expects the machinery to work.

There is no occupation from which Finnish women are excluded. They are postmen, bell-ringers, coal-loaders, boat-builders, house-builders, paper-hangers, street cleaners—in fact, every form of manual labour falls to the lot of women ; and yet at the same time they are allowed to compete in the same examinations as the men, and take up the same appointments.

The Finns, though intellectually interesting, are not, as a rule, attractive in person. Generally small of stature, thick-set, with high cheek-bones and eyes inherited from their Tartar-Mongolian ancestors, they cannot be considered good-looking, while the peculiar manner in which the blonde male peasants cut their hair is not becoming to their sun-burnt skins, which are generally a brilliant red, especially where the neck appears below the light, fluffy locks. The Finnish peasant women are as partial to pink cotton blouses as the Russian moujik is to a red shirt, and the bright colours of their bodices, and the pretty white or black handkerchiefs over their heads, with gaily coloured scarves twisted round their throats, add to the charm of the Helsingfors market-place, where, in summer, they sit in rows under queer old cotton sun-umbrellas, the favourite tint for which appears to be bright blue.



WOMEN MOWING IN FINLAND.

Advance, Finland !—and, indeed, the women mean to go ahead.

The Scandinavians, neighbours of theirs, have a good deal in common with the Finlanders. To-day women are sitting in the Parliament House of Norway, as they are in Finland. They lead the same strenuous lives, but they are more closely tied to the domestic hearth, and have not yet displayed the “push” of their sisters of Suomi. Perhaps that will come.

Norwegian women are most advanced, and were pioneers in many ways, as may be seen below. They obtained in—

1901. Limited Municipal Suffrage.

1902. Women became eligible for Jury service.

1903. Powers to vote in questions relating to Church.

First woman Doctor of Philosophy at University.

1904. Women admitted to practice as attorneys-at-law and advocates.

1906. First woman State official of the Higher Schools.

1907. Limited Suffrage in State affairs, Norway being the first of European States to grant this privilege.

1910. General Municipal Suffrage.

1911. Storting opened its doors to women representatives.

1912. First woman appointed Professor at University. (Zoology.)

First woman Advocate authorised, and first Judge.

First District Physician.

1913. Full general Suffrage granted.

Russian women have few, if any, rights, but that

applies almost equally to the men. Millions of Russian women count as nought, and a few hundreds of Russian women stand out pre-eminently—but then, that is Russia. Only those at the top count; there is no middle class, and the millions are uneducated peasantry. There are women of business in Russia, University women, women whose brains and powers are great, who exercise both wisely and well. An educated Russian woman is hard to beat in any land. The Russian and Scandinavian women are undoubtedly the best linguists in the world; they put us to shame. Half a dozen languages are glibly spoken around an ordinary table.

“Why?” asks the stay-at-home.

Well, my dear friend, because nobody speaks their language, and consequently it becomes a necessity, if they wish to travel, or to make friends outside their own sphere, or read world-renowned books, for them to learn English, French, and German.

As a race, the Scandinavians are well-made men and women, clean and orderly, hard-working, and a people of great culture. Norwegian girls in the middle and upper classes are as industrious as German girls, and they combine with their housewifely ways pretty faces and neat gowns. The peasants do a great deal of spinning and weaving; and it is becoming a fashion among the young ladies to do the same, and a hand-loom is quite an ordinary sight in a girl's workroom or boudoir. Education is thorough, and the result is that Scandinavians of all classes are unusually well-informed.

In the course of a good deal of jaunting about the face of the earth, I have found no people so depressing, at least in appearance, as the Icelanders.



Photo by Hansen and Weller, Copenhagen.

ICELANDIC BRIDE.

As quite a young girl I went to Iceland. There were no side-saddles, except chair-like things that even the native women seldom used. The sister of Captain Towse, V.C., and I mounted astride, beyond the Arctic Circle, and finally rode a hundred and sixty miles in three and a half days, in that wise, to catch the steamer at Reykjavik. Since then I have ridden a man's saddle in many lands, and in 1913 was riding astride across the prairie, called "camp," in Argentina in tropical heat.

Having been accustomed to the side-saddle from the age of seven, mounted on a big horse in Rotten Row with my father every morning before going to school, having followed the fox and the stag on a side-saddle, and ridden thousands of miles in far lands astride, may I advocate the side-saddle for appearance or usual hacking, and the cross-saddle wherever long journeys and difficult riding is necessary. Women cannot stride big-barrelled horses—their legs are too short; but the safety and comfort of the man's seat, as compared with the crooked stupidity of the woman's side-saddle, has many advantages. Every girl-child whose parents can afford a horse should be taught to ride both ways, and as she grows up allowed to decide for herself which she finds preferable. When "A Girl's Ride in Iceland" appeared in 1890, people shrieked at young women riding astride. How times have changed.

Iceland itself was far more interesting than the people. But then I do not talk Icelandic, and they know no other speech. Knowledge of a language is the golden key of travel in any land; it opens the door to endless pleasure.

It seemed impossible to believe these good, heavy,

and uninteresting folk could be the descendants of the writers of the great *Sagas*, and that their ancestors made their little island the greatest intellectual centre in the dark centuries.

Poor Icelanders. Their women are plain, thick-set, and heavy, their lives are drear, their climate is cruel, their poverty pinching, and yet Iceland has a charm which is all her own, and the women, as usual, take more than life's share of work upon their shoulders, and do their best to be worthy wives and mothers, and make the homes comfortable and happy. After all, dull people make up life and happiness.

An Icelandic wedding is interesting.

Looking across the fjord bathed in that glorious calm peculiar to Iceland, where in fine days the eye can see for miles, every object being visible with photographic distinctness in the clearest of atmospheres, we watched two lumbering old boats put off from the opposite shore.

The boats, to our surprise, were gaily decorated with flowers, and the occupants appeared to be more than usually smart. As they came nearer we discovered it was a wedding party crossing to the little church for the ceremony, after which they would return home for two or three days' feasting.

The bride wore her Sunday dress; but she had laid aside her ordinary cap and donned a wonderful white erection from which hung a bridal veil.

The Icelandic words for a bride is *brut kaup*, which is really "*braut-kaufen*" (German), or the buying of the bride. The custom is extinct, but the strange old



ICE AND WOMEN WITH DRIED COD-FISH.

Teutonic words remain. It is not a pretty appellation and sounds all the more incongruous in a country where a woman is so individual that she does not even give up her own name when she marries, but continues to be known as "*Fru Gudrun*" (Mrs. Gudrun), "*Johans dottir*" (the daughter of Johan), "*kona Arni Bjornssens*" (wife of Arni Bjornssen). The word "*kona*" (wife) means queen, and the word for woman is even more queenly, for it is "*kvenman*," while man is "*karlman*."

Separation in Iceland was once as easy as was marriage in Scotland. In the olden days, if a woman in the presence of two witnesses, standing beside her bed, said, "I will not be married any longer to this man," the divorce was legal. Nowadays they have formal divorce proceedings, as in other countries; but they are not often resorted to.

The Icelandic women enjoy great liberty—liberty of action, liberty of thought, and from the earliest times they have always evinced independence.

There is no doubt that the most advanced and prosperous countries are those where the women hold their own and influence their men folk, viz. Great Britain, France, America, and Scandinavia. The backward countries are those where women have no status, such as Russia, Italy, Spain, Turkey; and the least civilised are those where the women are in subjection, such as Morocco, Turkey, and South America.

But let us turn to another land.

Society in Sicily is in a state of evolution. It has not quite thrown off the Eastern idea of seclusion for its women, which is a relic of the Saracen element on the island. This is even more marked in Spain, where

the Saracen occupation was of long duration. Ladies are never seen walking alone in the streets in Sicily. The men go to market and send home the things in baskets, carried by little boys who are hired for a few *soldi*; but their womankind seldom come out till the afternoon, and then only drive.

When they appear at a ball, even in Palermo, they do not mix freely with the men. The result was almost comic to an Englishwoman. My experience proved that there were more men than women, but the male sex all congregated together, many of them spending the evening in the smoking-room, and only appearing now and then to look on in the ball-room. The women all clustered round the walls, and just before each dance were fetched by their partners, and escorted back to their seats the moment it was over. The pleasant intercourse that British men and women enjoy between the dances seems to be denied to the smart folk in Sicily, even in the twentieth century.

Their marriages are arranged for them, because the women have not really emerged from the thralldom of unquestioning submission to man. They are wives and mothers, housekeepers and ornaments, but not yet chums and friends. The women are dignified in their bearing, and yet they are anything but athletic, for they do not even walk in the sense of taking daily exercise; yet their deportment was really a pleasure to watch as they moved through the square dances.

The best-looking women in Sicily are those at Syracuse, perhaps owing to their Greek ancestry. And yet I do not know that I ever noticed such a lack of good looks generally among any female population



JOHAN WOVENS.

as in Sicily, although Russell, writing in 1815, speaks of their great beauty. Like the horse famous at the Olympian games, it seems sadly to have deteriorated. Nearly all appear to be either children or old women. A pretty girl is a rare sight, although there are some at Piana dei Greci, Ribera, and at Syracuse. In the latter place the women stand knitting at their front doors, using queer curved knitting-needles, or making pillow-lace—very like Buckinghamshire lace—just within their portals.

As to France, real beauty is rare ; but without dispute her daughters have ever been given the palm for the best taste in dressing. Whether it is a peasant woman in her plain cotton gown and pretty lace cap—a costume, alas ! dying out even in Touraine—the little *midinette* in Paris going home from her work at the shop, or the *grande dame* whirling in her “*auto*” in the Bois, French women understand the art of neatness, study the appropriate, and have a particular way of putting on their clothes that is delightful. The women of France are wonderful ; and the Woman’s Movement really started there. Then through England it reached America, where it has borne such rapid fruit.

Poor Marie Antoinette was just fourteen and a half years of age when her mother, the Empress Marie Thérèse, married her to the Dauphin of France. The childish Austrian Archduchess had been brought up for the rôle. Even her forehead was tied up with a woollen band to drag out the hair and give that appearance of a high forehead then the fashion. She had a beautiful skin ; and this little girl of fourteen was rouged because it was the “mode.”

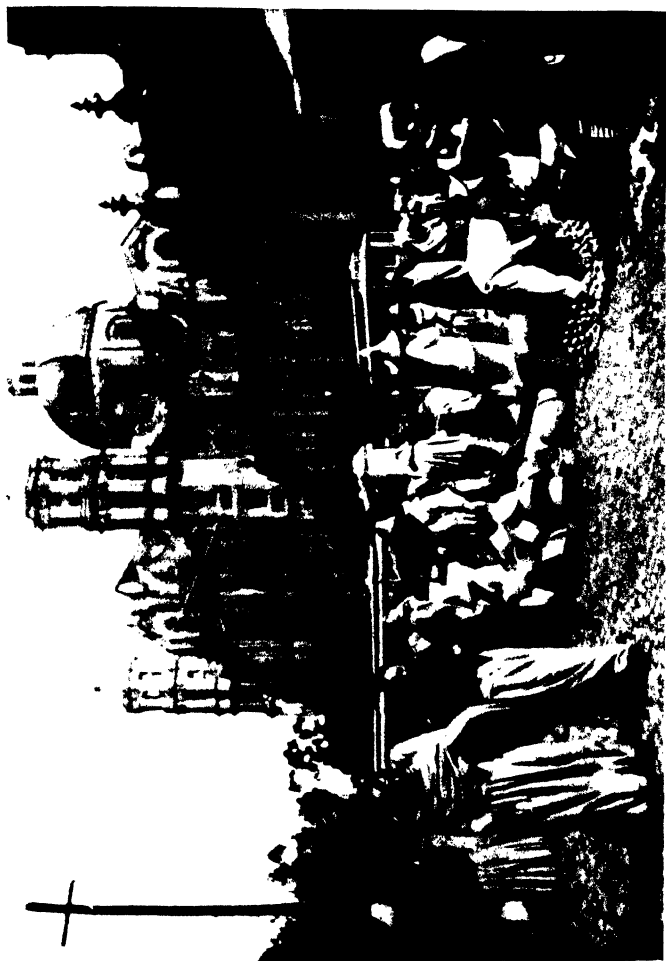
Writing to her mother (1770) soon after her entry into that immoral French Court, she says : " I rise about half-past nine, dress and say my morning prayers ; then I breakfast and go to see my Aunts, where I usually find the King. That lasts till about half-past ten ; then at eleven I have my hair dressed, and at twelve is my reception, and all may enter who are not common people. I put on my rouge, and wash my hands before them all, and then the men go and the ladies remain, and I finish my dressing before them. . . . After Mass we dine, just the two of us, before all the company, but that is over in an hour and a half, for we both eat very fast. . . . I read, I write, or I work, for I am making a vest for the King, which does not get on one bit, but which I hope will be finished, by the Grace of God, after a few years."

This letter she wrote during stolen moments allotted to toilet, for every hour of the day was mapped out for the child Dauphine with lessons, walks, games, and recreations.

Certainly we women have advanced in the matter of cleaner toilet. " Washing hands " is no longer sufficient, while less time is spent on dressing.

In 1764 Madame de Pompadour died at Versailles, her cheeks deeply rouged. Think of the rouge, the powder, the scents used for the elaborate toilets of those days ; but handkerchiefs were not known in France till twenty years later. Was it not Queen Elizabeth who had a thousand dresses and only one chemise ?

Painting the face to attract admiration seems as old a custom—often practised by both sexes—as the



GUADALUPE PILGRIMS (MEXICO).

beginnings of civilisation. Paint-pots are found in Egyptian tombs. Most Eastern women dye and paint their faces, like Queen Jezebel, as do the Moorish women high and low. I have seen their little children with henna-stained fingers, and also dead babies rouged in Mexico.

In Japan the blackening of the teeth of peasant wives is said to be a dying custom, but their women all use facial painting and powdering freely, from the Empress on Cherryblossom fête-day to the *geisha* squatting before the public and rapidly putting on differently shaded complexions, besides gold or silver leaf on her lips, to the general applause of her skill.

After all, as already said, the best-looking women in the world are probably the British. Yes, take them *en bloc*, the British. They have better complexions, are more athletic, and have more lithesome figures than any other nation. Look at the ordinary shop-girl. She is often a most attractive personality. Look at the parlour-maid who opens the front door in London: she is even more so. Or, to go higher up the scale, look round the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, attend a Court at Buckingham Palace, and among the Duchesses and *noblesse* of the British Isles some of the most beautiful women in the world are to be found: a fact that foreigners visiting our country are ever ready to acknowledge.

Alas, they deplore our manners, and they are right. Englishwomen have few of the pretty graces of foreigners, though the art is easily acquired and always appreciated, while the ordinary Englishman's manners are often atrocious, to say the least.

In women distinction is more than beauty,

dignity more than prettiness, and charm more than all.

Go out of Europe in search of a land where equality of the sexes exists, and you will find it, oddly enough, in a corner of Southern Mexico. In that far-away spot, Tehuantepec, "women's rights" are undisputed. Ninety per cent. of its trade is done by women, and a wife has to vouch for her husband before he can even get credit. In fact, woman is there supreme. The market-place presents a curious spectacle: hardly a man is to be seen; and cutlery seems to be the only trade he is allowed to ply. Not only do the women predominate in business, but they prove beyond all doubt that, because a woman can earn a livelihood, it is not necessary for her to be ugly or misshapen.

On the contrary, the women of Tehuantepec are remarkable for their beauty of face and form. Dark-skinned, with glorious soft eyes and masses of wavy black hair, they possess exquisite features and lovely teeth. They are the most beautiful women in Mexico, and their carriage at once attracts attention. Small in stature, they are fine in limb; in fact, the girls of Tehuantepec seem born models for an artist.

Oh, those poor Argentine town women, what a contrast they are. What lives they lead. They get up very late in the towns. They flop about in dressing-gowns and *negligés*; they make no attempt to do their hair; they rarely take a bath; and in this extraordinary attire—or want of it—and in this still more extraordinary frame of mind, they allow themselves to be seen. Punctuality, order, consideration for others, "give and take" all round, is the only way to run a house, or make a real homey home. Little selfish-



From "Mexico as I Saw It," by the Author.

MEXICAN WOMAN (TEHUANTEPEC).

nesses mar so much happiness, and the ladies of the Argentine are all-indulgent.

Ranch life is no good to any educated being unless it produces twenty-five per cent. profit on his money, for it means twenty per cent. deterioration of his mind. It either steadies the nerves or crushes out the spirit. Hardships are overcome, or weaknesses overcome strength. And ranch life, for a civilised, educated woman is a sad undoing.

January, February, March, and April are appallingly hot in Brazil and the Argentine. Therefore the women laze away the day, manicuring their nails, smothering their faces with a thick white powder which looks like flour, painting their lips and prinking generally until about tea-time. The temperature does not cool down before five o'clock. Until then every door and every window must be kept strictly shut to keep out the scorching heat, and to keep in any little cool air that has been accumulated during the night. To open a shutter during the hot hours is like opening the door of a blast furnace, so furious are the sun's rays.

Some people wake up almost dead, and habitually keep their friends up half the night; the others wake up alive, and go to bed almost before sundown.

Between five and six o'clock these good women begin to live, but they do not really expand until about ten o'clock at night. It is after the dinner-hour that they take their drives, and at midnight round about *Palermo*, at Buenos Aires, or along *Piera del Mer* at Rio de Janeiro, every man and woman who *can* afford to be in a car, and also those who *cannot*, manage to drive there somehow. Spanish folk will gladly live on an orange and a crust of bread to

be able to be seen in a vehicle, and make a splash of some sort. They never walk.

A real native Brazilian woman—a lady—is still entirely subservient to her lord and master. Returning from South America by Royal Mail steamer in April 1913, I had a wonderful instance of this. She was a nice-looking, black-eyed little Brazilian woman on board. Diamonds like buttons dropped from her ears, great pendants like plaques rested upon her breast, and every finger was loaded and weighted with rings. They were not second-rate jewels either, nor even wonderful shams. They were real jewels, every one of them. And she did not wear them only in the evening. She wore them every day and all day long. Being a Brazilian woman, she was accustomed to having her afternoon siesta. Accordingly, every afternoon she and her husband passed down the passage opposite my own cabin, and there, after a few words of affectionate farewell on the threshold of the cabin, the little lady passed inside; he locked the cabin door on the outside, put the key in his pocket, and went away. Two hours later he fetched little Black-eyes, who never stirred without him, and was led about exactly as a little dog is led on a leash.

Revolution! The awakening of an enormous and wonderful nation, that has lain asleep during a couple of thousand years of great activity in other realms, has taken place in the present century. Two hundred million women have sewn with needles of their own fashioning—needles of bone, of iron—of anything. But within the last few years sewing-machines have penetrated into the interior of China, and the revenue



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CHINESE WOMEN AND SOLDIERS.

is greater from the import of sewing-needles than for the export of China tea.

China is moving. In the great Chinese Revolution of 1912, which ended in the abdication of the Manchu Dynasty, women soldiers took an active part. It is a curious fact that, in this old-world country, women should be among the first to bear arms. Like dormice generations had been sleeping through a winter of centuries, but when they woke they woke indeed.

To show what Chinese women are doing, and as a specimen of a letter from a Chinese man, written in English, it may be well to quote from some pages the writer received in May 1914 from a high Chinese official :

“About the Chinese Women Suffrage I would say as follows :

“Immediately after the Republic was formed there were three women representatives in the Provincial Assembly of Kwang-tung Province. They had equal voting power as male representatives in that province. But they did not show much, and therefore in the election that took place a year ago no women were elected. I heard nothing of women representatives yet in other province.

“In Kwang-tung Province, as said before, the women representatives have equal voting power as men both in political and in municipal and other questions.

“No women representatives in Central Government.

“No University Degree has been granted to women in China yet, but only Diplomas.

“Foot-binding always forbidden by law, and lately,

the law forbidding foot-binding is renewed with greater force, and also the people know the folly and give it [foot-binding] up.

“There is no law yet regulating the marriage age of women. Such draft of law has been made, but not yet sanctioned. The marriage age is becoming greater than before. In the Draft Law, if I remember correctly, over twenty years of age, woman has freedom of marriage of her own accord, but below twenty years’ age she must have the consent of parents or guardian.

“Since the Republic, the wives of Chinese officials attend public dinners with their husbands and also many public functions, which were never done—not to say prohibited—before.

“The above is for your information, and you may make use of if you find them interesting.

“Please *excuse* me to write *in a hurry*, because I know you want these information the soonest possible.

“With best compliments,

“Yours respectfully.”

Yuan-Shi-Kai is becoming to China what Diaz was to Mexico forty years before. He is a strong and fearless man, a ruler, a believer in the power of women; and the women of China will advance more under his rule than the women of Mexico did under Diaz, because it is nearly half a century later.

General Porfirio Diaz, the greatest man of his day, was elected President of Mexico for the eighth time in 1910, and showed his appreciation of a beautiful, clever, brilliant, educated woman by marrying the



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CHINESE GIRLS AT PLAY.

most advanced woman of his country, known and beloved of all as "Carmelita".

As women advance the world advances with them. Speaking roughly, the women of the South have much to learn from the women of the North. Hard climates often develop hard heads, just as warm climes foster soft hearts and pretty ways.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

"MARY WHEELER BANKART" I read on the visiting-card of one of my first callers in New York.

Note the absence of the "Miss." The card seemed a little aggressive, even a little defiant, yet entirely appropriate.

The aggressiveness which first strikes one on travelling in the States ceases to be noticeable on a little acquaintance. The American woman soon proves a most fascinating creature. She is what the modern Englishwoman might have been, had she not centuries of conservatism and traditions behind her; we are what the fair American may yet become.

For the Britisher, the most interesting thing in the United States is the American woman. One unfortunately sees too little of the men.

In order to judge her fairly, we must know the American woman at home and living amid her own surroundings, not motoring madly about Europe, trying to crowd a life's sight-seeing and experiences into a few brief months. It would be just as true to take, as the typical Englishwomen, the shockingly dressed, waistless, shapeless, heavily booted, plainly repellent person one so often encounters about Switzerland in the summer months, and whom—to her shame—the untravelled foreigner is apt to accept as



Photo by Marion Lake Charles.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A beautiful American who is also a worker.

representative of the British sisterhood. Oh, the pity of it.

It is every one's duty to dress to please others, and make the very best possible of oneself.

Therefore, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the American woman, to be qualified to form a correct opinion, one must of necessity visit her country. Then the Britisher is astounded by the many parts her American sister plays, and plays well, in her own home.

Decidedly practical, she reigns supreme in her household, which she runs in a marvellous way. In a Republic which does not encourage its people to accept domestic service under others, there is a strange scarcity of American servants. Consequently, immigrants hailing from any part of Europe make up the deficiency, and are often representative of the scum of the divers lands of their birth. These and negroes form the household staff of wealthy Americans, the negroes making first-class cooks and butlers: but oft-times the middle-class American woman can find no "helps" to do her household work, and she thereupon makes the best of the situation and does it herself. But this does not prevent her from being a charming and dainty hostess, always well and neatly dressed. What is more, she ranks high intellectually, knows how to amuse herself, and, in spite of all the difficulties of running her home, manages a trip to "*Eu-rop*e" now and then.

The woman of the stars and stripes is tall, a fine figure, and carries herself admirably; she is generally good-looking, but is of an absolutely different type from British women, whose bright colouring she lacks; but she is very attractive on account of her vivacity and change of expression.

The educated women are doing much to make the States. In fact, America owes a great deal more to them than appears to the world. There is a vast army of thoughtful women who are working hard for their country's good, and they are succeeding, too—all honour to them—though they are naturally in the minority. The fashionable woman reigns, and her best gowns give her no satisfaction unless made in Paris or London, regardless that duty more than doubles their cost. She also likes London tailor-mades, though on her own side of the herring-pond American tailors excel in "building" this favourite garment. She loves it, and, in fact, it is the only practical style for every-day use, where life is spent getting in and out of tramcars and subways, or elevated railways. On muddy days one never sees an American woman in anything else, the skirt being very short, to clear her shoes or her boots. America is the land of tailor-mades—and mighty smart tailor-mades, too.

She is a wonderful hostess, this lady in the West—brainy, brilliant, accomplished, captivating; and she exercises these attainments on friends of her own sex, entertains them to the most *recherché* and costly luncheons or dinners, converses on all possible subjects, and—all alone. Her husband is generally slaving at his business, to which he goes at some unearthly hour in the morning, works hard all day (or says he does) in a pandemonium, and arrives home for the seven o'clock dinner, dead tired, and thoroughly played out. He is, indeed, the most industrious and indulgent husband, and is delightfully reverential and charming to his wife when he does come home. American men are real angels where women are

concerned. When an American man "does a good deal," he brings his wife home a new diamond ring; when an Englishman has a lucky stroke, he buys himself a new hunter or gun.

And why is it that the American man so toils, why does he take so little relaxation from the strife for wealth—for, though there are exceptions to this routine, the leisured man is a rarity in the money-making scheme of American life, and is representative of neither his nature nor his sex.

It is to supply his wife with money, for decidedly the American woman is extravagant; her clothes are wonderful, her trips to "*Eu-rop*e," her hospitality (which is always lavish), and her amusements, are of the most costly type. It is the American woman—not the American man—who is the club-goer, and belongs to Clubs where Culture is written with a big C, and who holds debates on all sorts of subjects with her fellow-women. She has a box at the opera; studies Art and Music; is conversant with the leading authors, classic and otherwise; in fact, her life is as full of diversified interests as her husband's is centred on a mono-rail. American husbands in business seldom have time to shoot, play golf or tennis, or ride; they simply toil, toil, toil, week in, week out; but golf is going to be their salvation.

The American girl is a yet more wondrous personality than her mother. Every young girl in America is a "bud", just as every insect is a "bug".

Some years ago, dear old Mrs. Lynn Linton, one of the pioneers of women writers in this country, took up her pen in virulent denunciation of the girl of the period. She was very bitter; she snapped and derided at progress and evolution for the British

damsel; but, despite her efforts, the nineteenth century wore on, and with it the emancipation of womankind. What would Mrs. Lynn Linton say, were she alive to-day, of the up-to-date maiden of the States?

That young lady is the sort of individual who tells you she has no intention of "wasting" her life in the country, who talks about Culture, who is absolutely independent of the trammels of home life, has her latch-key, goes where she will and when she will, entertains her own friends, makes her own circle of acquaintances, and, in fact, does just as she likes. According to some more mature folk, even in the States, she is inclined to go a little too far. She is very delightful, nevertheless—original and smart, but not always over-refined in her conversation. She is handsome to look upon, well dressed, her shirt-waists are dreams, and she lays herself out to fascinate and please men and women alike. Only she wants a little balance, and is oft-times a little obtrusive in manner.

Every American girl likes to be a "sport." It is a new craze. From taking too little exercise they are all trying to take too much. It was in Chicago University, if I remember rightly, that there was an order that no student should take part in games unless he or she had passed the requisite standard in their work. An excellent idea, and one our 'Varsities would do well to copy. By this plan work and play went together, and work was not neglected for "footer" or hockey, tennis or baseball.

Over-exercise is ruining homes just as under-exercise has ruined digestions.

Exercise. What a fetish! One hears every one saying nowadays, "I must have exercise."

If people exercise their brains they don't require so much exercise of their bodies. If they do Swedish or other exercises, if they skip or actively move about in their homes, there is no actual necessity for golf or tennis. Over-exercise is a craze—amusing, pleasant, but not really necessary, and the new generation is forgetting how to walk, it so constantly goes in trains, cars, and trams.

Sloth of mind and sloth of movement require the tonic of exercise no doubt. But over-exercise is a poor pick-me-up, and acts like an over-dose of medicine.

Only what she possesses can the mother give to her child. Thus it is surely better that the woman should transmit to her offspring true healthfulness and a well-balanced constitution, full of staying power and real "fitness", rather than that she should cultivate assiduously an abnormal muscular development which very likely dies with her.

Fifty years ago women never took any exercise at all; but then they were not women like we are to-day. They were brought up in hothouses, they tight laced, and fainted. The pendulum swung and changed all that. We learnt to walk and talk, to play croquet and tennis, to hunt and swim, to punt and scull, to wear short dresses and knickerbockers, to don thick boots, and even brave the rain with umbrella and mackintosh; and now we have learnt to shoot and golf. All this is splendid, and we are much happier, healthier, and more broad-minded women for the learning.

But are we not going too far ?

These lank, weedy girls one sees to-day are a mistake; a woman should be all curves and a man all angles; but the young woman of to-day is losing her

charming symmetry and becoming angular and ungraceful, chiefly from want of moderation in her amusements. Hockey, that most fascinating amusement for a cold winter's day, is all very well played by girls among themselves or in their home circle; but with mixed teams, or at matches, either the men can only half play for the sake of the other sex, or the girls take far too much exercise. Hockey can be as rough as a football scrimmage, and neither sport is a desirable accomplishment for a young lady. Surely, two rounds of golf on a man's links are too much for any woman. Hunting four or five days a week is more than any girl ought to attempt; breaking records is silly; in fact, all this over-exertion is just as bad as the utter want of exercise of fifty years ago. Women are not physically as strong as men.

Work keeps the mind happy, and exercise makes the body healthy, but other occupations lie before us in every home, and we must never neglect duties calling for our help, for either work or play.

A little more exercise for the mothers and a little less for the daughters, seems the perfection we now want to attain; but, above all, let us remember a masculine woman is as great an abhorrence as a feminine man.

With young American girls, all reverence or respect for their parents or elders has gone out of fashion, or, shall we say, they are still too new-shod for it to have yet come in.

Matinées are a favourite pastime with our young American sisters; indeed, "the matinée girl" is a well known term in New York, so regular an amusement has this afternoon performance become in the life of many society women.

There is no doubt that the American girl knows how to enjoy life, and, if spending money helps her to do so, she spends royally. There is much about her that we might copy with advantage, especially her capacity for being charming to her own sex, and her unfailing desire to please every one. Her learning may not be profound, but it is practical and useful, and she knows how to make the most of it, and has the courage to express her opinions.

As to looks, the "bud" has small hands and feet, and some pretty ways. She might learn to pitch her voice in a lower key with advantage, for, after all, a beautiful voice is a great charm in a woman. There is something infectious in her shrill tones, or something in the climate that curiously affects the voice, for after a time strangers pick up this ugly fault. It may be because people with melodious voices find it difficult to make themselves heard, and gradually, as they learn to raise their voices, they acquire that American intonation which strikes so disagreeably on British ears.

Somehow, the American girl's precociousness reminds one of a "birthday egg" incident.

"I like birthday eggs," a child exclaimed.

"Birthday eggs, dear?"

"Yes, Mamma. Eggs with their birthday marks upon them."

The remark attracted the attention of her mother, who paid extra for these new-laid eggs, and was busily cutting off the top for her little girl.

"22nd," was written in pencil across the delectable morsel.

Mamma looked surprised. The eggs had been bought yesterday, and to-day was only the 18th.

Oh! what precocious eggs, to be laid four days in advance.

Oh, what precocious American girls.

After many happy months spent during three long visits to the States, I am not in the least surprised that Englishmen should marry American women. They show their good taste—I should do the same were I a man.

Nor am I surprised that American women should prefer Englishmen—for the same remark applies.

While the young married woman has the best of times in England, she takes a back seat in America, having had her fling as a girl, for girls are considered before every one in the States. There is a delightful freedom, an air of comradeship coupled with pleasant manners and pretty looks in the well-bred American woman which are most attractive. Her hospitality is unbounded, her generosity thoughtful, and she is in every way an all-round good sort.

The American woman is an excellent speaker. It is surprising to hear her oratory at one of her large club luncheons, such as the "Sorosis" in New York. The club woman is young and handsome, well dressed and pleasing, and she stands up and addresses a couple of hundred women just as easily as she would begin a *tête-à-tête* across a luncheon table. She is not shy, or, if she is, she hides it cleverly.

We Englishwomen are often dull when compared to the Yankee woman. We are so content to live on the traditions of our old families and our old homes, and are so horribly conservative in our ways that we do not seem to have realised that the time has come when the women of Great Britain, like her manufactories, must wake up, that the younger genera-

A la Srta
Alicia Juarez
Carmen A. de Diaz
Mexico, Noviembre 21 de 1904



MADAME DIAZ.

Wife of General Porfirio Diaz, Ex-President of Mexico.

tion is, as Ibsen characteristically remarked in one of his plays, "knocking at the door."

We do not want our girls to be quite so brusque or quite so flashy as the average American girl, but it would be a good thing if Englishwomen over thirty copied their American sisters a little more. We do not want to spend our husbands' money so freely, nor forget to take an interest in politics and philanthropy, or any of the big questions of the day; but we might with advantage be gayer and brighter, more widely interested in the little affairs of the world, and more minutely in touch with the details of our own home.

As it is, a stranger cannot fail to realise how charming our American sister is, and that she does her best to be hospitable and kind to visitors, amusing to all her guests, and thoughtful in small details for every one's welfare. From her childhood she has felt that much is expected of her. She has no traditions, no trammels of convention, and she is delightfully invigorating. She combines the domesticity of the German, the vivacity of the Frenchwoman, and a certain frankness of the Briton. She can hold her own in any argument, and she has generally travelled sufficiently, and read enough, to be considered clever.

Nevertheless, if the Americans have certain weak places in their armour, one is their objection to criticism. They are as shy about remarks on themselves as children; and yet it is only by comparing one nation with another that we learn our good and bad points. Europeans have to concede many things to them, but the nations on the Eastern Continent cannot concede manners. In this particular Europe can give them a lesson.

The refinement of London is lost in the hustle of New York, although that hustle is much over-rated, and often merely an excuse for abruptness of manner, or in trying to catch up much wasted time.

That certain calm dignity and gentle repose of manner, so common in Europe, is lacking in the States, where people have not yet learned to be quite sure of themselves, not grown quite accustomed to their new position; although American adaptability is a thing to wonder at and admire—just think how well their daughters learn to wear foreign titles. But at home, in their own environment, it is more difficult to attain perfection of manner, because there is no standard to go by, no gracious Queen to copy in the art of bowing, nor monarch to note as an example of easy stateliness. Comparisons again must be our standard on this point.

The desire to do the right thing seems to be a perfect nightmare to an American woman. She is constantly wondering who should be helped first at table, who should take precedence at dinner, whether she should keep her gloves on or not, and takes refuge in numerous books on Etiquette.

There are endless volumes on "Letter-writing," "How to Entertain," and on many questions not yet settled by rule of thumb in the New World.

It is a commonplace in England that shopping is the chief joy of a woman's life. In America it is a labour—partly, I suppose, because the women, as a whole, have so much more to spend. Like everything else, it is done in a rush. Huge stores are the rule, with lifts everywhere, the apartments large and airy, the display well arranged, and the young women behind the counters most attractive. Of late, silent

pneumatic tubes have taken the place of messengers, but before their introduction an endless sing-song went on as the shop-girls called to the boy to take the bill and fetch the change from the cashier: "Bawy," in a high-pitched nasal key was being continually called on every side. So constant was it in 1900, when I first shopped in the States, that I began to wish such a thing as a boy had never come into existence.

In short, the shops or "dry-goods stores," as they are called, are excellent. Yet one might imagine, from the way in which American women prefer to buy in Europe, that there were none worth entering.

Shop-windows are daintily arranged with the latest fashions. Everything is done to attract customers.

American women dress charmingly. Max O'Rell used to say: "The Germans are covered, the English clothed, the Americans arrayed, and the French dressed."

They wear evening-gowns more seldom in America than we do, and appear more often in tailor-made clothes. In England it is the fashion to go to the theatre or dine at a restaurant in a low-cut dress.

Only the other day an English nobleman and his wife presented themselves at a big restaurant in London out of the season, and they were not in evening dress. The manager bowed, the manager smiled, and although the manager knew the member of the House of Peers well by sight, he had to explain—"Day-dress was against the rules," and the noble lord and his lady must dine in the grill-room. Compare an American restaurant, where evening dress, except New York, is almost as unknown as day-dress in London.

Few low-necked dresses are worn at the play outside New York, and they are only to be seen at the opera-houses, where diamond tiaras occasionally make an appearance—"Old family heirlooms," of course! The origin of this day-attire for evening wear can doubtless be attributed to the fact that only very rich folk can afford carriages or motors; and the roads are so covered with tram-lines that driving is not an easy task. Consequently nearly every one prefers to go to the theatre by street car, which is, of course, a much quicker mode of procedure, besides being a trifle in expense compared with the enormous charges demanded by taxis.

I appreciated their luncheons, but I deplored their want of teas. Of course, tea can be had in America, but it is not a general custom, it is still a party function, and tea-shops are rarely found. Americans who have been much in Europe usually have their cup of tea in the afternoon, only the habit is not so universal as "le five o'clock" has become in Paris; but then, again, tea is not so essential in America, for dinner-time is quite an hour earlier than in London.

Yes, American women are wonderful. They live in a land of assimilation, and they themselves are the most adaptable. They are clever, bright, gay, kindly, generous, domesticated, and always good-natured.

I love American women; but I cannot help laughing at their idea of hustle; there is no hustle in America, and there is more splendour than comfort.



AN AUSTRIAN BEAUTY.

*This Chapter was written
before War was declared
on 4 August, 1914.*

CHAPTER IX

GERMAN WOMEN AND HOUSE-WORK SCHOOLS

GERMANY is undergoing evolution at lightning pace.

It is taking place in that sphere in which the most titanic influences that mould a race are found—in the home. By and by there will be a new Fatherland with new German women, and—because of them—new German men.

Already the German has made the extraordinary discovery that his wife can be interesting.

There is one essential thing that German women must yet accomplish if they are to win and rule. They must give up wearing *Reform Kleider*. Why should hideous clothes be considered a necessity in the early stages of every movement for women's advance. We suffered the complaint in England when waist-coats and short hair, horseshoe tie-pins, flat shoes, and no corsets were essential signs and tokens of emancipation, and in the sage-green draperies of the æsthetic art craze. Germany caught the disease badly.

The beautifully mannered, sweet-voiced Josephine enslaved Napoleon, in spite of donning a high waist and shapeless gown. But Josephine was a divine goddess in form, and her diaphanous robes were well cut and made to hang gracefully in superb lines.

The average German woman, however, has not a

form divine ; she is occasionally even short and fat. Her *Reform Kleid* is not always well cut. It is sometimes thick and heavy, and is hung upon her anyhow or flung upon her anywhere. The result is neither picturesque, neat, nor captivating. In such garments the wearers no longer look feminine, and once women lose that armour of sweetness they cease to please. Austrians, on the other hand, dress beautifully.

Masculine women are as appalling as effeminate men. A woman may be clever, she may be even learned, but that is no reason why she should not remain as feminine as before.

This female evolution in Germany is very remarkable. For a hundred years or more Goethe's notion of ideal womanhood personified in Gretchen held good. A woman must be sweetly soft, gently clinging ; fond of home, husband, and child ; a plastic creature modelled after her lord and master's mind ; a being with little brain or thought, and not much reason or logic ; a person of adequate education, and sufficient presence to feed at table with her husband, but domesticated enough to cook his dinner and assume the rôle of general servant. She was called *hausfrau*, a woman of the house. The home was her all. She was a good creature and a willing slave.

Times have changed. Intellectual men gradually found such women tedious ; fathers realised that they bore and brought up stupid children. Such women neither inspired nor encouraged, and never dared correct a fault in their husbands. Even husbands know correction is good, although they are the last to own it. If these women had eyes to see, or minds to think, they were too submissive to speak.

So the head of a German home became more and

more rough, egotistical and self-centred, until he gradually found his evening's amusement at his Club, *bierhalle*, or theatre, and left his domesticated, amiable, kindly, but uninteresting wife at home—alone.

Then came the reaction. These good *hausfraus* heard of the position of women in other countries, and they took themselves in hand seriously. They tried to emulate Goethe's other type of womanhood—Leonore von Este in "*Torquato Tasso*," a highly gifted, intelligent, and delightful companion for any man.

German girls no longer sit mum at table because *der Herr Papa spricht* (the Mr. Papa speaks). They actually take part in the conversation. Their emancipation has begun. They read and think, they are no longer so swathed in sentimentality as formerly. They are giving up *Kaffee Klatsch* (coffee gossips), to which each of them went with her little bag of *handarbeit* (needlework), and, instead of gossiping, and making useless table-covers of the bazaar order, they read, paint, play, and sing. They take a living intellectual interest in life, they begin to have their Clubs (although they shrieked when Englishwomen planted the first Club in Berlin about 1906), they begin to read the papers and magazines, and to take their places in the world as men's friends and companions, not their drudges and their slaves.

Intellectually our Teutonic sister is forging ahead. She has only lately taken up the *Frauenfrage*, but she has charged at it with the force of a bull at a gate. The gate is now flung open, and in battalions she and her sisters are marching through. A strong adherent to her cause is the Empress herself. Since her daughter grew up she has taken the greatest

occupations and professions, which may become useful to them in after-life.

The schools are democratic in the best sense.

Speaking of *Hausfrauen Schule*, a girl lately married a landed proprietor, a sort of gentleman farmer. As soon as she became engaged she studied thoroughly every subject likely to be needed in her new sphere—gardening, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, salting and pickling pig in every form, the growing and packing of fruit, dairy work, including cheese-making, and ultimately, how pigs were to be killed, so that if the husband was absent she could see that the butcher did his work humanely.

There is no doubt about it, German women are going ahead tremendously, hustling along all lines of advancement; and that a new Germany will be born before the close of this century.

Fräulein Krupp, who was the greatest heiress in the world, was for a year a pupil at a *Hausfrau* school at Baden-Baden, learning domestic matters before her marriage.

On the outskirts of Berlin stands the famous *Lette Verein*. It is one of the many institutions of the same class in Germany, and is typical of the others. A large building round four sides of a courtyard shelters some hundreds of girls. This school is for ladies, who join between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, and go through a course of education in all household matters. Here I found a troop of jolly girls running through the hall. The early hours' work was over, and they had been to the pantry to get cake, or bread and jam, before starting their next class. They were laughing merrily, their arms intertwined, or about one another's waists, and they did not seem overburdened

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by the anxiety or worry of their occupation. They all wore neat blue cotton dresses with large white aprons and white cotton sleeves, and looked happy.

The lady superintendent kindly took me over the building. The girls have their separate rooms, or share them, according to what they can afford to pay ; they are all older than the ordinary school-girl, and therefore are undergoing the course voluntarily, and not merely because their parents have sent them there.

There are six kitchens, perfect models of what kitchens ought to be, with their pretty green-and-white tiles, their large stoves, ovens, and hygienic sinks. Each kitchen has its cook, and some twenty or thirty girls work under her direction.

"What are you making?" I inquired with interest, seeing currants and suet upon the board.

"Plum pudding," was the surprising reply.

It seemed strange to go to Berlin and find German girls occupied in making such an English dish. Not only in one kitchen was plum pudding being made, but in the whole six were many girls learning how to overcome its intricacies.

They do not merely learn in theory, but actually in practice. They have to prepare everything themselves, cook and dish, and finally clear away and wash up. In fact, there is no household duty with which they are not made familiar, from sweeping and washing floors to cleaning the finest silver and darning the best of linen. The courses include hygienic cooking for the sick, washing, baking, book-keeping, chemistry, and household accounts.

The whole system is designed for the higher domestic education of women ; to give them the power of earning money as governesses, photographers, book-

keepers, secretaries, managers of hotels, or in commercial careers ; to do away with the prejudices and obstacles of women earning a living, and to show them how to equip themselves to demand good wages and work well.

The *Lette Verein* is not only a school of domesticity ; it strives for the protection of the interests of working women. "Work" in this sense includes shorthand, typing, book-keeping, practical office routine, French and English conversation, German literature, and geography. The fees for this course are £10 a quarter. Roughly speaking, education in a chosen branch, with board and lodging, costs about £50 a year.

In the lower domestic school there are over a hundred scholars, who learn embroidery, hair-dressing, cutting out, millinery, designing patterns, washing, ironing, cooking (both family and invalid), preparation of children's food, jam-making, and preserving vegetables. There are courses for lady's-maids in needlework, mending, dressmaking, darning, embroidery, ironing, and washing lace ; "maiding," and attending a lady. This course lasts eight weeks, and costs about £10. In the housekeeping department there are about two hundred students. For dormitory and food they pay £3 a month : each girl has a cubicle, and "does for herself."

The girls get up at 6.30, and must open their windows and their beds before leaving their rooms. At 7.30 a.m. they have breakfast, and the day's work begins. They are not allowed out after ten o'clock at night without official leave. They pay 6d. a month towards a sick fund. All the rules seem sensible and kind.

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Health is not forgotten, for systematic exercises play their part; but the main point is that these schools are raising the whole standard of women's work in Germany, and improving the home life in every way. Many of the girls pass on to the Universities, which have been open to women since 1895.

There are still cheaper schools for training servants—most excellent institutions; some where they “live in,” and others where they can attend certain classes. In fact, education of all kinds, especially domestic and technical education, stands very high in Germany, and we have far more to learn from them than most of us imagine. The technical schools of Germany and those splendid night-schools of America have done much to secure the success of these two great countries. Nor are they behind in horticultural colleges for women. Bee-keeping and poultry-farming are largely undertaken by girls, and are carried on scientifically after a thorough training.

Thus a girl who has gone through a year's course at a *Hausfrau* school ought certainly to be able to manage her home, for she has mastered every detail personally, and is, therefore, able not only to show a servant how to do anything, but to know when it is properly done. It is an excellent system, and one which girls of all classes would do well to take up.

The German woman's day has come. She is writing books, she is essaying the drama, and she is teaching—one of the noblest branches of women's work, and one which bears the most far-reaching results. Germany's future will largely depend on her. During recent elections for the Reichstag, the wives and daughters have played their part; they have worked politically for their country's future.

Education whets a woman's appetite to have everything about her properly done. The order, method, and thought acquired while pursuing studies of a high status stand her in good stead in the home. She even keeps her accounts better, and sees that food is more hygienically prepared, thanks to her knowledge of mathematics and medicine. Because a woman is brainy does not make her less appreciative of being loved and looked after, however hard-working she may be.

Nowadays the young Frau or Fräulein has acquired an orderly mind, and therefore she disdains untidiness of home or person. She rises above herself, in fact, ceases to muddle, to be small or petty, and becomes methodical, large-minded, more generous in thought, and more just in her dealings according to her education. She develops in every way.

"*Sa Majesté la Femme*," has done more in the advancement of the world than is generally acknowledged.

Germany also is justly proud of her famous women : for instance, Queen Sophie Charlotte, wife of Frederic I., was a friend of Leibnitz, and an intimate friend of John Toland, the Freethinker, author of "Christianity not Mysterious," published in 1696. He wrote, in 1704, his famous "Letters to Serena"; and the *Serena* was Queen Sophie Charlotte. Another great woman was Queen Louise, the wife of Frederick William II. Napoleon hated her because he knew she was one of his most dangerous enemies, who after the battle of Jena did everything to reform Prussia. Again, Frau von Stein, the well-known friend of Goethe, had a great influence upon that poet; as also Betinna von Arnim. So German women have

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already played their part, though not such a big part as have their sisters in France or England.

Although there is so much that is strong and wholesome in German life and character—omitting the night-life of Berlin—Germany has her little weaknesses.

She dearly loves titles, and the women share them with the men. Even the wife of a Professor is entitled “Frau Professor,” or the wife of an Excellency “Excellence.” This last title, which is somewhat rare, is, roughly speaking, equivalent to our “Right Honourable,” a distinction not shared by the wife in England. It is amusing and bewildering to the ordinary Britisher to go out to dinner in Germany. Every one is personally introduced to every one else, and the introduction is accompanied by the full title.

The Civil Service, in which titles abound, is to a great extent still recruited from the ranks of the nobility. An important personage is a *Landrath*, or president of a district, a sort of Justice of the Peace, whose work is administrative. The nomenclature according to rank is quite interesting. First, there are simple *Räthe*, Councillors and their wives. Then follow *Wirkliche Räthe*, Real or efficient Councillors and their dames; *Geheime Räthe*, Privy Councillors, *Geheime Ober Räthe*, Upper Privy Councillors, *Wirkliche Geheime Ober Räthe*, Real Privy Upper Councillors, and so forth, with their more and more distinguished Frau Councilloresses.

In society it seems to be a matter of great moment that these titles should appear on envelopes, and should not be omitted verbally when addressing the person in question. A bewildered Englishman, whom I happened once to meet at a German party, said :

"I am in a maze. I never know whether I am speaking to a real or an imitation councillor, man or woman!"

To hear any one called *Magnificence* strikes terror to the British ear. But a *Magnificence* is only a title bestowed during the year of office on the Rector of a German University. A dean is called *Spectabilitat*. How odd we, who are not German women, would feel to be called "your Magnificence," or "your Respectability."

There is an amusing story of an unfortunate Swiss hotel-keeper who gave dire offence by assigning the best rooms in his house to an *Ober Post Rath* (one of the higher officials of the postal service), and putting an *Unterstaatssekretar* (Under-Secretary of State) into the attic.

Moreover, the richer class do not enjoy a monopoly of titles. For instance, the wife of a chimney-sweep is called *Frau Schornsteinfegerin* (Mrs. Chimney-sweeperess), and when her *Mann* gets a rise to be an "*ober*," or upper craftsman, she will revel in the nomenclature of *Frau Ober Schornsteinfegerin*.

Every one in Germany seems to have a handle to his or her name. Even a girl is addressed as *Gnädiges Fräulein* (Honoured Miss), and a married woman as *Gnädige Frau*, or a man as *Verehrter Herr* (Esteemed Sir). In the army titles are unending. A general's wife is called *Frau Generalin*, a colonel's wife is called *Frau Oberst*, and even the wife of a sub-lieutenant is addressed as *Frau Leutenant*, and each and all are always addressed by the full title.

At the present day practically all privileges appertaining to the nobility of Germany have been abolished, with one exception. Its members are *hoffähig*, i.e.

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they are entitled to be presented to the Sovereign, and to appear at Court, and take part in its festivities. The burgher has not this privilege unless employed in some office under the Crown, although it can be, and sometimes is, granted as a favour. For instance, all the members of the Reichstag, and of the Prussian House of Commons, are *hoffähig* by right. The wife, if not of noble birth, does not, however, participate in her husband's distinction, except in the case of Ministers or high military representatives.

This is not altogether without importance. The youngest lieutenant in Prussia has the right to be presented to his King, while an official of the Civil Service cannot enjoy that privilege until he has attained high rank.

Germans love court ceremonies as much as they love titles and decorations, but not nearly with such ardour as Republican Americans strive after these distinctions. And, after all, there is method in it. In a country where official rank counts so much more than mere wealth, it is to the manifest interest of the State to maintain a system which rewards officials for services without increase of salaries. More than that, a man may, indeed, feel proud of a title he has honestly won in the open battle of life, knowing he has not merely paid down a certain sum in gold for his distinction.

A "Taxatrice" is a modern German development which started about 1910, and is really a new career for women, which seems likely to develop rapidly. The occupation is that of valuer, and women seem well fitted for this work. They are generally the nation's buyers; why, therefore, should they not be the nation's valuers? They do this in the case of

death, valuing clothing, furniture, houses, gardens, and landed property. In fact, they pass examinations which give them the right to put up their brass plates, and start professionally in business. The fees are chargeable as a percentage on the property.

Then there are the Legal Aid Societies for Women, inaugurated by women.

These societies are founded for giving gratuitous legal advice to women by qualified women lawyers. There are probably over a hundred such societies in different parts of Germany. The first was founded about 1891 in the city of Dresden. The great importance and need for the work is proved by the fact that in one year alone (1907) gratuitous legal information was provided by these different societies to the number of about 123,000 cases. The societies are in no sense charitable organisations, as they do not give help except in the way of advice, and in striving to secure justice for women.

There is much variety in the cases dealt with. Marriages with foreigners are a frequent source of litigation, questions involving the wages of servants, others connected with the lending of money by girls to the men to whom they are engaged, who frequently, when the money is exhausted, leave the girl in the lurch. Also important cases relating to the support of illegitimate children. It is often difficult to persuade the mothers to come forward to claim help, and in these cases the Legal Aid Societies are extremely useful. Also difficulties between husbands and wives are constantly cropping up.

It was thought that lawyers would be against the formation of these societies, but on the contrary they favour them, as the unimportant cases take up valuable

time, and, as the poor cannot afford to pay fees, their work is not welcome, and they have no opportunity of finding out their rights and getting good advice. The different branches are frequently started in the rooms of a Settlement or School or Labour Exchange lent for the occasion for certain Consultation Hours.

To further the founding of the societies and get the ear of the public, lectures are given, meetings are held, petitions are sent in, and by degrees the sympathy and good opinion of women is gained for the movement. Such societies exist also in Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and Austria, and now in England.

Let us congratulate the *Vaterland* on the advancement of womanhood and education, and not sneer at the love of honourably gained titles in preference to that unceasing clamour for monetary reward which is the curse of America, and is fast becoming the same in Britain.

In Germany they think more of birth, education, and official rank than we do in England. They do not yet crave after, nor cringe before the almighty dollar. Their aristocracy does not marry music-hall singers, and there is generally a more healthy tone than with us. Each country has much to learn from the other, much to admire, and something to censure; but let any criticism be done in a kindly spirit, for we are brothers in race.

More than that, England and Germany are the only two great Protestant countries in Europe.

CHAPTER X

CLOTHES AND THE SLIM CRAZE

WOMEN dress for four reasons :

1. Because a cold climate necessitates warm clothing, and even in the tropics decency encourages women to wear beads.

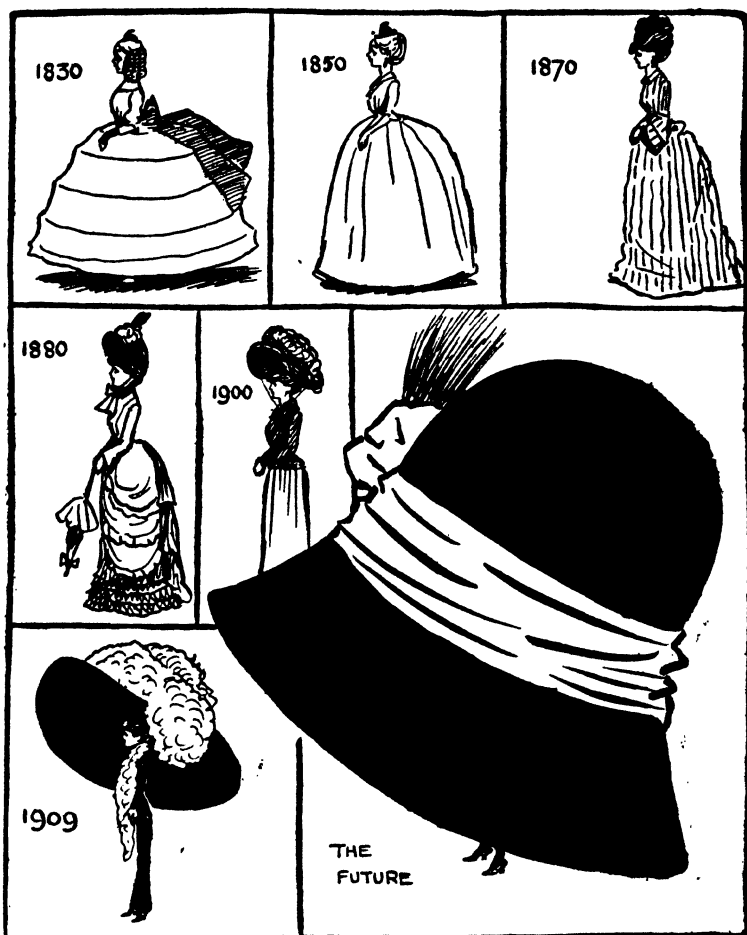
2. Women dress becomingly to please their own artistic tastes.

3. Women dress well to appear pleasant to other women.

4. Women like to make the best of themselves before male eyes, although they are quite aware that not one man in a thousand has the slightest idea what they have on. But he always knows if they look smart or dowdy, and greatly appreciates the former.

One sometimes comes upon absurd articles in absurd papers, apparently meant for circulation in the kitchen, and learns that "smart women spend £3,000 a year on their dress"; that they require a pair of gloves for every day in the year, and fifty-two pairs of shoes a year, or a pair for each week; that they cannot do without a new petticoat every six or seven days, and they buy all their underlinen by the tens of dozens.

Poor souls; what a burden their life must be. Fancy choosing all those things. Imagine the boredom of having to try them all on. Picture to yourself



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

A CENTURY'S EVOLUTION IN DRESS.

any home large enough to hold such a wardrobe, more especially in these days of flats, where there is no room to keep more than half a dozen gowns in use at a time. Still, there are people who gloat over such stuff, and some young men, hearing it discussed, shudder and turn aside in horror from possible matrimony. Huge sums certainly have been spent on clothes. The Empress Josephine had five hundred chemises, and is said to have taken three hours every morning over her toilet. In one year she spent 300,000 fr. on rouge alone.

For one woman who spends £3,000 a year on clothes, thirty thousand spend £30, and sixty thousand thirty shillings.

But all women need not be shunned because of a few who are fools. Men, too, have had their Beau Brummel and their Count D'Orsay.

We women may be foolish over our clothes, but what of men who wear tall hats without shady brims, high starched collars, black coats, and patent leather boots with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. Aren't they mad? Yet it happens every London season, and few men have the pluck to wear flannels, pongee silks, green-lined umbrellas, or sombreros. Dear things, they are so conventional, these men, they would rather perspire at every pore, and shine like copper kettles, than do anything out of the common; so they get hot, keep hot, get cross, keep cross, and have only themselves to blame while blaming others.

Oh, you dear, great big babies, you very superior people called men, why don't you invent something for yourselves and be happy, especially now you have columns of the newspapers devoted to men's fashion-plates, men's coat gossip, men's hats and collars, and



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

FEMALE FASHIONS IN THE HATS OF MEN.

men's fall-lalls, still men suffer the thraldom of conventionality, poor dears.

By the bye, if a woman really wants to please a man she wears a very neat black coat and skirt by day, and a very simple low black gown—velvet, for choice—in the evening. Men adore black. They are right; few people have a real eye for colour, and some will wear six different shades of blue at once, and give an impression of “bits,” which is a thing unpleasing.

How inconsiderate we are in many ways in our desire to show off our fine clothes. And yet how kind we mean to be. Nobody is more selfish—thoughtlessly maybe—and nothing is more exasperating than the late-comer in theatres.

Alas, for the first quarter of an hour or twenty minutes of a theatrical performance to-day men and women are pushing into their seats, apparently wishing to attract attention to themselves, or their diamonds, or their opera-cloaks, while attendants are turning on small electric lights to look up numbers in the darkened amphitheatre. Men are fumbling for sixpences for programmes, women are tumbling over their own feet and everybody else's and struggling out of opera-cloaks; and all this to the incessant whispering—“Which row?” “What number?” “Which seat?” with their answers and explanations.

The theatre may be called the playground of imagination; we make it the high ground of discomfort; the pit is the kernel of the theatre, and it behaves much better than the folk in the stalls.

Is it fair on the people in the pit, who have probably stood for hours to gain admittance to the theatre, that they should have the whole of the



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

HOW TO FILL A THEATRE.

beginning of the story—the very unfolding of subsequent situations—marred by the selfishness of those men who have lingered too long over their dinners, and those women who want to show off their clothes. At concerts the doors are shut when the performance begins. If our managers would courageously band together to shut their doors after the time advertised for the play to commence, with five minutes' grace, the selfishness of those late-comers might be checked.

It is annoying and cruel that Namow, for the sake of a peach, a cup of coffee, or a cigarette, should be so selfish as to impair the pleasure of others who have paid far more heavily out of their smaller incomes for the pleasure of an evening's amusement.

Ladies! If you want to be really popular I will tell you how to achieve it. Don't try peroxide with a dark skin, or any nonsense of that kind. It is the simplest thing in the world to be popular.

Wear a matinée hat.

Buy or make the very largest cart-wheel head-gear possible; deck it with wobbly plumes, and, having "gotten" so far, as our Yankee friends would say, go to a matinée.

Sit yourself down in a front row.

Two people behind you will see nothing of the stage. They will bob under and over, and round the corner, to catch a glimpse of what is going on, for the pleasure of seeing which they have paid half a guinea each. Behind them in twos and threes nobody will be able to see either, until at least twenty half-guinea people and forty pit folk will be inconvenienced by your one hat.

Anathemas will be showered on your head, your popularity will be a thing attained.

To make it even more pronounced, wear a large wired Elizabethan lace collar or a big boa, and the numbers annoyed by your thoughtless selfishness will be doubled.

You can wear a really tiny lace, or jet cap, or, better still, take off your hat without being asked, for if you don't, the people round you think the curls are bought and sewn on to the hat, or some bald patch on the head is being hidden; you will sleep sounder and have a happier conscience, if you have inconvenienced no one by your presence.

All women must not be called selfish because a few are so inconsiderate as to don hats with aspiring ospreys or towering plumes at a *matinée*. It is generally thoughtlessness and not unkindness that makes people do objectionable things.

The wearer of the *matinée* hat represents the personification of selfishness.

Hats—who does not remember how they grew some few years ago beyond even the astonishing increase in size of every mother's thriving daughter. They were as huge as the rising generation of girls who wore them. At last they reached such dimensions that they required boxes a yard square, and nearly as deep, to contain one single article of head-covering. The motor-wheel was a toy in comparison with my lady's hat-box.

Hats in the West End, however, are outrivalled by hats in the East End, with their awful feathers and plush and velvet and bugles. In fact, East End impressions are chiefly hats, shawls, babies, women, and rough men.

Hats are such that one year one asks: "Where's the woman?" (so completely hidden is her face), and

the next year one inquires : "Where's the hat ?" so tiny is the covering.

"Beautiful, and so becoming," says the shop-keeper to every face and every style in turn.

During the craze for these huge hats a certain lady was going to a wedding, and was told by her husband to get a beautiful hat, never mind what it cost. She went off to a shop and bought a marvellous piece of headgear for twenty-five guineas. Feathers hung over its edges, plumes stood straight on end. The hat came home. The hat required so much space that it could not be consigned to any cupboard. The box was so enormous that it refused to go under the bed. Accordingly the lady stood it at the foot of her bed, and, thinking the box ugly, draped a pretty embroidered table-cover upon it.

Her sister came to lunch, anxious to see the wonderful new hat. They went upstairs to inspect it after the meal. Being in the midst of a story, the sister walked towards the fireplace, and, seeing an ottoman conveniently placed, flung herself down on it, continuing her tale. Shrieks came from the owner of the hat. Worse shrieks came from the visitor when she found herself descending into what she had supposed to be an ottoman. She had sat down upon the precious and fragile masterpiece of millinery. The cardboard had given way, the feathers were squashed, and she was actually doubled up inside the hat-box.

Some of the best-dressed women I know only spend £100 a year on clothes, and many girls contrive to look smart on £20. They dress with thought and taste, and the result is that they always look charming. They really buy sensible clothes and take care of

them, instead of gowning themselves in chiffons, and trailing these fluffy rags over dusty roads, wet grass, or through muddy pools.

A woman is never well dressed unless she is suitably dressed. Many smart society women, women on the fringe of the real great world, unrefined wives and daughters of the *nouveaux riches*, think that if they wear a diamond tiara by night, and dress like a Parisian *cocotte* by day, they are "in the swim."

They are woefully misguided. Real ladies don't shop in chiffons and diamonds at eleven o'clock in the morning, or, to save 10d. on a cab, go on omnibuses with a rope of pearls worth £25,000 round their necks.

It is a singular fact that the moment a man makes money he buys his wife diamonds, and thinks those glittering stones above her brow are an open sesame to society. Alas, he is not always wrong. Some fools count the success of a party by the number of tiaras present.

If ever a common-looking woman wants to look more common, let her don a tiara. Diamond tiaras tend to exaggerate all the defects of their wearers. They make all women alike, and add ten years to the looks of the aged. Only on pretty young women are they really becoming.

A well-dressed head of hair, a neat neckband, and a tidy waist make all women look nice. If these three essentials are missing, no ropes of pearls, no ostrich feathers, no silks or satins, will avail. Untidy hair, skirts and bodices that do not keep company, buttonless gloves, and out-at-heel shoes will condemn any woman, whoever or whatever she may be.

A tidily dressed woman is always a joy. There is no excuse for looking slipshod. It is not the clothes,

but the way they are put on, that tells, and American and Frenchwomen are the neatest and consequently the best dressed. The most expensively dressed women look the worst—being only dressmaker's models out of bounds. The best dressed are those who manage on a small sum, but who give time, thought, and care to the matter, and make half of their blouses and hats themselves. They have the charm of individuality.

Fine hair and small hands and feet are generally associated with high breeding, though, of course, there are exceptions, and good breeding always counts.

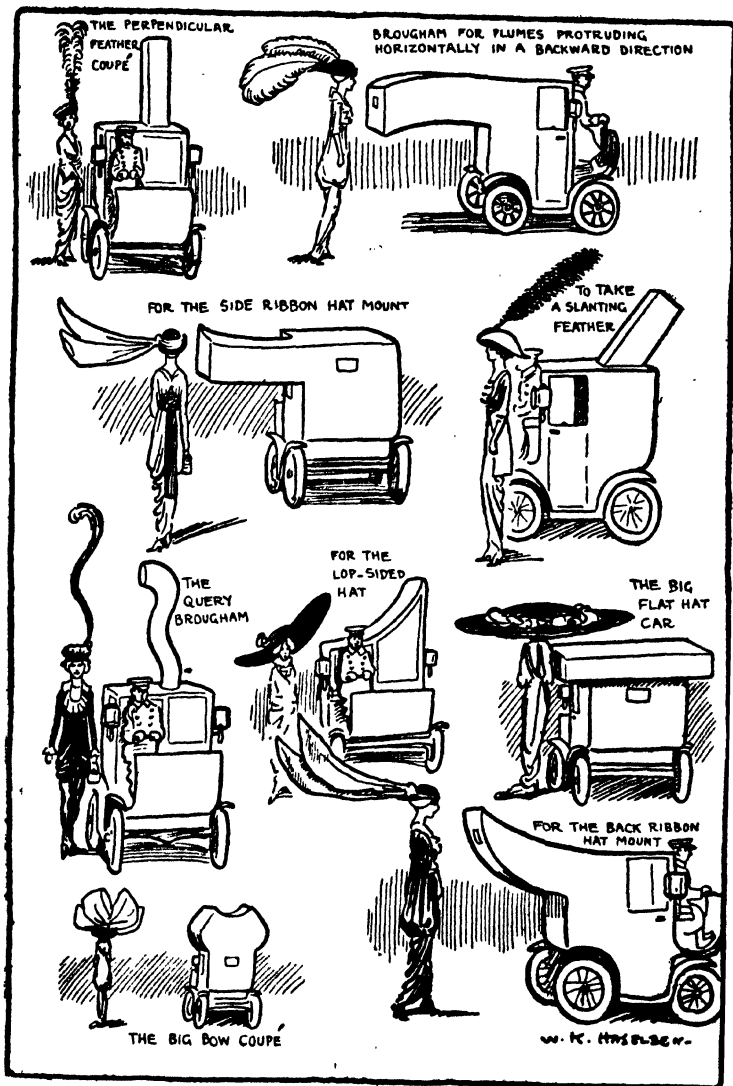
Eyes penetrate, lips tremble, a blush attracts, but hands—hands tell no lies, they reveal character more than any feature of the face. A beautiful form, a lovely visage, may be ruined by coarse hands. A plain, even an ugly exterior, may be rendered attractive by artistic fingers and a refined thumb.

Words may dissemble, in the great game of life they may rise to the dramatic; but the nervous twitch of the hand reveals the truth. Men know this more than women.

From time immemorial men have sharpened their satire upon so-called excessive interest in attire and appearance. In the correspondence between Gambetta and his beloved, Madame Leon had complained about *des affaires de toilette*, to which he answers :

“Moi, je réserve mes émotions pour les catastrophes plus internationales.”

That is all very well, but women nowadays keep their men up to the mark, or they would degenerate into old-clothes' bags. And the papers have taken to writing long articles to tell them how many buttons



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

MAKING THE CAR TO FIT THE HAT.

they should have on their sleeves or the width of the brim of their hats.

In former days there were men who ruined their estates over satin suits and ruffles, and cut down woods to buy a waistcoat. In some old chronicles one reads of a fine gentleman spending £150—aye, and £500—on a single evening suit. We women have not written in reproach of the gay rakes who ruined their families by foppishness.

As to ourselves, why not suit our own style; and be individual; wear the colour that suits us, match the shades of our hair whenever possible, and never have anything extreme; always look smart and clean, tidy and neat, and the simplest clothes will have a *cachet* of their own, and the wearer a charm; and above all never let us buy anything because every one else has bought something like it. Just make the best of the things we have, and be independent.

How to make the best of one's person and head is a more difficult matter than how to gown and garb oneself.

“When beauty in distress appears,
An irresistless charm it bears;
In every breast does pity move,
Pity, the tenderest part of love.”

How true these words are. There is nothing more charming nor more delightful in the world than beauty. We all love to gaze on beauty, to revel in its influence, to dream over its joys and vagaries.

A beautiful woman is ever a power, a beautiful home a pleasure. A beautiful scene has its allurements; in fact, anything beautiful must ever have a charm for its beholder.

Beauty in women is at a premium to-day. The demand for beauty has probably never been higher; it is like the bank-rate—it has gone up. The older and uglier the woman the more she drops her half-guineas into the lap of the beauty-doctors. The dear old thing of seventy, whose skin is riddled with wrinkles, imagines she is going to look seventeen. The adipose lady with a goodly regiment of chins thinks straps and bands are going to get rid of her middle-aged superfluous tissue; but it is no good.

Really it seems to be an expensive luxury for an ugly woman to fight her complexion, if one is to believe all one reads in the papers. Children's faces are honestly washed with soap and water; but the moment a woman grows up her skin and her complexion are supposed to be too good for such ablutions. She is told to have foods for the skin, scents for the complexion, sprays for the eyes, oatmeals for the water, ammonia for the bath, steam kettles for "tone," and a hundred and one other things that are sold at enormous profit to the vendors.

The funny part of it is that the people who spend the most time and money on their complexions are the plainest and most displeasing. Their time is so occupied with thinking about the pose of their facial muscles that they have not time to be either natural or nice, and become nothing more than masks of vanity.

A pretty girl has an enormous advantage over her plainer sister. Her healthy, fresh young complexion, the bright lustre of her hair, largely the result of brushing, at once attracts, whether on the river, the moor, or in the ball-room. She gets a good start, and is off in the gallop of success before her plainer

rival gets beyond the bar; but Providence is wise in its dispensations, and in nine cases out of ten the plainer girl wins the race. She may not get so many partners, but she is the first to get a husband, because she has greater charm, prettier ways, and is generally less selfish and less conceited.

Cheer up, ye ugly ducklings! You can soon surpass the Beauty if you only take the trouble to look pleasant, and do nice little things, be thoughtful for others, keep your body in good trim, educate your mind, and dress in good taste.

Youth is always more or less beautiful. There is a magnetism about it, the very fact of its being so young, and so fresh, gives it a certain beauty of its own. Then comes the mellowness of experience.

The standards of beauty are merely a matter of climate.

Why is it always so difficult to attain moderation in things? Why must people always be too fat or too thin, too old or too young? Why must every one try to wear the same kind of clothes, whether they are short or tall, thin or stout? Why, oh, why cannot we be individual?

Grown men adore a beautiful figure, a womanly figure, while boys admire will-o'-the-wisps; and yet a beautiful figure is hard to describe so as to please all critics. A beautiful figure is one that is in absolute proportion. A little woman should be small and neat and piquant in everything. A tall woman should carry herself well, hold her head erect, and her back straight.

Chest exercises, dancing, deportment, and drill help to make women round in body and straight in gait, both of which a perfect woman should be.

"I have gone down two inches in four months," exclaimed a buxom dame, at dinner, during the slim craze. At once those in her vicinity pricked up their ears and wanted to know how it was done; so the whole table listened eagerly to the minutest details for the disbursement of adipose tissue.

No one is ever satisfied; the fair want to be dark, the dark fair, the thin to be fat, and the fat thin; but while a few women are too thin, and are suffering from overwrought nerves, requiring them to be periodically shut up for a rest-cure, by far the larger number are struggling to get thin. Their desire probably originates in the fact that all clothes are designed for thin women, and soon stout females will be as obsolete as old ladies and bonnets.

We really must try and be content to remain something like Nature made us.

Fashion is always beautiful—at least fashion says so, and slaves obey.

Fashion, forsooth! In 1830 plump women were admired, the dresses measured about twenty-one feet round the hem. In 1913 twenty-one inches sufficed, and that was not enough room for two human feet to hobble in. Grave accidents occurred. But fashion had decreed twenty-one inches, and twenty-one inches they remained, and skirts had to be slit up to allow women to move at all. In the days of the slim craze women starved themselves and suffered every possible inconvenience to be in the fashion. They were on wires, and the more closely they resembled a telegraph-pole the better they were pleased. Fashion is often outrageous, and the more so it is the more it advertises itself, and helps the dressmakers and tailors to build up fortunes.

A certain well-known hostess gave a magnificent dinner one winter night in London.

Twenty-three guests were assembled in the drawing-room. The door opened. The twenty-fourth was announced. The hostess, being at the other end of the room, ran across the parquet floor to greet him. She ran; she tottered; she fell. And the beautiful lady, in the beautiful black velvet gown, lay prone upon her face on the floor, her diamond tiara over one ear.

The guest rushed to pick her up; the host ran forward to help her, and, as she rose, husband-like exclaimed :

“My dear, that thing on your head is all crooked.”

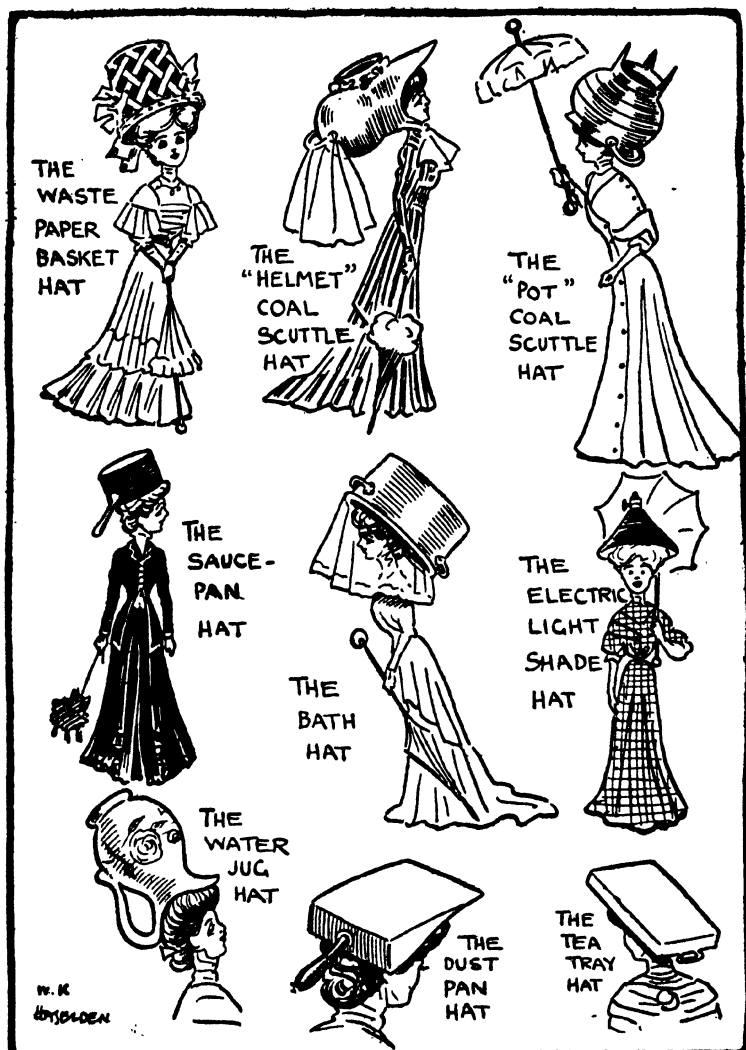
She smiled, went to the mirror to rearrange the tiara, while she laughingly explained that the dress had only arrived from Paris that day, and she “had not yet learnt its limitations”. Delicious, wasn’t it ?

We really ought never to be photographed. Our dress, our hair, our very expression changes with *la mode*, and we are utterly unrecognisable a few years later.

Well, well, it’s good for trade, good for the comic artists, and amusing to ourselves. The fashions give us something to think about, and provide the shops with something to sell.

Whatever is big one year is small the next. Bunched hips and tiny footway are followed by tight hips and voluminous skirts. This is not so strange as it seems, for therein lies the tailor’s and the dressmaker’s profit. Last year’s gowns become so terribly out-of-date.

Women with real minds soar above that sort of thing, and never go in for extremes of any sort. They express themselves in their wearing apparel, and do not represent merely the freaks of fashion.



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

UTILITY MADE FASHIONABLE.

It is so worrying, this constant change of cut, and size, and shape, at least to some of us. We know that one year it takes sixteen yards of material to make a dress, and the next it is over-burdened with six.

One year we turn saucepans upside down on our heads, wear them crooked, and expose nothing but one eye and a chin ; the next year our hats are a yard and a half round, and no umbrella will cover them, and no taxi-cab admit them through the door.

But they are all lovely, says the World, "because they are *so* fashionable."

We women are perfect sheep as regards fashions. Nine in every ten think that whatever is the fashion is right. With the most dairy-maidish faces, the most cheekily up-turned noses, they dress their hair in classical braids if it is the mode. With high cheekbones and full buxom faces, they puff their hair out two or three inches on both sides, if the hairdressers tell them it is the fashion. They look like full moons. They are entirely out of proportion ; but they are satisfied.

Queen Alexandra is probably the wisest woman in England in this matter. She has discovered a style that suits her, and she keeps to it. For thirty or forty years she has dressed her hair in the same way. She never exaggerates her clothes, only adapting them just sufficiently to the requirements of modern fashion not to be conspicuous ; she has always been the best dressed, and at the same time the most quietly dressed, woman in Britain. Would there were more like her.

The year 1913 is dead, and the slim craze has gone with it, which ordained that women should go about almost naked, for women uncovered almost everything

except their ears. Being afraid of fat ankles, they wore stockings full of perforations, of cobweb gauze. Evening shoes were worn out of doors, as lighter and thinner. Skirts were slit up so as to evade the weight of a few ounces more material, necks were slit down nearly to the waist for the same cause, especially on very fat or very thin females. Sleeves were tight, skirts were tighter. The hair was plastered down to the shape of the head, and the hats were plastered down on the top of the cranium.

We are expanding again in 1914. Utterly useless bags of material hang from the hips and round the knees. Pouches are protruding, and in a few months the four-quarter-yard skirt will be four yards round, and then four times four. On we go. All beautiful—so fashion decrees.

The slim craze has passed. Starvation is over. Thinning drugs have had their day. Now for fat beauties, more material, and globules to increase bulk. Women will at last have a chance of retaining the shape God made them.

One year women stick out behind, the next year they project in front. One year they are fat above, the next year they are bunched below. One year the sleeves contain as much material as suffices for a whole skirt at a later date, and another year the sleeves are so short and so tight the arms and hands become beetroot colour.

To be well dressed in the evening, a woman must be under-dressed, that is to say, *décolletée*. Americans, with all their smartness—and certainly they do know how to dress—have not yet succeeded in making high evening gowns as attractive as day ones; a good neck is worth all the jewellery imaginable.

Women who spend £3,000 a year on their clothes spend thirteen of the working hours of the day thinking about them. No wonder the Pope in Rome and the Biennial Convention of Women's Clubs (with a million members) in America, have raised a protest against extravagance and modern style of dress. These extravagant women go to bed in satin and lace, wash in perfumes, reek of scents, sip anti-pyrine or bromide, carmine their lips, white-wash their faces, and pick up powder-puffs or rouged hare's-feet in public restaurants, where they paint themselves regardless of microbes and skin diseases.

There are others who, on the contrary, seem tumbling to pieces from neglect. Both are dirty, distasteful—nay, repulsive.

The habit of getting into a bad habit is a very serious habit, and to be avoided.

Rich women are not only extravagant, but they are seldom thoughtful. Look at the way they run up bills at the dressmaker's or hat-shop, and keep the proprietor waiting for months or years to settle their accounts. This leads to the exorbitant price of clothes, for which, again, the poorer woman, who wisely pays ready money, has to suffer. It always seems to me that all bills paid on delivery should have 5 per cent. deducted, and bills not paid in three months should have 10 per cent. added on. That would bring a far more rational system of trading, and not let the ready-money customers suffer for the delinquencies of the long-deferred-payment folk. Sales are as attractive to many women as music-halls are to men. The first temptation comes twice a year, the second every night.

Yes, want of thoughtfulness is a disease of the very

rich. Open-handedness is a weakness of the poor. The one class gives less than it can afford, and the other gives more.

Generosity does not necessarily mean the distribution of gold. It means the constant thought for those less fortunate than ourselves. The handing of boy's or girl's clothes to the friend who has smaller children; the gift of a gown or coat to a less fortunate sister; a book, or a box of cigars to a man friend; a holiday without any expense to those to whom a holiday is of real value; an invitation to the Riviera to a girl who has never been across the Channel, and whose father is a clergyman and too poor to take her, or even send her; a doctor's fee carefully arranged, "You must see my own doctor, just to please me," being the excuse. All these sort of things are generosity—even a chest of tea to the small household at Christmas, or an evening at the pantomime with the children, and all expenses tactfully paid. All these things cost a rich woman little beyond time, and yet they give an untold amount of pleasure to the recipient.

The loan of a motor for an afternoon is an inestimable boon to a woman with a large circle of friends, who has no means of getting about excepting by a 'bus, and yet how seldom is a carriage offered, or a friend given even a drive, judging by the army of solitary women who drive about London week after week and month after month.

Little kindnesses count for much, but the truest charity is given in lumps, anonymously, to put people on their feet, so that they may count on so many pounds or shillings a week, instead of living in dire anxiety, and having continuously to say "Thank you," or being given a grand dinner when they would rather

have a boiled egg and the sovereign their dinner costs. Grand dinners require smart frocks, and are a mockery to many women in this world. Taxis, clothes, gloves and shoes cost far more than it is worth to them, and yet they have to say "Thank you" whether they go or not. A gift without humiliation or hurt pride is worth twice its value to its recipient.

An annuity of £100 a year to any poor gentleman or woman is a real true God-send. It does not ruin a millionaire (who just as often as not has no children), and it means peace. Yet how many men who have made money think of their old friends who have been less lucky.

Women, who spend wildly on dress, seldom remember to hand over their superfluity of clothes to less well endowed but often better-born sisters.

One need not necessarily possess an enormous wardrobe to look nice. As already pointed out, much may be done by forethought and care, and the thousand little devices to change the appearance of her costume that the clever woman has always at her command. Look carefully to make sure that you do not too often appear at the same house with the same attire. To the woman who visits a good deal a dress-book is a useful friend. Most of us have two or three evening dresses in use at the same time, and when invited to a large house feel inclined to put on our smartest frock with the latest Paris tail; or, when asked to a smaller establishment, to wear our simpler gown. Such being the natural inclination, one might wear the same dress over and over again at the same house; whereas, with the aid of a penny note-book, it is possible to head pages *red silk*, *white satin*, *black net*, or *jet*, and so on; and,

under the description of the dress, enter the name of the people at whose house it has been worn. Instead, therefore, of wearing the same black net again at Mr. Smith's, on finding that it had already been donned at that house, one may wear the white satin, and so ring the changes.

Now for a word on Madam's waiting-woman, the Abigail of old-fashioned plays, who to-day encourages her mistress to be extravagant.

"Oh, my dear, I can't possibly do my own hair," a woman exclaimed to me lately. "Besides, I don't think I could get through the day but for the quiet hour's rest and read, while Marie does my head. She always knows the very latest thing."

Think and ponder it over.

Ladies with maids are generally the worst dressed. They resemble furniture emporiums; that is to say, they are all turned out exactly alike, without any individuality whatever. They are what the maid and the dressmaker decree they shall be.

Monotony is deplorable. How sick we get of salmon and lamb, peas and strawberries, in London during the season. If we lunch out we invariably get them. If we dine out we get them again, and we end by hating the sight of them.

So it is with women. We meet the same types, see the same style of coiffures and the same class of clothes hour after hour, and day after day, and naturally we weary of them. They look as if they had all been turned out of one sausage machine.

Individuality of attire has a great charm.

Some husbands are delightful about their wives' clothes. They love them to look nice and encourage them to buy pretty things. One of them wrote the

following lines, in which the last two are like the proverbial postscript, in that they contain the pith of the whole epistle.

“It is not that you’re fond of dress,
Dearest, that I at all complain.
I would not have that fondness less,
I like, I wish you to be vain,
So that your charms may heightened be,
By every means I do implore,
But don’t forget the puddings, dear,
And you’ll make me love you more and more.”

Dear selfish old Pepys writes in his diary somewhere that he thinks it time for his wife and himself to replenish their wardrobes. So accordingly he gives her £12 to spend, and calmly appropriates £55 for himself.



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A WELSH PEASANT WOMAN.

CHAPTER XI

THREE FEMALE PESTS—DRINK, DRUGS, AND LUGGAGE

ALAS—women are not immaculate. They sometimes succumb to temptation, like the sterner sex. And although they far less often forget their position, their dignity, and themselves, when a woman once allows her weakness to conquer her she seems to lose all power of regaining her feet. There are fewer, far fewer, bad women than bad men; but when a woman is bad there is no holding her. She will stoop to any vice, she will plot and intrigue in an utterly reckless fashion, and, having lost her own self-respect, will sink to any depths.

Rumour has it that ladies of birth, position, and education are not unknown to drink. It is a horrible word to write, it is a horrible idea to think, that a woman, who has so much power and influence for good, in whose hands the modelling of the world and the virtues of men lie to a great extent, should degrade herself and forget herself so completely as to lose her natural charm and wit in the low depths and offensive imbecility of alcohol.

But yet a grade higher than the habitual drunkard—who exists, alas, as a disgrace to her sex—are a set of women who shrink at the word “drink,” and whose little peccadilloes and follies they themselves cheerfully class in a different category altogether, for as

yet they have not realised that they are treading on dangerous paths and stepping along roads which may lead to mental destruction.

The latest craze in Paris is cocaine, and, according to a *Medical Journal*, cocaine inebriety is largely on the increase. We shudder at the man or woman who gets drunk on spirits; we shrink away from the opium-smoker; we stand aside aghast at the dithering imbecility and subsequent madness that arise from the opium or Kiff pipe; but as yet we have not realised the grave folly of chloral drinking, morphia injecting, or cocaine sipping, to look upon them with sufficient repugnance—and yet they may become quite as detrimental as drinking.

The pleasure, once indulged, weaves a mesh round the victim which drags her steadily down. She feels the want of a stimulant, and, as dram drinking does no apparent harm at first, she commences a pernicious habit which leads her to destruction.

Of course, there are cases where it is absolutely necessary to take something of the kind. For instance, the wife of a well-known baronet nursed her husband through a long and trying illness; the strain upon her nerves became so great that sleep entirely deserted her, and the doctor advised, as it was necessary for her to keep up her strength as much as possible, that she should take small doses of veronal at night and so court sleep. Weeks went by, and by the aid of the drug she obtained the rest necessary. Her husband died. She was ill, worn out with anxiety and nursing, and utterly unstrung. She went off to the seaside to recruit. She arrived at a friend's house exclaiming, "I have taken veronal every night for some weeks as a necessity; but, coming down

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here to-day in the train, I have formed a firm resolve that a temporary necessity shall not become a confirmed habit, and although the bottle is in my trunk I shall not touch it from to-day."

The next morning her friend asked her how she had slept: "Hardly at all," she answered, "I heard hour after hour strike. I was so tempted to take the drug that once the craving became so strong I actually got out of bed and struck a match; and then my better resolve conquered and I kept my self-made promise."

Her description of the craving was terrible to hear; but, as days went by, she was able each morning to report that she had slept a little better, until at the end of a fortnight all desire for veronal had passed away, and this brave woman had battled with the fiend sufficiently and had reaped her reward in restful nights. But, alas, everybody is not so strong-minded, and many women who begin such things in fun, or to soothe them in a life far too busy about nothing and too excited with amusement for their mental and bodily capacities, end in disaster.

A girl—for although a married woman she was only five-and-twenty—lately began, as a silly joke, inoculations with morphia. The love of the dram grew apace. She was never without that hypodermic syringe, and even when talking to a friend would jump up and say, "Excuse me, I am feeling so low, I must take some morphia." Whereupon she bared her arm and plunged the needle below the skin. This morphia at last became a curse, and as she had practically lost her self-control through its indulgence, she was sent with a strong mental nurse round the world in a sailing-ship. The result

of all these overdoses left a deranged mind, and a very common phase—a suicidal tendency. It was an awful voyage; but her attendant was happily a woman of great determination. The patient fought against herself; she suffered mental tortures, but she was so ably helped by her kind nurse, so cheered in her depression and soothed in her wilder moments, that she ultimately recovered, and has now returned comparatively well to take her place amongst her family.

A grave aspect of cases of this kind is now growing common in Paris. It has actually become the fashion for ladies to have afternoon tea-parties to take cocaine, which is nothing more nor less than inebriety.

These dram-drinking fashions are deplorable. No wonder Max Nordau speaks of the deterioration of the day, and this is one of its most repugnant phases—which cannot be too strongly fought against. If we find that we are so mentally exhausted and harassed that we have a longing for stimulants, it is quite easy, and far preferable, to find the cure for overwrought nerves, not in the stimulant or drug, but in easing our toils and seeking an hour's rest in the afternoon. A man despises a woman who drinks, and rightly; and a woman ought to despise herself yet more for succumbing to dram or alcoholism, and thereby losing her power over her own will and life.

Silent drinking and secret drugging are terrible scourges; both tricks are so easy to acquire, and so difficult to throw off.

“The greatest curse of the suburbs is drink,” remarked a well-known general practitioner living not far from London. “These grocers’ licences are responsible for more demoralisation than anything I know.”

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Such was the speech of a man in a large practice in a fashionable suburb only a few miles from the Marble Arch.

"I see it every day of my life," he continued. "The husbands are off to town in the morning, and the women, having completed their household duties, with no particular object in hand for the rest of the day, settle themselves down with a bottle of port wine, sherry, whisky, or gin, that has come in from the grocer's with the other things that were ordered. I don't say they get drunk—it would be very much better if they did, for that would be found out, and might be stopped; but a certain class of housewife is continually having "nips." In herself she is a highly respectable, domesticated woman, the sort of woman who would not dream of entering a public-house, yet who not only does not mind ordering spirits from the grocer, but will even, when occasion arises, bring home the seductive bottle under her cloak or in her muff. No one has the smallest idea of the amount of harm done by this kind of nipping, except the general practitioner, who is constantly face to face with its dangers."

That was awakening number one.

Entering a small shop where cakes were sold, not ten minutes' walk from Oxford Circus, I saw decanters of port and sherry standing on a side-table. While waiting for the biscuits to be done up in this quiet little shop, I asked the woman who was serving if she sold much wine.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, lots," she replied.

"Does it pay you to have a licence, then?"

"Why, certainly; we do a good trade in that sort of thing. You see, this is a quiet shop, not like

a big restaurant, and ladies do not mind coming in here for a glass or two."

"A glass or two" took my breath away.

"Do your customers come and buy cakes, and then have a glass of port?"

"Oh, dear, no," she replied. "They come in and settle themselves down at one of those side-tables, and drink two or three glasses of wine without thinking of taking anything to eat."

Here was revelation number two.

"And I have another lady," she continued, "who often comes in here in the morning, about 12.30, when she has done her shopping, and has a small bottle of champagne to herself."

"You don't mean to say that any woman venturing to call herself a lady could drink half a bottle of champagne alone, without anything to eat, at half-past twelve in the morning?"

"I do," she said, "for she has done it time after time. That is the sort of lady who is a teetotaler at home."

"But from what you say one would imagine drink to be on the increase among women."

"It is, ma'am; at least, it is in our shop, and really nice ladies they are too, some of them. And I have had others come in here drunk before now and have had to refuse to serve them."

Is not such a remark enough to make the blood of every respectable woman in the land run cold?

A third instance is the case of a well-known woman, a woman whose name at one time was on every one's tongue, but whose work gradually ceased to attract, for Namow lose their charm, whether as painters, singers, writers, or actors, as years go on. This woman,

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once at the top of her profession, took to borrowing money from her friends. She said her work no longer sold, she could not keep pace with the modern dialogue style of writing; her hand had lost its cunning, her eye its clearness, and, consequently, she found it difficult to make both ends meet with her decreased income.

One day she was taken ill. The servant thought she had a fit of an alarming nature, apoplexy or paralysis, and at once sent for the nearest doctor. He arrived; he shook his head. The patient was lying insensible before him, her face flushed, her eyes staring from her head like those of a wild animal.

"This is a case of drink," he said. "This lady is suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, and she may not recover."

She did recover, and had to submit to the humiliation of knowing that she had been found out.

Another woman, the wife of an eminent man in the world of London, grew untidy, one might almost say dirty. She, who had once been smart and handsome, well dressed and well groomed, grew slovenly in her ways, strange in her manner, unkempt in her dress, and she deteriorated to such an extent that her friends hardly recognised her.

Why? Her intimate friends soon discovered the cause. She had taken to morphia.

The home had become no home, either to husband or children. Misery, degradation, and weakened intellect had taken hold of the mother. Morphia, once begun, holds its victims with the grip of a devil. Down, down, down she went. The strength of mind to cure oneself, or an inebriate home, are the only possible endings, unless, as often happens, the lunatic

asylum claims its victim. Probably, if intemperance were eradicated, our prisons would find no inmates, for nearly all convictions are the outcome of drink.

Could anything be more horrible than the four instances given above, all true cases. That fatal first glass, that fatal first dose, silently taken on the sly, mean inevitable ruin, bringing destruction to the home and misery to every one connected with the victim.

Luggage. The very word sends a shiver through my frame. It recalls so many horrors and such ardent longings to be a dog or a cat. Then one suit of clothing would suffice summer and winter, wet or fine, and one would always be suitably dressed.

Luggage. Why, luggage is a perfect affliction, and yet one cannot possibly do without it, and to try merely spells discomfort, unsuitability of attire, a bad cold from want of sufficient clothing, or a fever from too much. It is a necessary evil, and one from which we all suffer.

I think I may say I have travelled more than most people, and I am sure I may say under less conventional circumstances—astride a pack-pony in Iceland, on snow-shoes or toboggans in Norway, in a rough cart in Finland, an ice-boat in Holland, a private car and train in Mexico, on foot in Sicily, with a knapsack through the Tyrol, or on an Arab horse in Morocco. Up in a balloon, or down coal, gold, silver, or salt mines; from a mountainous Atlantic liner to an open boat in the tropics with only a deck to lie upon, I've tried them all, and the one everlasting trouble has been the luggage. Food of a kind is generally procurable; it may only

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be black bread, while milk or coffee, an egg or fruit, can generally be found, but a tooth-brush or a pair of shoes must accompany the traveller if there is to be any happiness *en route*.

Of course, I have lost luggage and had nothing but what I stood up in, but that was accidental misery. The least paraphernalia I have ever had *mit wille*, as the Germans say, was a night-dress bag. It was in this way. We were coming by the great canal from Stockholm to Gothenburg and suddenly discovered on the three-days' trip that we could alight at some famous waterfall, pass the night, and pick the steamer up again further on.

"Let us do it," exclaimed my sister, as we pulled up at the pier. There was no time to pack and bother with dressing-bags, so, seizing nightdress-cases with their contents, bundling sponges and hair-brushes on top, we tucked our bundles under our arms and fled ashore.

We were mightily pleased with ourselves, delighted at the rapidity of decision and the practicability of our possessions. But we had reckoned without our host—no, without our luggage. The manageress, seeing we had no luggage—that voucher for respectability—refused to take us in. The boat had gone. There was nowhere else to stay, and her hums and haws that the hotel was full sounded like a death-knell in our ears. Happy thought. She mentioned, "No luggage." We opened our bags and displayed ivory-backed brushes, as we assured her we had come in a hurry. She beamed; the ivory brushes had done the trick, and the best rooms in the house were at our disposal.

One remembrance brings another. Once in Mexico,

riding with a guard of forty soldiers, and twenty-two mounted gentlemen, when I was the only female in a riding party of sixty-three, we arrived at a fine sugar hacienda to spend the night.

The Governor of a State larger than England was our escort, and, knowing we were going to stop at this magnificent property and that I must discard a divided riding-skirt and straw sombrero, I had taken a light thin silk dress to wear for dinner so as to appear as a civilised human being.

Now it so happened that I had been given sweets and flowers on leaving Mexico city, and some of the chocolates were still in my little box which had been swung all day across a mule's back on our forty-five miles ride.

It was very hot, and I was very tired as I proceeded to unpack (even the cold bath had been tepid), and I put my hand down to unearth that one and only dress which was to make me look a "lady."

Into something hot and sticky plunged my fingers, something weird and glutinous. Quickly I withdrew them, fearing a snake or some other living horror. Not a bit of it. It was the chocolates. They had once been chocolate creams, but had melted in their cardboard box under the penetrating heat of the sun's rays, had found their sticky way out of the box, and cream and chocolate combined had flowed in a pretty little river all over my one and only dress.

Who could make a smart appearance or a good impression in a flowered silk besmeared with a pound of hot, gurgling chocolate creams? It was a chocolate tragedy.

Of course our baggage system in Britain is a disgrace. It is a sort of "go-as-you-please" and "take-

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what-you-like" affair. The marvel of it is that we ever find our belongings at all. The American check system is ideal—when it works—but I have a lively recollection of arriving from New York in Chicago after an eighteen hours' journey of a thousand miles, the quickest and most expensive long journey in the world, giving my checks to the baggage-man with two dollars, and extracting a promise that the trunks should be delivered quickly, as I knew my friends had a dinner-party that night.

From four in the afternoon until eleven the next day I waited for my belongings, and had to go to the dinner-party in tweed skirt and blouse, collar and cuffs, that I had travelled in for a thousand miles. When it works the American system is excellent, but disgraceful delays in delivery are by no means uncommon.

I have been soaked to the skin before now, having been economical for some reason in the amount of luggage I had taken, and have had to lie in bed until my things were dry. Mighty inconvenient.

Luggage is generally a bane, but it is a greater trial still to be without it, and, as for Saturday-to-Monday visits, if one really wants to be comfortable, one requires as much luggage as for a week's visit, especially in England, where the vagaries of our climate (probably the best in the world if we take it all round) necessitate thick and thin garments of every description from the soles of our feet to the crowns of our heads.

Why, oh why, cannot we just shake ourselves like the dogs, and be ready for any emergency?

CHAPTER XII

ENTERTAINING AND SNOBBERY

PEOPLE who are always seeking amusement are invariably bored to tears themselves, and boring beyond words to others. Any wealthy vulgarians can make a restaurant of their own homes, and people will come and feed. But it requires talent and refinement to fill a *salon*. To be a good host and hostess seems a difficult matter, judging by the rarity of such folk. Hostesses are apparently born, not made, and it takes generations to make a really good hostess; newly acquired bullion is seldom successful.

Some of the people in society drop their g's at the end of a word from affectation, and others drop their h's at the beginning because they don't know any better.

London society is ruled by the purses of men and women unknown beyond their own doorstep a quarter of a century ago—aye, ten years, oftentimes. Indeed, it is true to-day that there is a "smart set" who make gentlefolk smart sorely. Just as some people's presence makes us feel good, talk good, be good; others make us feel bad, talk bad, be bad.

The very sight of some people makes us untrue to ourselves, our thoughts, our aims. These are so often the monied vulgarians. They had no distinguished ancestors, even sneered at the idea of such useless



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

SUCCESSFUL PARTIES—FROM THE HOSTESS'S POINT OF VIEW.

baubles; but, once having risen financially, they would give half their money to possess such a heritage. Every one who is any one is forced to sell his ancestors' homes and portraits nowadays, through impoverished land and exorbitant death-duties and taxes, and those who have not any pictorial forbears or properties buy them eagerly, and appropriate them unto themselves, even assuming the names of the newly bought old estates. Money and push will accomplish most things.

Mazzini rhapsodised about democracy :

"I have often wondered why most of the men who have made fortunes are so common. The millionaire is often a *parvenu*. Why? Because to really get on, to be successful, we must push and shove and be eminently materialistic—sentiment is impossible in business. Regard for another's feelings is impossible also; consequently the *real gentleman* is always pushed aside, and the vulgarian marches over him roughshod. Once the vulgarian has attained wealth, he would willingly give half of it to become familiar with us, and learn the most difficult of all arts, viz., how to be a gentleman."

Dinners and balls are the chief means of lavish entertaining, and London balls are often ridiculous.

Surely every working youth and every sensible girl should be in bed by one o'clock, that is, if they want to start a normal day. The London ball is an iniquity. It begins about eleven o'clock at night, and ends at four or five in the morning. What is the result? Young men won't go. The only possible way to get them is to bribe them with a dinner first, and take them on as a penalty afterwards. All decent young

men have jobs, or are working for exams., and how are these young men to dance nightly till 5 a.m., and be up for their work two hours later ?

All wise girls know that six hours of a heated ball-room has its attractions, but late hours are mighty bad for looks.

And mothers—ah, poor things, what a life they have of it. Night after night they sit up right through the small hours, only to go home with the milkman.

The whole thing is absurd. If the dances began at nine sharp, and ended on the stroke of one, every one would have a good time. The really working, desirable young men would love to go, they would dance hard, and there would be no lack of partners. The girls would not be worn out by the end of the London season, and the mothers would enjoy themselves, instead of being bored and wearied, and made ill by their unnatural life, which disturbs the whole organisation of their households. Fathers rarely take their share of the suffering, and yet every second or third night they might do watch-dog, and let the poor weary wife get to bed at a reasonable hour. But no, the balls go on, season after season, struggling to attract unemployed, slack young men, wearing out chaperones, and taking the fresh bloom from the cheeks of the maidens.

Many men expect to be everlastingly fed. It is a real treat to meet a disinterested, hospitable single man—a man who asks a woman to dinner, to tea, or a picture-gallery, according to his means.

With men it is so often *take*, not *give*. And yet the average young man is better off than the average young women ; but he spends on taxis while she

economises in 'buses, so as to have a few shillings over to entertain her friends.

Every one lives in every one else's house nowadays. The snobbish rich luxuriate in the homes of the aristocratic poor, while the aristocratic poor curl themselves up in the abandoned shanties of the self-made.

The poor want to be rich.

The rich want seats in the House of Lords.

The simple want to be great.

The great know the futility of fame.

It is a world of struggle and discontent.

And people are far too fond of making "piecrust" promises. They promise to send an address and forget. They promise to find out something about a locality or a house. They forget.

They promise to introduce two people whose acquaintanceship is of value to one another. They forget.

Surely it is kinder to promise nothing and do much. To offer little and accomplish more.

Or again :

B. wants votes for a very deserving case.

A. promises with enthusiasm to get them.

B. relies on the promise and renders thanks.

A. forgets and nurses the happy contentment of having done something kind !!

Two friends meet.

"Delighted to see you ; you must come to dinner one night," says A.

"With pleasure," answers B.

"I'll write and fix a night ; it will be so charming to have a chat," etc., etc., emphasises A.

"Thank you so much," responds B.

They shake hands and part, after all the gush from the one, and the gratitude from the other.

A. forgets.

B. never hears any more about it.

Dishonesty again. A. claimed thanks for proffered hospitality she never meant to fulfil.

Never get out of any engagement, either work or pleasure, unless the cause is quite insurmountable. Never fail your hostess at a dinner-party because of a headache, or omit to be at business at the appointed time because some one "persuaded" you to stay away another day.

Never offer to do anything unless you intend to do it. It is dishonest snobbery to do so.

Never sell out capital, but steadily add something to it every year, however little that may be.

Never buy things you can do without.

Never omit a note or flowers to a sick or bereaved friend whom you value.

Flowers! Oh! the joy of smell and colour that wafts before our senses. Flowers—embodiment of so much beauty, and reminiscent of so many joys and pains. Abundance of flowers means real happiness. And life without them is comfortless and lone. Flowers bring a kind of friendly, sympathetic something in their van.

Flowers, like sweet thoughts, blossom and fade; but the world is happier for their birth.

Yet how often people who have lovely country houses never bring a flower inside their portal. They have gardens a long way off, hot-houses quite a distant walk from the front door. Instead of being able to step from a dining-room into a conservatory, or from a drawing-room into an enchanted garden of

blooms, there are no windows to the ground, no creepers on the walls peeping in at the panes, no flowers anywhere.

The greatest pleasures of the country, to my mind, are flowers that one may pick—I say *may*, because some folk are such slaves to their gardeners that they dare not pick a bloom. Yet the more one picks the more they grow.

It seems so strange that in the great Roman Catholic cathedrals abroad, altars costing thousands of pounds should be decorated with the commonest paper flowers. Costly marbles, magnificent mosaics, and wondrous brass-work are spoilt by flaring litters of pink, flannel-coloured paper, or white tissue. There seems to be a terrible lack of taste in all this, just as terrible as artificial flowers or bead decorations on a tombstone.

In a little out-of-the-way chapel at St. Michael's, Azores the floor was covered with pine-needles, and scattered amongst them were beautiful scarlet and white camellias, evidently the fallen blossom that the children had collected and strewn there, sooner than have them waste their sweetness. They made a singularly beautiful and unique carpet.

Flowers are a joy. And flowers are given in America on every occasion except a divorce.

American Beauty roses, with their long stalks—sometimes five or six feet, with a single bloom on the top—and their capacity for keeping many days in water, make them a constant and ever-acceptable gift. No one has time in America to bother much about daily flowers in the houses, because the American servants are so few and so bad ; consequently outside New York, where they are beautiful, flowers are not general.

Such a thing as a pretty creeper-covered cottage, with its porch of clustering roses, is unknown, and those eternal hideous frame-houses, without even a bit of ivy, take their place. Even delightful hedges such as ours, with all their wealth of dog-roses, brambles, and honeysuckle, are unknown.

In France and Germany flowers only decorate the dinner-tables of the rich—a vase with a plant in it is the most the people of the land rise to. Flowers are dear, people are busy, and the love of sweet blossoms is little fostered outside Paris, where the flower-shops with their gorgeous satin bows are a dream.

The smart little flower-girls, with neat frocks and well-dressed hair, at Biarritz or Nice, sell their wares chiefly to English visitors, who are the real lovers and worshippers of the goddess Flora. The ancient and huge specimens of womanhood called “flower-girls” in London dispense beautiful blooms at odd corners.

Wild flowers are often as beautiful as the cultivated ones, and the wild grasses are far more lovely. Old man’s beard, common brambles in their autumn tints, mountain-ash berries, bell-heather, or scarlet hips and haws, all make charming decorations, although too often neglected as such.

Flowers are a joy to the scent, a pleasure to the eye, and a flowery house speaks of refinement, love, and care far more valuable than even the blossoms themselves; but cheap, common, artificial flowers give positive pain.

Entertaining and snobbery often go hand in hand. Too much for dinner, too many flowers on the table,

too expensive wines and cigars, everything over-lavish and over-done is snobbery, and an abuse of the word "hospitality." The more simple the home, and the means, the more real the hospitality proffered.

It is extravagant snobbery to buy a hat if you can trim one. It is snobbery to pretend to be too busy to answer invitations by return of post.

It is thoughtless to forget to lend your Sandown passes, or your opera-box, when you are not using them, or to offer a lift to any one without a car; but do it hospitably and not snobbishly.

Never forget to think for others—and think ahead.

Never lose a friend. Always seek an explanation, or apologise yourself, when anything has gone wrong. Only well-bred people know how to apologise honestly, or pay a call prettily.

There is a great wail that men don't even take the trouble to call nowadays, that they merely enter a house for a meal, and that they don't know what courtesy and friendship mean; but things are not really quite so bad as that.

This question of calling, sometimes derided by the thoughtless, is inseparably bound up with entertainment in the better sense. It will be a sad day when the custom dies out. It will mean we shall either have no friends at all, or only those friends we can count on by bribery or payment—in other words, by the offer of a meal.

Every one is not a millionaire. Every young married couple cannot afford to give a luncheon or a dinner; but every one—yes, even the chauffeur and the gardener—can afford to offer a cup of tea.

When men or women call they pay their hostess a real compliment. They go to her uninvited, un-

bribed; in fact, they go for the pleasure of seeing her and renewing her acquaintance. An afternoon call is a compliment to a woman.

The acceptance of an invitation where food is offered is quite the other way round; the compliment then comes from the hostess, and not from the guest, as in the case of an afternoon visit.

"I hate strangers," exclaims some man.

Of course he does. We all do, but if we do not meet strangers how are we ever to make acquaintances, and without acquaintances how are we ever to find friends? As we grow older the facility to make new ties, new friendships, and new sympathies lessens, and if we do not add continually to our list it gradually dwindles year by year, through death or other causes, until there comes a day when we stand alone in the world, without a single friend to care whether we live or die.

Suddenly we may awake to find our charms impaired, our capacity of attracting at a discount. Our money or our position may gather friends of a kind, but such fair-weather companions are not worth having.

The impecunious boys and girls who enjoy friendships for life make their companionship on their own merits, and these are the friendships that count. Alas, we all know people who rail at life and the want of love and friendship, and do not seem to realise that in a large measure they have brought the sense of desolation upon themselves.

"The children are growing up, and I don't know any one to amuse them," is another constant remark.

Why do not the parents know any one? Simply because their lives have been so selfish they have

just done exactly what they wanted themselves, and never troubled themselves to make new friends, or even to keep the old ones. The result has been that, after a few years, they have dropped out by the wayside, and these people discover, when it is too late, that they cannot offer their boys and girls amusement at home, and are surprised if those boys and girls go off to seek it elsewhere.

"Life is too short to call," some one exclaims. Life is nothing of the kind. Life is rarely too short to accomplish what we really want to do; but its brevity is an excuse to cover our laziness and our sins. The people who have nothing to do never find time to do anything of value for any one; but the really busy people in this, as in everything, bring so much order and method into their lives that they find time to accomplish practically everything they want.

No, the art of calling must not go out. Calling is a necessity. Young men must be encouraged to call on Sundays, and nice girls asked to meet them. We must not let our friends degenerate into mere receptacles for the food we can lay before them, or the drink we can place upon the table. They must learn to like us for ourselves, and be ready to pay us the compliment of calling upon us without such bribes.

Calling is a social convention, inconvenient at times, but a requirement in the wheel of life. If we never see people we become shy, egotistical, over-bearing, and sour. Meeting our fellow-beings rubs off the rough edges, and continually shows us how deficient we really are ourselves. That in itself is a good thing.

It is so easy to pay calls in England. All the afternoon lies before us. In some continental countries calls have to be paid between midday and one o'clock, and special attire donned for the process ; there are occasions, for instance, when a man has to wear evening clothes. This does make visiting a little formal and irksome ; but we in England have no such excuse, and men can always run in late on week-days, or drop in on Sundays, or get on to a footing where a call after dinner and a chat over a pipe helps to pass a pleasant hour.

Courtesy is a pretty gift, and to call on a friend is a courtesy always to be encouraged by a kindly welcome and warm hand-shake.

In London the long distances certainly make it difficult to pay calls on particular days, but even they can be accomplished, and should be accomplished, at least once a year.

Again, it is tiring to toil about paying visits and finding no one at home, or to find some selfish hostess has gone out on her own particular day because she thought she could amuse herself better at a wedding or a *matinée*. A woman who tells her friends she has a day, and then steals that day for other amusement, deserves to be struck off a visiting list. She shows herself unworthy of consideration and undesirable for friendship. Unavoidable absence from home or serious illness should be the only causes to keep a lady from her drawing-room on the day she specifies that she is *At Home*.

Every woman has not a large enough circle of friends to have an " *At Home* " day every week, or even every fortnight. Then let her be *At Home* one day in every month, and, if she chooses her day by

the date, and not by the day of the week, she will give all her friends, who have days of their own, a chance of calling on her. Suppose she says "the 9th". Well, one month the 9th will fall on a Tuesday, the next on a Friday, the next on a Sunday, and so on, so that in time all her friends will find her in. Besides notifying the date on her cards, a hostess can always ask a few special friends in to tea each month on that particular date, and gradually gather quite a little coterie about her on her At Home days.

If people have once been amused by a capable hostess, with a bright smile and pleasant talk, they are ever ready to return to that hostess's side. Everything depends on her. Simple tea, cakes selected and arranged by her own hands—better still, made by herself—a clean, tidy servant, nicely trained to announce the guests and not make a noise with the cups, and the thing is an assured success.

It is only by taking a living interest in others' lives and gratefully accepting sympathy ourselves that we prevent a crust of misanthropy from growing over us, hardening year by year till it encloses our souls altogether.

Friends are among the most precious assets of life, and friends are largely made and fostered by the art of calling, by homely, friendly entertaining, in fact. How cold and dreary, how sad and cruel, our lives would be if we took no interest in any one, and no one took interest in us. Visiting is the fuel which keeps the flame of friendship kindled, and it will be a sad day for all, men, women, and children, if selfishness and laziness do away with the art of calling.

The remiss young man is, however, a reality. He is self-indulgent, has his Club *chef*, and lives like a duke



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

"PLEASE TALK"—"PLEASE DON'T": LOGIC OF HOSTESSES.

on a few hundreds a year, rarely taking the trouble to write a note to his lady friends to ask them even to a chat at a tea-shop.

There are lots of young men who can afford nothing ; from them nothing is expected.

The rich elderly bachelor is even more miserly, for when entertaining he would not feel obliged to deny himself a new tie, or a couple of cab fares. It is merely selfishness and thoughtless laziness that cause him neither to call nor invite his frequent hostesses to partake of any kind of hospitality.

Women are generally thrifty, but seldom mean.

In entertaining nowadays the burden falls on the hostess. And we should do all we can to help her by quick replies to invitations, punctuality of arrival, gratitude and some small return when possible. The husband, like a bridegroom at a wedding, is a mere adjunct at social functions. If his wife knows her duties and performs them cheerfully, even a tea-party becomes a success, and busy men clamour for admission to her house. People are quick enough to go where they know they will be amused. Often the hostess who is quite poor, and only able to give claret cup and sandwiches, has a far more successful gathering than a millionairess, with her powdered footmen, plovers' eggs and quails, and flowing champagne. Moneyed success is easier for men to obtain than women ; but all success must be paid for.

One sees this again and again in London Society. A bright, cheery woman will attract to her house, ruling therein as the queen bee does in her hive. She gradually makes a little salon. Many women, on the other hand, seem to think that when they have provided enough to eat and drink, hired a band or

arranged some other amusement, they have done all that is necessary for the social success of their party.

They have really only taken the first step.

It is no good to stand at the top of the stairs at an At Home, dressed so smartly and blazing with so many jewels that many of the guests feel uncomfortable in the presence of such a show of wealth. Besides, merely shaking hands and saying "How do do", is not enough; the hostess must manage to speak a few words to each individual guest, if possible, to get in an introduction whenever the opportunity offers; while her husband, or near relations, may likewise take some trouble inside the rooms to make people known to one another—even if it be two women—and send them to refreshments together.

Two shy women will sometimes stand side by side for an hour without opening their mouths, and be bored to death in the process; while an introduction will make them fast friends in ten minutes, and they will go home feeling they have had a successful evening, which they have thoroughly enjoyed.

A lady wished to give a dinner-party. A fortnight before, having arranged cook and waiters, etc., she sent out eighteen invitations. One whole week passed, and she had three acceptances and one refusal. Time was growing short, and she was growing impatient; so she rang up the telephones to know why her would-be guests had not answered.

"Sir W. and Lady B. were at Monte Carlo. Dr. and Mrs. A. were motoring in Spain. Lord and Lady J. were yachting at Constantinople. Sir P. and Lady C. were in Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. X. were in Canada. Lord and Lady F. were in Paris, on their way home from Sicily."

This meant that the first week had gone by without fourteen replies, and only one week remained till the night of the expected party which she had taken so much pains to organise.

Would it not be possible for people who travel like this to allow a secretary or a friend to open their letters, and give some sort of answer to these invitations, either by saying, "So-and-so is away, and, therefore, everything is being refused"; or, "As So-and-so is away, would you rather wait for their own answer, which cannot be received from Egypt for a fortnight ?"; or, if the reply came from a personal friend knowing their tastes, that personal friend might perchance accept.

Anyway, when a hostess is willing to spend her time and her money entertaining her friends, it is hardly fair for these friends to keep her on tenterhooks, while they are trotting over the globe; sometimes, indeed, invitations received are not even answered by a letter, much less a telegram, and apparently a tardy picture postcard is all that is considered necessary in reply to proffered hospitality.

No words are too strong to condemn neglected replies to invitations.



MILLCENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.
A beautiful Englishwoman who is also a worker.

CHAPTER XIII

HOSPITALITY AND FADS

HOSPITALITY is a wonderful thing. Hospitality warms many hearts and sharpens many wits by the interchange of ideas.

Hospitality is an incentive to kindness, to consideration, and to thought.

Hospitality is a thing to be encouraged in every possible way; to be given gracefully and accepted gratefully.

Hospitality is one of the greatest assets of existence—whether proffered or accepted. And hospitality is only at its best in the home, although it is better in a bun-shop than not at all, for the kindly spark is there, even if the surroundings are uncongenial.

Large entertainments given at public restaurants are all very well for the houseless, but we appreciate more simple fare in the home, however simple, than the ever-the-same dishes of fashionable restaurants, with the ever-the-same waiters handing them, and the ever-the-same company looking on.

Hotel-roaming has become a disease. People lunch at one hotel, dine, dance, and sup at others. Wild luxury, wild extravagance; wild staring at odd people one does not even know. Publicity, vulgarity, extravagance, but no homeliness, nothing really savouring of friendship and the joys and individuality of a real home, however humble that home may be.

Germany was once famous for its *Bier-reise*, or Beer-journey from place to place to drink the famous ale and listen to music in garden or cellar. London is becoming famous for hotel-roaming; people are so constantly in hotels and so little in their homes. They call entertaining their friends in bunches by this process, hospitality, but it is a far cry from the true meaning of the word "hospitality."

For a man or woman with a home to entertain in this public way merely denotes laziness. They prefer to pay a bigger bill rather than be bothered with the smaller details.

Hundreds of people are bidden to a London ball. To fill the room the chief guests bring their own parties, and the success of the thing is counted by the numbers of suppers paid for by the host. They call that entertaining. It is as much like entertaining as a theatre drop-scene is to a miniature. Real hospitality is a gem with sparkle—such entertaining is quartz with gold in it.

Individual hospitality is everything, promiscuous entertaining is nothing.

On the whole, large dinner-parties are probably the most successful; the theory of eight or ten being the ideal number is merely a theory. If the eight or ten are all really brilliant conversationalists, are thoroughly well assorted and all delighted to meet one another, then that party will be ideal. But as these circumstances seldom prevail, and many charming people are too shy to take part in general conversation, the party of eight or ten is usually a failure, while the hubbub of talk at a dinner of twenty denotes the success of that entertainment.

It has become rather the fashion of late to have

small round tables instead of one long one; where the dining-room is large three tables are often arranged. The host entertains at one, the hostess at another, and the most intimate friend or nearest relative at the third.

It is absolutely untrue that the best social folk will accept money to introduce an American or a foreigner, or a New-rich. They don't, and won't. But, alas, there are a certain number of social hangers-on with limited cash, who, rather than live a quiet life, stoop to any straits and introduce the most appalling people to their friends, and foist them into their friends' houses for so many ten-pound notes.

Ladies of title, forsooth, advertise they will "chaperone young ladies for a consideration." But what "ladies of title" they are!

People seem to smoke more every year in England, and to drink less. They also become far more vegetarian in their tastes. Gout, uric acid, and rheumatism have all to be reckoned with and submitted to.

One kills the fatted calf. It is still the fashion to do so; but is it eaten? Oh, dear no. Instead, even from the daintiest dishes the truffles and cocks'-combs are picked off, the little bit of chicken alone is consumed.

Conversation overheard at intervals during dinner :

Lady A.

Mr. B.

Soup : "I never take soup; it is so fattening."

Ditto, ditto.

Fish : "I won't take the lobster sauce; it brings me out in a rash." "I never take salmon; it does not agree with me."

*Lady A.**Mr. B.*

Chicken: "It will be all right if I take off the truffles and cocks'-combs and rich sauce."

"I'll take the ham; but I mustn't take the potatoes; they are so gouty."

Sorbet: "No, thank you; it is so indigestible."

"It may have Marischino in it, and I don't like liqueurs."

Ices: "It's a cream ice, and I never touch cream."

"I don't care about the ice; but I like the hot chocolate sauce, so I will take a little, even if it is gouty."

Strawberries: "No, thank you, they are so bad for rheumatism."

"I live largely on nuts."

Coffee: "The one thing I care for."

"No coffee, thanks; it keeps me awake."

Every one seems to be under doctor's orders, or on some self-imposed diet. To see any one "go nap" on a dinner is almost unknown to-day, and to hear discussions of foods and ailments, of causes and effects, of diets and *régimes*, is like one chorus round the table. Every form of disease is discussed, every internal organ mentioned, every symptom laid bare. This would have been considered as indecent as a woman riding alone in a hansom fifty years ago.

It really is amusing at a dinner-party to hear the amount of conversation devoted to the subject of

diet and fat. The most gorgeous dishes are placed on the table, and touched by only a few. For instance, a learned Judge plays with a pea or trifles with a quail, because he is on "boiled fish diet," and has had his simple little watery whiting at home before coming out to dinner. Lots of women never drink any liquid at all with their food, because their doctors have told them that its omission conduces to slimness; others drink hot water. Some eat little meat, or bar it altogether; others only eat meat, and never touch sauce or puddings, and so on.

Wine? Oh, yes. Sherry is opened and handed. It is rarely sipped. Sherry is out of fashion.

Hock finds votaries with the fish.

Claret is almost unheard of.

Champagne is enjoyed by a few.

Whisky-and-soda is asked for by some, and port is drunk by "young bucks," who think they are doing the right thing; liqueurs may, or may not, be indulged in. These are the days of teetotalism in society, and apparently there is far more interest in the brand of the table waters than in the aroma of the wine, and barley-water habitually finds its place on the tables of the Lord Mayor of London.

We eat less heavily and drink more lightly than even in 1910. To either eat or drink in excess is nowadays considered the worst possible form.

It is interesting to note how much these subjects, mixed with conversations about globules and Swedish exercises and Christian Science, form the topics discussed at half the dinner-tables in London to-day.

I love fads, except internal ones, don't you? They give a spice of interest to life.

But we are becoming perfect slaves to our figures.

A century ago people were slaves to their interiors; to-day they are slaves to their exteriors. Men have just as much horror of putting on fat as women; but when the woman talks of "thin" and "stout," the man talks of "gaining flesh" or "being fit." They all mean exactly the same; it is only another way of serving up the subject matter.

Vegetarianism is on the increase. At Women's Clubs, we now have vegetarian meals in the daily menus, and they are much appreciated, whether with the idea of reducing weight, or aiding digestion, I know not; but there the dishes are, and they seem likely to continue. People who attempt Vegetarianism certainly become enthusiasts on the subject, and tire their friends to death, while they also make them feel gluttons; in fact, one of its disciples was recently bemoaning the fact that no efforts whatever had succeeded in making the family cat a convert to vegetarian diet.

Vegetarians and fruitarians and teetotallers are all delightful people when they leave other people alone to hug their own particular theories, and refrain from explaining how absolutely wicked it is not to be a vegetarian, or how immoral not to be a teetotaller. Never, never have gout or rheumatism, or every man, woman, and child, every omnibus conductor and railway porter, every flower-girl and curate will tell you how to cure it by some patent drug or abstention from some food.

Globules before meals, capsules after meals, tumblers of hot water at all times of the day, ever remind the seeker after health to be wary.

Life to the fashionable is quite a harassing affair. To them the simple life is unknown; they deny

themselves and struggle, strive, and fight for an outward appearance which too often is little worth attaining at such a cost.

A sweet smile is better than classical beauty, just as a good manner is the coin which wins success.

Although hospitably inclined, it is curious how badly people often manage dinner-parties. They have a knack of introducing the man and woman, who are to sit side by side for an hour and a half, the moment the second comer enters the room. It follows that by the time dinner is announced—alas, sometimes twenty or thirty minutes later, through the hideous want of consideration of some guest—the couple have exhausted all their small talk in disjointed efforts at conversation, and settle themselves down to be bored for the rest of the repast. If they had only chatted with some one else for that *mauvais quart d'heure*, they would have gone to table in quite another spirit, and spent the evening in a totally different vein.

Nothing helps more to success than to lay a plan of the table with the allotted seats clearly marked upon it in the hall, so that every guest may know where he or she is to sit, and the Namow do not waste half the dinner-hour wondering who his or her neighbours really are.

It is a sad pity that so many interesting men have such uninteresting wives, and *vice versa*. This renders doubly difficult the never-easy task of tactfully assorting people to go in to dinner together. The host necessarily takes in the most important lady, and places the second one on his left hand; while the hostess does likewise with the men. These rules having been observed, it is advisable that two sets of husbands and wives should not go in together,

neither should husbands and wives sit opposite one another. Then there is generally a couple of odd people whom it is better not to place side by side, as they are not on friendly terms; and so it becomes somewhat difficult to manipulate the knights, bishops, and pawns into their exact little squares round a dinner-table.

"I find dinners so dull," some one exclaims.

"Do you?"

"Yes, I often get a boring person on either side."

"Do you?"

"Nothing to say for themselves. Stupid evening."

"Really?"

Does it ever occur to these persons that the fault is their own? No, never. They cannot realise that we generally get what we deserve, and if a man is known to be dull and a bore, the two stupidest women of the party are put on either side of him. If a man is known to be clever and to appreciate wit, the two smartest women are placed beside him.

The hostess is always popular who can manage to bring the right sort of people together, and this really means an assortment of professions and styles so that no one need feel jealous of any one else. It rarely answers to have a dinner-party of one clique. Artists do not always love one another, neither do actors nor lawyers, and each profession shines more when away from its own calling.

Again, hostesses sometimes do not in the least know what to do with their guests *after* dinner. The lady of the house does not always realise that it is her duty to talk to the most important woman present, passing on gradually from one to another, or that introductions, when possible, lead to general con-

versation. Neither does she seem to have the slightest idea how to greet the men on their arrival upstairs. How many times has one seen the pitiable spectacle of a row of men standing near the door talking to one another, because the hostess has not had the sense to meet and distribute them among her lady guests. One must study the art of entertaining and take endless pains to acquire an easy manner, if it is not inborn.

It is a good thing for the hostess to arrange in her head a little plan of introductions for her guests after dinner. She will herself wish to talk to the man next in importance to the two that have sat next her during the meal, and can consequently decide on which man she should introduce to which woman, so that no one need be forced to converse on the weather with his own wife.

But to entertain well is a natural gift, and the success of the whole function depends on the tact and ready wit of the individual woman at the right moment.

Having taken a vast amount of trouble and laid out a certain amount of money for the pleasure of her guests, nothing in the world is more annoying to a hostess than the failure of some one at a late hour, thereby causing the disarrangement of her plans. People should never be late for dinner, nor cry off unless it is absolutely unavoidable.

So much for a dinner-party.

The woman who shines most, be it at tea-parties or dinners, receptions or garden-parties, is the one who manages to efface herself while being ever present; who draws her friends out, yet is not drawn out herself, for the hostess, although always there, must never be obtrusive.

Week-ending is another society obsession, and the sweetness of host and hostess in putting up with our wicked little ways is wonderful indeed.

There is nothing more fascinating and at the same time more fatiguing than the modern week-end visit—that is, the formal week-end party. It is tiring for every one concerned. On the other hand, nothing is more restful or delightful than a quiet “Saturday to Monday” spent with intimate friends.

For the big house-party women require to take as much luggage for three nights as would suffice for a week; it means nine dresses at least, with all their accessories, for, apart from the vagaries of the weather, one never knows whether a garden-party, a shooting expedition, golf, some big evening function, or a large Sunday luncheon, may not be sprung upon the guests. It would be such a help if the list of hours of trains also enclosed a list of “clothes required.” If one starts on a hot day with thin clothes it always turns cold; if one starts on a cold day with furs, the thermometer rises to 80° in the shade. If one takes an umbrella one wants a parasol, and so on. The packing and unpacking, rushing, tearing, and the constant strain of being on “party behaviour” take all restfulness out of the visit, as the tips take all money out of the pocket. The party of ten is not restful; but the party of twenty is all right because it ceases to be a house-party, and the guests behave more like they would in an hotel, and seldom realise the enormous amount of time and money their host and hostess have expended to make them happy.

The greatest charm of a country house is a comfortable bedroom. A sofa, arm-chair, some books, a well-furnished writing-table, a little tin of biscuits

and a syphon, make a guest perfectly independent, and able to feel that the country house is his home for the time being. A fire all day in the winter is also a joy, for the bedroom becomes the guest's sitting-room, and a veritable haven of rest; but, above all, central heating is a necessity in country houses, now low evening dresses are *de rigueur*. In America one never suffers from cold houses.

The contrast between men and women is best indicated in the earliest hours of every day.

Nothing is so delightful to oneself as to be late for breakfast. Nothing is more perturbing to other people.

Women are cheerful angels at breakfast; men gloomy bears.

Breakfast is really a very important function. Yet lots of "nice" people are horrid at that early hour. Lots of still nicer people are at their best, and these are the women.

Virtue is never rewarded at breakfast.

The early comer, who arrives directly the gong has sounded, finds nothing is ready. The "sluggard's delight" is burning, but the dishes of eggs and bacon, kidneys, omelette, or fish, have not arrived to stand upon it. Even the bowl of porridge, always referred to in the plural in Scotland as "them," and eaten wandering about the room, or with one's back to the fire, and with salt, never with sugar—has not yet appeared.

Virtue waits. No one is particularly talkative; the only real point of any interest is that delightfully engrossing subject, the weather, or "What are you going to do to-day?"

Gradually the food appears. Every one clusters round

the sideboard and takes what each one wants, and then, plate in hand, wanders off to find a seat. These are not allotted, as at dinner. "Go as you please, and sort yourselves," is the axiom. And so they do. Sixteen or twenty people mean thirty to forty cups of tea and coffee. Therefore a wise hostess has both placed on the sideboard, and each person helps himself, finding the milk, sugar, and cream, placed at intervals, like the salt and mustard, on the table. The hostess who makes a practice of personally presiding over the kettle has a bad time. She gets no breakfast; she invariably dispenses her wares "too strong" or "too weak," or something is wrong. Therefore she puts herself to considerable inconvenience and receives no thanks, and, more than that, she is too absorbed by her duties to make herself agreeable and keep the ball rolling.

The sideboard is undoubtedly the place for the tea and coffee if the number exceeds half a dozen. It always works best to let people help themselves.

Late-comers say "Good morning" to the hostess, apologise, nod to the assembled company, and settle themselves down to feed. Instead of being punished for their sins of want of punctuality, they are saved many disjointed remarks on the weather, and the food is just as hot and just as good as it was half an hour before.

Alas and alack! Although the late arrivals wander in when they like, the early-comers are seldom allowed the same privilege of wandering out. They have to sit on to the bitter end. Virtue again is not rewarded. Virtue has to wait for the late bird, who is enjoying just as good a worm as she herself did half an hour before.



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

VARIED DELIGHTS OF BREAKFAST.

Novelty crawls. How long the days are in other people's houses. We feed at different hours, write at different tables, meet different people, and live a totally different life from that to which we are accustomed, and the days consequently appear never-ending. We do the same thing day after day at home and the time flies. Monotony ramps along.

And so breakfast in strange houses seems often too long drawn out. We cannot read the papers as we do at home. We have not always got our letters to open. We cannot plan our day's work, because we are expected to be polite, while to be buried in thought would be considered rude. We find the breakfast hour irksome. That is, probably, the very reason that it is so good for us. Living in another person's house is excellent schooling, and the more the constraint chafes, the more we know how badly we were in want of a change from our own selfish groove. Staying in other people's houses is a moral and physical shake out of the narrow ruts in which our chariot-wheels run at home..

If we can be amiable and amusing at breakfast there is nothing amiss; if we cannot, then the sooner we set to work to mend our narrowing, self-indulgent ways the better for ourselves as well as everybody about us. And when we have pulled ourselves together, the eggs will taste fresher and the honey sweeter.

The hour of the day that we find this out is breakfast-time. That is doubtless why so many women breakfast in their own rooms, though it is rather amusing to be told you must, if you don't particularly want to. It is very nice sometimes not to have to get up to breakfast, and to potter over one's dressing ;

but the moment one is "commanded" to do it, all the pleasure fades, and resentment enters one's soul.

One seldom hears a good joke at breakfast-time, or of a proposal of marriage tendered in the morning ending by an engagement.

Healthy people eat good breakfasts, sickly ones merely peck. Amiable people try to talk and behave civilly; selfish people just growl and snarl.

Breakfast is a great test of one's physical capacity and sweetness of temperament.

The key to successful hospitality is certainly the power of influencing and amusing others, and in country-house entertaining the road to success is to leave every one alone to do just as they like themselves. No one can be at concert pitch for a three-day week-end. In England, we spend our week-ends in our friends' kindly homes; in America, they spend their week-ends in country clubs.

Hotel-roaming, and the week-end obsession don't allow people much time to enjoy their own homes nowadays.

Both men and women—Namow—must relax and put their slippers on sometimes.

CHAPTER XIV

SOCIETY WOMEN, SILENT WOMEN, AND SWEATED WOMEN

THE most boring thing in life is the pursuit of amusement as a profession ; but the people who cultivate a cheery smile are like gleams of sunshine on a dull day. They brighten life.

I once met a woman who informed me, with distinct pride, that she had kept a record of over three thousand rubbers of Bridge which she had played.

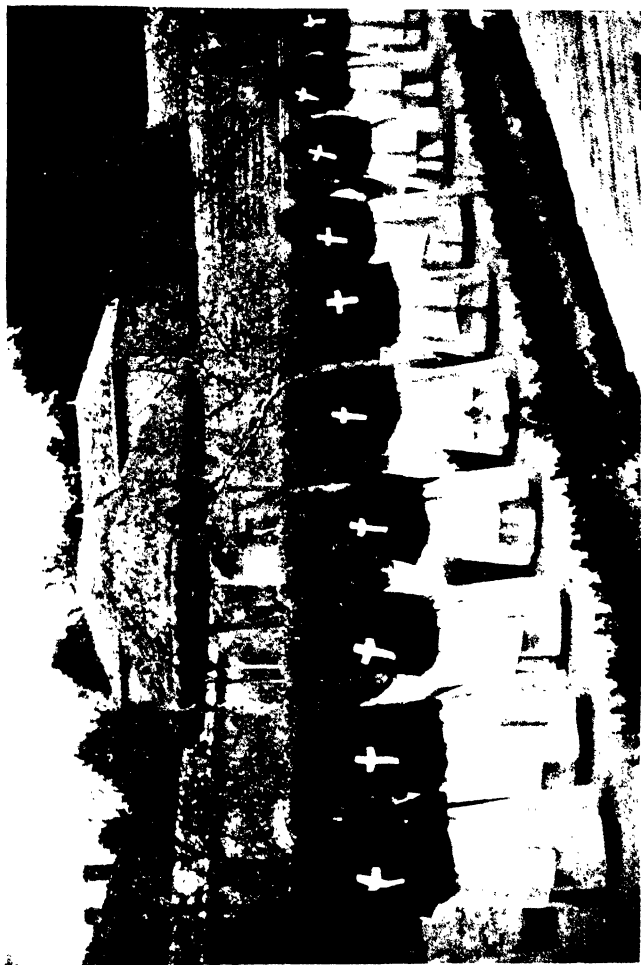
"A record ?" I exclaimed amazed.

"Yes, I have a Bridge book, and in it I jot down every day the houses I have played at, my partners, the number of my rubbers, the stakes, and my losses or gains. Last year I made over a hundred pounds. This year I have not been quite so fortunate nor quite so sure of myself ; but then, I never play for very high stakes."

"Do you play every day and all day ?" I timidly inquired, aghast at the time and energy expended on such a pastime.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed with alacrity ; "I hardly ever play before luncheon, unless it is on a wet day at a country house."

She seemed proud of this self-denial till after the midday meal, and of her performance generally ; so I said no more, merely regretting that so much time and energy should be expended in what might have



By courtesy of "Peon-on", Magazine.

WOMEN WHO NEVER SPEAK.

been a pleasurable amusement, but which certainly looked uncommonly like a professional toil.

Just as a small leak sinks a big ship, so little follies breed vast catastrophes.

The money a man or woman spends on one vice would often keep two children. Some people are born gamblers, just as some people are born old.

Bridge has absorbed us, body and soul. People—anyway, some people—appear to be given over to cards and gambling. They stake their last coin on a game of chance. There are Bridge coats, Bridge purses—one might even say Bridge manners—and it is no uncommon thing nowadays for a hostess to meet a friend and invite her to dinner, adding :

“ You play Bridge, don’t you ? ” and if the answer by some wild chance should be in the negative, the lady sweetly continues :

“ Oh, then, you must come another night, please, because Tuesday is entirely a Bridge party. ”

But the friend is never asked on that “ other night. ”

At Bridge houses they seem to have forgotten how to talk, or be amusing, or to find pleasure in one another’s society ; so they dare not face an evening unless rushed through by the excitement of Bridge. Bridge is an excellent game, as long as it remains a game and is played for amusement ; but Bridge really becomes a curse when it is taken up as a trade, taught by professionals, and is undertaken solely for the excitement of gambling, and with the object of money-making.

Shirt-cuffs used to retail to the laundress the wicked ways of society. Now they give addresses of fashionable *masseuses*, or losses at bridge, or where to get Radium-water.

Another bridge maniac came under my notice on an Atlantic liner, a beautiful American woman married to a well-born Englishman. She had been on a visit to her own country, and came on board with three friends. They started Bridge before we left the Hudson, and they finished as we drew alongside the Mersey Docks. Seven and eight hours a day those four people played Bridge, barely allowing the stewards time to lay the tables for meals. She was a woman of forty, old enough to look after herself and know what she could afford; but, unfortunately boys and girls are often the victims of such players.

Lending or borrowing money generally severs even the strongest friendships.

Or again, between Argentina and Southampton four people played Bridge for twelve hours a day for twenty-three days. They only stopped for meals or for sleep. In the tropics they played in the saloon because it was cooler, later they played on the deck, and lastly they played in the drawing-room because it was heated and warmer. They were well-known people, successful people; but they never opened a book, seldom took a walk, and played Bridge till one wondered if their brains were dug into by spades, whether one would find a heart or a diamond anywhere inside them, or would require a club to sever them from cards. Yet Bridge is better than gossip, and gossip is better than drink.

Many deplorable stories are told of girls on allowance and boys at public schools or the 'Varsity, who have been dragged in to play Bridge by unscrupulous hostesses, sometimes without even knowing what stakes they were playing for, and quite unable to pay if the fortunes of the game went against them. This

is not the fault of the boys and girls ; they are young and shy—young enough to ape their elders, and shy enough not to dare to protest. But surely the woman who allows such a thing to take place in her house ought to be looked down on with scorn.

Not long ago a jeweller, who sometimes has quaint, old-fashioned things, called upon me, and from the box which he carefully unpacked upon the table he took a tray of glistening diamonds in modern settings.

“Those are hardly in your line,” I remarked.

“No, they are not, but I gave a lady nearly £1,000 for the contents of her jewel-case the other day, and these are some of the things. She wanted the money to pay the debts she has incurred at Bridge.”

I suppose I looked horrified, for he remarked :

“No one will know. I have had the chief ornaments copied for her, so until she dies the world will not be any the wiser, or realise that she is wearing shams so as to be able to meet her debts.”

“How sad !” I exclaimed.

“Yes, madam, but not uncommon. I have often done this sort of thing for ladies since the Bridge craze began.”

Bridge is not the only curse of society ; the gambling spirit is in the air, and at race meetings the number of women who bet is increasing year by year. At places like Sandown and Ascot men are constantly complaining of the way they are pestered for tips by their sporting lady friends, or asked to run about and lay sovereigns on horses.

Gambling is a queer lure. Men gamble in stocks and shares ; they ruin their homes, they destroy the love and respect of wife and children ; yet they still

gamble. They have taught women to work the same kind of havoc, but in a smaller degree.

Women have not, as a rule, as much money as men to handle, but they can neglect their homes and their duties, as they do, by playing cards all day long ; by betting on horse-racing ; by allowing themselves to be drawn into the clutches of some unprincipled man who helps them to pay their debts, or finds the wherewithal for the dressmaker's bill which ought to have been paid months before, only the money went on Auction Bridge instead. That man may demand more unscrupulous returns.

Oh, the pity of it all.

What do women expect from their husbands and brothers if they themselves fall victims to the alluring snares of gambling ? What can they look for from their grooms and gardeners, to whom a shilling on an unknown horse brings as much intoxicating excitement as a "no-trump" hand at Bridge ? So long as women degrade themselves, and degrade their sex, by playing with money they cannot afford to lose, or show cruel heartlessness by inveigling young men and maids to gamble, thus deliberately putting a millstone round the neck of youth, Society will be rotten ; its very foundation will be a mode of cheating. Nasty tricks such as selling jewellery, or a call on the pawnbroker, or a final escape into the Bankruptcy Court, will have to be resorted to, and the happiness of the home must and will be destroyed.

Each year I receive an increasing number of touting letters from money-lenders, offering me £5,000 or £10,000, as a *sort of present*, if one might believe their enticing words, and yet I never borrowed a penny from

a man or woman in my life, and have no debts; so why do they waste their stamps and note-paper, clerk's time and ink, in sending me these effusions? Presumably they find fish jump at their bait, and so their flies are flung broadcast upon the waters.

Cards and horses both have their points; both may be enjoyed without betting, and every woman who debar's gambling in her house, while encouraging games, is doing a great good for the happiness of those about her. An enormous number of charming people feel themselves compelled to refuse country-house visits, because they cannot afford the host's stakes or the servants' tips. There should be no stakes, and tips should be reduced by the employer telling the servants: "I am giving you good wages, and do not expect you to bother my visitors for tips."

Money lightly earned is lightly spent, just as money lost is mighty hard to do without or replace.

Women who do not play Bridge, who do not gamble as a habit, whose vices, whatever they are—of course, that is assuming the dear things possess any—are not laid open to the world, will sometimes take pleasure in puffing a cigarette.

As a token of emancipation, most of the Women's Clubs in the late nineties set apart a smoking-room for their members. The notice stared at one in large letters on the door. It was an apartment into which no male visitor was at first permitted to enter—*why* was in no way obvious, unless it was that the emancipators felt a certain sense of feminine shame about the thing. Go into any of these smoking-rooms to-day, and you will find them deserted, unless men are admitted, in which case women join their men friends over cigarettes as an every-day habit. Nevertheless, a

certain number of apparent smokers may, perchance, have gone to the smoking-room for a quiet gossip in seclusion, for the same reason that couples haunt the architectural room at the Royal Academy shows. Why smoking should be held to be necessarily a vicious habit is hard to understand.

Why should not women smoke if they like? If tobacco affords so much solace to men, surely their sisters, who are sometimes more highly strung and more nervous by temperament, should not be deprived of its soothing effect. What harm is there in smoking, so long as it is not done to excess? Moderation is all that is required, and yet moderation in every department in life is most difficult to attain.

Watch a man smoking. He looks happy and contented. His conversation is glib; he seems at peace with himself in particular and the world in general. See his pleasure. Why deny him tobacco so long as he does not smoke more expensive cigars than he can afford, or indulge in cigarettes more often than is good for his health.

So many women work their brains to-day, not only at the professions, but over manifold domestic duties which are becoming more difficult year by year, and which are generally far more exhausting and exacting than paid work, that if a cigarette soothes their nerves they should surely not be denied that small luxury; though, before letting it become a habit, a woman of limited means should remember it is an expensive one.

The cigarette is a curse at our 'Varsities. Every boy has boxes of cigarettes in his room, Turkish, Egyptian, Virginian, or Russian, and every "Fresher," on entering, almost before he says "How do you

do?" learns to help himself to his favourite brand. Calls are made from rooms to rooms, and cigarettes are smoked at each, until the cigarette habit becomes a veritable curse from eighteen to twenty-two, and has to be fought for the following years to be reduced to normal dimensions.

We are rapidly following in the steps of our Chinese friends. Smoking at meals was permitted in Russia and Germany at the end of the last century; but smoking between the courses has crept into Bohemian Society in England since 1912.

People love the smell of fresh smoke, but, like everything else, one has to have it in moderation, and as many of the public dinners in London are given in downstairs restaurants, where the dining-rooms have no windows, and therefore little ventilation, the smell of food coupled with the smoke of cigarettes between the courses, followed by endless cigars after dinner, tends to make the atmosphere perfectly appalling. At these delightful public dinners there are so many speeches, and often so much music and recitation, that one sits at table for four and sometimes five hours. The man on one's right smokes two big cigars; the man on one's left does the same; the two men opposite at the narrow table puff away four more cigars, until at last one's eyes smart from tobacco-smoke tempered with too brilliant electric light.

One's best frock and chiffons reek of tobacco, one's hair becomes saturated with tobacco-smoke, and even the next morning one's clothes require to be hung out to air, and one regrets one cannot equally hang out one's hair to be aired too.

Those dear men would not smoke quite so much if they realised how terrific the atmosphere becomes,

or how we women have to carry the scent of stale tobacco home in our hair and our gowns.

Only lately, a well-known lady in London Society died. She was young, handsome, and clever. The cause of her death was cigarette poisoning. She smoked and smoked until a hundred cigarettes a day hardly satisfied her, and with stupefied brain, sallow skin, without appetite or sleep, she passed away.

If, however, a woman really enjoys an occasional smoke, and feels it does her good, it seems only right that she should indulge her little weakness. But it is sad to see a young girl smoking as a habit, and being laughed at and sneered at behind her back by the friends whom she fondly imagines she is fascinating,

English people have quite a wrong idea that Spanish women smoke. In the best society in Madrid, or in Mexico, they never dream of doing such a thing nowadays. It is considered bad form, although their men never have a cigarette away from their lips. What a reformation there has been in this line.

In 1901 in America, with about two exceptions I never saw a lady smoke. In fact, on going over the Women's Clubs where they were kind enough to entertain me, there were no smoking-rooms. Four years later, this had changed. Ten years later still the law actually stepped in, in Chicago, to prevent women smoking. How habit gallops.

Among the higher classes of women, the greatest smokers are probably the Russians, Scandinavians, and Italians, though England in its day has run them pretty close. Now we have had our surfeit of smoking. It seems to be on the wane. Women no longer do it merely because they think it a smart thing.

The next prevailing craze will be some newer

imitation of masculinity. Rifle-clubs arose suddenly, and disappeared as quickly, ditto fencing and skating.

We have heard a great deal of the "Sins of Society," and when these are preached against, women are nearly always the scape-goats; but why should we not hear something of the "Virtues of Society."

Oh yes, there are virtues, and plenty of them—but those who possess most virtues are silent-tongued as to their own good deeds. Every successful man and woman is hated by the unsuccessful set, and envied by those folk who have or had ambition.

There are endless full-pursed, empty-headed people, who never do anything for any one, and only bore themselves; but there are plenty of good women and men, too, who devote their whole lives for the benefit of others. There is a delightful old gentleman who lives very quietly and comfortably near Hyde Park, who keeps no carriage, and displays no show of wealth, who calmly handed over £100,000 to establish a Convalescent Home, and then endowed it. He gives largely to hospitals, to institutions of all kinds, and above all to individuals. After all, it is the helping of individuals that counts. Nothing is wasted on red-tapeism in secretaries or servants; the aid goes straight to the very spot.

There are women well born, with comfortable homes, who spend all their lives working for the poor. They don't gamble, nor dress in Paris frocks; they give all they can of money, time, and sympathy to the less richly blessed.

There are fashionable doctors and lawyers, who turn aside from their paying clients to give a hundred guineas' worth of advice or perform an operation of that value, to some poor sufferer.

The Virtues of Society are to be found on every side.

Look at the Working Guilds. Fashionable women make tens of thousands of homely articles for distribution among the poor year after year, the Greatest Lady in the Empire herself taking part, not only in the actual making of garments, but in the work of organisation.

Yes, Society has many virtues.

They are less ostentatious than its vices, and so one hears less about them; but the amount of good, of unselfish denial and generosity vouchsafed in every class of Society is enormous, and in this women take a large share.

One little virtue is inclined to become obsolete, however, which seems a pity—viz. delicacy of speech.

The days of coarseness and oaths ended with the eighteenth century. Wit has died out, and oversensitiveness has fled; but general delicacy, alas, seems becoming an obsolete virtue. People discuss the most extraordinary subjects in public; the latest divorce, some sordid scandal, every conceivable ailment, and all its most minute details, anything and everything is talked over the dinner-table or in motor 'buses, to the accompaniment of such pretty adjectives as "rotten", "putrid", or "ripping".

Decent reticence is a thing of the past.

Vulgarity of speech and thought is the vogue, at least among the "Smart Set", who have neither the good breeding of the upper classes nor the honest virtues of the lower orders. The term seems the accepted name for the *nouveau riche* and pretentious class. It certainly does not apply to the highest or

the lowest grades of social life. The smart set make others smart.

One always smiles when anybody says, "I won't be driven."

Why, we are all driven all our lives. Circumstances lash us on.

Our nurse drives us. Where should we be without her ?

Our schoolmistress drives us. Where should we be without her ?

Our friends drive us to play games. We submit, emulate, and enjoy.

Our business drives us.

Our clients drive us.

Our families and dependents, our patients, our poor, our fellow members on committees, in associations, in political and philanthropic unions—all, all drive us.

Circumstances, surroundings, life itself, goad us on, and what is that but being driven ?

Or, again, some girl remarks, "I'm not a slave."

Yes, you are. We are all slaves, and it is very much better to be slaves to other people and things than slaves to our own selfish selves.

We are slaves to our cook and our laundress.

There is not one of us who can stand alone; we are just units in one big whole, each a bee in a little cell, and together we work as slaves, driven by a power greater than our own, filling up the hive of life, and sucking its honey by the way.

Yes, we are all driven in some way, by circumstances, by superiors, by underlings.

But there come times occasionally when in these

modern days we are almost driven beyond endurance.

A propos, here is a "servant story" :

A lady required a housemaid. A housemaid was sent up from a Registry Office.

LADY. "Good afternoon. I am afraid you are a little late."

HOUSEMAID. "This house is not near the Zoo."

Lady looks up surprised.

Would-be housemaid continues :

"I told them I wanted to be near the Zoo, because all my friends live at Hampstead, and I wish to be near them."

LADY, feeling more surprised, says :

"Where are you living ?"

"I am in a place in the Seven Sisters Road."

LADY, utterly dumbfounded at the quaint address, asks :

"What wages do you ask ?"

DOMESTIC : "Twenty-eight pounds a year."

LADY. "Thank you, as you want to live near the Zoo, and I don't want to give £28 a year, I don't think we need pursue the subject further."

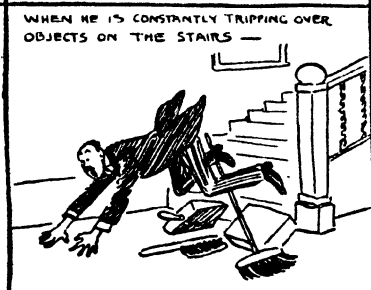
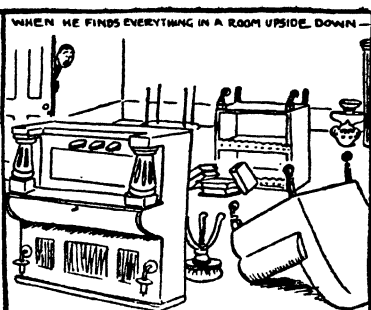
Exit the housemaid from the Seven Sisters Road.

Here is another story.

An old and valued cook was allowed a night off. For the one day's breakfast the housemaid and parlourmaid had to attend to the one lady, viz. one breakfast, consisting of one egg, one piece of toast, and a cup of tea.

Cheerily the lady asked : "Well, which of you has turned cook this morning ?"

Seriously the parlourmaid replied : "We did it between us, madam."



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

TURNING-OUT DAY.

The lady was speechless at their combined accomplishment of such a prodigious task.

People say silence is golden, but just as often one disentangles one's own ideas in speech. Speech is often golden in consequence.

Let us peep for one moment at the reverse side of the shield to the life of a society woman and social chatter; but before describing women who never speak, let us remember religion is largely supported by women. Appended is a picture of a pilgrimage (started in 1858) to Lourdes in the Pyrenees to pay homage to the Divine Figure of the Virgin standing in a niche in the rocks. Thousands and thousands make this pilgrimage yearly, and yet that is a small number compared to Guadeloupe, near Mexico City, where every November, for over three hundred years, men and women kneel and pray before that beautiful picture of the Virgin behind the High Altar in the cathedral.

Religion in various and divergent forms is the solace of millions of women the world over.

Therein they find peace.

We all—especially those of us who have travelled in Italy—know something of the Trappist monks and their vow of eternal silence; but probably few of us are aware that there exists in France a Sisterhood the members of which *never speak*. The male sceptic will smile, and shake his head, but 'tis true, nevertheless; and, after all, if women do usually indulge in the last word, they have earned that right, for did they not enjoy the first?

These women of whom we are about to speak are condemned to eternal silence, and yet not con-



WOMEN AT LOURDES.
Where are the men?

demned in the true sense of the word, for they do not enter the convent near Biarritz as a punishment for sin, but merely as a matter of choice. What strange tastes people have in this world. One of the most severe punishments for wrong-doing has always been considered the appalling depression of "solitary confinement," and yet there are a number of women, mostly well-born gentlewomen, who not only renounce the world, mortify the flesh, and live in a cell, but actually throw away willingly one of God's blessings—the power of speech.

They voluntarily accept what we are pleased to consider a terrible infliction—they become deaf and dumb from choice. Deaf because there is nobody to speak to them, dumb because they are not allowed to open their lips.

This convent, belonging to the *Sœurs Silencieuses*, contains the only sisterhood in the world—condemned to the self-inflicted punishment of perpetual silence.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century this most strange Order was founded, and from forty to fifty women have always taken shelter within the convent walls, never leaving their chosen home, never speaking to one another, never lifting their eyes except in prayer or when at work; walking with silent tread along the paths of their gardens, their long black cowls, with the huge white crosses between the shoulders, drawn over their faces so that they can neither see nor be seen.

Living, yet dead, it is truly pathetic to see them filing into their chapel, their heads bowed and their arms crossed upon their breasts. Silently, solemnly, slowly moving from chapel to refectory, from refectory to cell, year in year out plying this daily

round, hardly daring to cast their eyes upon the blue vault of heaven, in their desire to be buried from the world and from temptation.

At every step, passed into this tomb of silence, people encounter a prayer or a motto painted on the walls. One said :

“ ‘ *Soyez prêt,* ’ dit le Seigneur.
‘ *L’êtes-vous dans ce moment ?* ’ ”

Another ran :

“ *Il en coûte de bien vivre, mais qu’il sera doux de bien mourir.* ”

And yet another :

“ *Si vous oubliez vos péchés, Dieu s’en souviendra.*
Si vous en souvenez, Il les oubliera. ”

Here was the chapel, very simple, very bare—and yet not bare and simple enough apparently, for a side aisle or small chamber on the right, almost obscured from view by white calico curtains, is where the *Sœurs Silencieuses* themselves pray. Every morning, whatever the season, at 4 a.m. the sisters are roused from their slumbers, and from 4.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. they tell their beads in that small chamber, silently repeating the prayers for a further couple of hours later in the day.

This early rising reminded me of the famous monastery of Valamo, in Russia, where the monks are roused in the middle of every night for prayers in much the same manner; but the Greek Church sings aloud, and prays so as to be heard, while these strange sisters of a Roman Catholic Order are silent even in their tiny chapel.

These women receive their daily orders from the

Mother Superior, who apparently addresses them by number and not by name. Beyond that they are not supposed to require information, but if it be absolutely necessary for their work, they may ask a question and receive an answer. Nothing more. Conversation of all kinds is strictly prohibited. Poor souls. They have to live for two years in the convent as probationers, but if after that they elect to take the vows they can do so; and then they never leave the precincts of the convent walls—not even in death, for they have their own little cemetery where they are buried in the sand. The survivors dig these graves, gently lift their dead friend rolled in a white sheet, and lay her in the hole, when all help to fill the sand in upon her, which they raise into a little mound, and sea-shells are its only ornamentation. Not a flower or a gravestone marks the spot.

What a depressing atmosphere. Everything was so silent, it seemed as if the birds even dare not sing, and the Sister who showed us round spoke in such subdued whispers, begging us to do likewise, that it seemed quite uncanny. It was all very painful; in spite of the camellia-trees and the primulas in full bloom, everything looked grey, and dull, and sad.

Some Bernadines passed across the garden, like Hamlet's ghost with gliding tread. Such sad, dreary, mis-spent lives. What is the joy of being good—or is it “being good”—when one puts oneself out of the temptation of being bad? These women, unlike so many excellent Sisterhoods, do no service to any one. Think of the sick they might tend, think of the children they might teach, think of the rescue work among drunkards and villains and their fallen fellow women that they might achieve. Think how, by a

good example, as other Catholic sisters, they might inspire others to alter their ways of sin—and yet they do nothing but mortify themselves, deprive themselves willingly of one of God's gifts, and imagine thereby they are serving their Maker.

They pass their lives away to die of old age; alas, the punishment of old age is often great in itself. Impaired eyesight, grating limbs, swollen joints, decreased powers, and yet the longer people live, the more they seem to cling to life, because of their outside interests. These women have no interests.

Why, ah, why—one asks again and again in amazement, do these sad-lived, silenced sisters cling to life. With advancing age comes that worried guarding against all risks, against any extremes of heat or cold, against any accident; above all, that fear of death and that clinging fast to life—bereft of all its joys often—which appears so pathetic to the looker-on, and is the endless astonishment of youth. Youth runs risks, is courageous, almost foolhardy. Age is careful, even cowardly, and is for ever thinking how to preserve life. Is it that, as one grows older, one loves to nurse one's religion and one's ills?

Talking of ills, let us turn for one moment to sweated women.

How hard poor women work.

How few of us have the slightest idea of the conditions under which our clothing, and much of our food, is daily manufactured.

How few of us pause to think for one moment of the tens of thousands of sweated women workers toiling twelve or more hours a day for a pittance so small that it will hardly keep body and soul together.



By kind permission of the National Anti Sweating League.

A MATCH-BOX MAKER'S HOME.

Men little realise that some classes of shirts are being made in East London homes where the woman who makes them receives, at the present moment (1914), the extravagant sum of sixpence-halfpenny a dozen shirts.

To turn to women's clothing, perhaps one of the worst paid branches is button-hole making. Here one finds cases of women receiving tenpence for making 1,728 button-holes, which, doing them by machine, represents a day's work.*

Little do we think, when buying a toothbrush, that the chances are that that toothbrush was not made in some well-looked-after factory, but in a squalid room in a tenement, where the maker earns sixpence a dozen, which take her three hours to make; or a hairbrush-maker, an old woman who has been at the trade all her life, her wedding-day being the only break, since her childhood, who sits cheerfully there, working away, putting in bristles, regardless of the fact that she suffers from a peculiarly infectious skin-disease, which her employer finds it suits him to ignore. After that one realises that every toothbrush, hairbrush, even ties and collars—everything, in fact—should be disinfected before being used. If every one took this precaution we should not hear of so many diseases mysteriously finding their way among us. Buyers in the bulk should be forced to see to this.

Turning to our food, things are somewhat better. There are factories where every worker can have, and is generally glad to have, a bath on the factory premises once a week, and where all kinds of foods are prepared under perfectly sanitary conditions;

* Other facts can be supplied by the Anti-Sweating League.

but there are others—well, we won't say anything about them, lest we should feel driven to starve or do all our own cooking.

It is well for us one and all to take some interest in people poorer than ourselves, and give our mite to better their lot, and also insist on juster laws for sweated labour.

Thank God those women only have to face one day at a time, and as they look out of their prison window they can see the light beyond. Stars are always twinkling happily in the sky, and beckoning them on to brighter days.

CHAPTER XV

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS

REAL happiness comes to us during the irresponsible young years of life. Happiness is of rare moment during the most strenuous years, and only returns, they say, when one is old and has suffered, and is content with smaller joys and blessings.

Apparently nothing in the world is more difficult than to make the best of things.

Women, on the whole, exercise it more vigorously than men; not from choice, but grim necessity. Women make the best of their homes, their daily worries, their servants, their children, their clothes. They study economy, and are born organisers.

Making the best of things seems to be particularly woman's rôle.

A profession, a trade, an occupation all have their hours, their duties, and their rewards. They bring their trials, of course, but the game is worth the hunting. The endless "little worries" of the woman at home, the constant small interruptions, the aches and pains of herself and her household, the endeavour to please everybody, to be economical, to have things nice for her husband and suitable for her children—all these things take time and energy and thought and care, and far too seldom are they rewarded by one word of praise.

There are great and good men, and there are great

and good women ; but, on the whole, the men have the best of the game in every single walk of life.

How to make the best of one's money is a less favourite topic than the preceding, but even more important.

A constant question with engaged couples is, what proportion of the income should be spent upon the rent ?

Wise people will only spend about an eighth, or at most a sixth. Then they will have enough to enjoy themselves according to their means. If they spend more they will be over-housed and always in a muddle.

Take a thousand a year. If there is no capital behind, then £200 a year should be put away, half in insurance and half in investment ; but if there is substantial capital behind and the rainy day has an umbrella waiting, then suppose we divide the £1,000 a year thus :

<i>To Wife's Banking</i>		<i>To husband, £400</i>	
<i>Account, £600</i>			
	£		£
Keep and wages of		Rent, rates and taxes	150
3 servants . . .	160	Clothes and personal	150
Housekeeping, *		Holidays, wine bill,	
washing, coals .	240	club	100
Clothes and personal	150		
Holidays and amuse-			
ments, club . .	50		
	<u>£600</u>		<u>£400</u>

* "Housekeeping" includes wear and tear of everything, doctors, dentists, newspapers, books, piano-tuning, cleaning and dyeing, new curtains and mats, household linen, pudding-basins, stamps, replaiting trays, and a hundred little things.

Only a very rough estimate ; but quite a workable start—although there is no margin for babies, a motor, or charity.

Surely the woman should have supreme control of the household, and entire responsibility for the children until they are seven or eight. She has to bear the brunt of all the annoyances constantly recurrent in both cases, and the captain who steers the ship must hold the helm.

The husband should attend to everything outside the home—the stables, the garage, the holiday jaunts, the source of finance ; but until each knows his particular duties and responsibilities things will be as muddled as a cook in the dining-room or a nurserymaid in the kitchen.

Some women are woefully ignorant over money—but that is the fault of their upbringing. Instead of being given an allowance of a few pence, then shillings, and afterwards pounds, so as gradually to learn the value of money, instead of being taught how to keep accounts and hearing costs discussed, they live in utter ignorance of the price of anything, of the way even to write a cheque, and then are expected to know by instinct. It really ought to be part of the curriculum of every boys' and girls' school to teach simple book-keeping, debit and credit accounts, and the ordinary necessities of the handling of money in life.

There is no doubt about it, women must learn to sacrifice themselves less, or men must learn to sacrifice themselves more. The running is uneven to-day. The men smoke and drink and eat more, they indulge themselves more in every way. The workman gets

his beer and his "baccy," whatever his wife may go without. The man takes a holiday far oftener than the woman, and spends twice as much upon it. She has all the worry of moving the family to the seaside, and he follows complacently for a few days when she has endured all the horrors of the removal.

Oh, you dear, selfish men ! We are just beginning to find you out.

The Englishman's attitude to his wife is sometimes curious. For instance : They go away together for a holiday. He travels First Class "because it is his holiday"; she travels Third Class because—well—perchance she doesn't want a holiday; but more likely for economy. Twice during the journey he comes to her carriage, and says :

"Well, my dear, how are you getting on ?"

Could anything be more incongruous. He is polite enough to look after her ; but he is not generous enough to pay for her. In America the woman would have the better ticket, not the man. Here the man took it. "A ridiculous story," some one exclaims ; but it is not ridiculous, it is true.

Men who so often go abroad to make wealth, merely return to England to spend their fortune in the pursuit of health.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

Nonsense ! Man wants everything here below, and has wanted it all the centuries.

Women administer the home, so women ought to hold the purse.

A baby—an upper-middle-class baby—costs a hundred a year from the moment it is born, and two



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

A PACKET OF PINS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

hundred pounds a year before it reaches the age of ten. If a man-child, he presently may go to a Public School or University, and into a profession; in this case the boy costs six or seven thousand pounds before he is able to earn his own living. Here is a problem for men to face. The girl only costs half as much, as a rule, so the equivalent, or the other half, so to speak, should be invested in her name for her when she is twenty-five. Nothing less is fair.

About the beginning of 1914 a measure of very considerable interest from a social point of view came into force in Denmark. It makes a new departure in the recognition of the claims of a neglected portion of the educated population. Widows in necessitous circumstances are now to receive pecuniary assistance from public funds, that they may be able properly to maintain and educate their children without having to apply to the Poor Law of the country for aid. Not only those who are entirely destitute, but also the professional classes are entitled to receive help, to bring the income to £222 plus £28 for each child under fourteen years of age. This law promises to be of great use in keeping homes together, and in bringing up the future citizens of the State. In Denmark every man and woman of the age of twenty-five has also the right to vote.

Surely there is too much cant about the declining birthrate. While we can find one child in England crying for food, let none of us ask God or man for more babies. Let us feed and keep those we have, first. Men must pull themselves together and not scourge tens of thousands of illegitimate children with shame and disease, or carry dire infection into their home life. We must encourage self-restraint among our

men and pay our women workers better. One sex cannot be degraded without the degradation of the other. Namow must work together for all ethical justice.

Here is an imaginary family some may consider ideal:

Married.

Three years after, one boy.

Three years later, one girl.

Thirty following years a happy home, money and time to bring up the children well and wisely.

Result : Cheerful parents. Happy offspring.

Surely men should help women domestically more than they do, especially in the lower classes. The artisan should fetch the coals and lay the fire, while the woman gets the breakfast and dresses the babies. He should help wash up the dinner-plates if the wife has cooked the dinner. And on Sundays he should push the pram or carry the baby, and give her a little rest from a job she has been at all the week.

Change of work is relaxation, and relaxation is rest, and rest is holiday.

The artisan's wife has a pretty bad time of it as a rule; but she has to make the best of it—and is forced to do even more than her share, because the man does not help her enough with the household or with the children. It is so much easier to earn money, as a rule, than to spend it economically.

Every woman should know how to cook and every man should know how to darn. Every woman should know some games, just as every man should know how to lay a table. Every woman should know how

to tend a garden, just as every man should know how to mind a baby. There is no sex in any of these things. The more we know the more we enjoy life, and others enjoy our society.

How to make the best of their time is a problem that some women never even try to solve. Those who do so and succeed are a boon to their husbands and families, and an example to their neighbours.

Perhaps punctuality is the key to the riddle.

One of the Empress Josephine's strong points, and one that charmed and held Napoleon, was the fact that, however elaborate her toilet, she never kept him waiting. Josephine was always in time.

Did not Napoleon say, after the Egyptian campaign, before his reconciliation with Josephine, "One can't be a man without being weak"? The same great spouse said, after another quarrel, "Greatness wearies me, feeling is dried up, glory is unmeaning." This is the man who, on the eve of battle, with a dozen generals awaiting orders, was writing impassioned love-letters to a woman much older than himself.

Nelson, going to fight, was doing the same to Lady Hamilton.

To the conqueror, whose time was of immense value, no wonder that a beautiful Consort, always dressed ready to be at his side, was an Empress of worth above rubies.

Husbands and wives who habitually keep one another waiting play a dangerous game. "I remember my honeymoon," said a young man, "as chiefly spent hanging round the halls of hotels waiting for my wife. Peggy was late for breakfast, and I spent an hour walking up and down outside waiting; Peggy was late for luncheon, and I read and reread

every advertisement in the hall of that hotel. Peggy was late for dinner, and I realised a spoilt meal was not conducive to good temper, and that a deadly vista of waiting hours lay before me. I studied every map and every time-table on every country in Europe."

"And ?"

"I knew then my marriage was a failure."

He should have spoken gently at once. He should have remonstrated gently twice. He should have fed without her the third time, and then—well, he should have enjoyed the rest of his honeymoon alone.

Unpunctuality is one of the devil's best cards.

Late people never have any time for anything. To them the cult of leisure is a lost art. They spend all their days in trying to catch up. Society women are "always busy," and "have no time." Ditto idle men. But what are they busy about, what good to God or man are these time-killers, these idle dissipators, these gourmands of the precious hours of life ? They are always late, they never do anything of value to any one. They are bored themselves, and bore others. They have no time to make friends, no time to read books, no time to do kindly acts, no time to think of any one but themselves, no time to be in time for anything.

Wise people, and kind people, leave a certain margin of time for leisure, and always manage to do what they want to do, see the people they want to see, read the books they want to read, find the addresses they keep carefully, and so order their lives that they do twice as much as other people, and yet appear to have twice as much leisure. These sort of people make the best of things in life, and bring an air of rest and happiness wherever they go.

All hail, ye folk who make the best of things.

A difficult lesson for many a woman to learn is how to make the best of being set aside, depreciated, or slighted in her own home. Some women have to bear this, because their husbands cease to admire anything they possess, and always covet what is not theirs, from other men's wives to their cigars. Some women are the mainstay of the home, but are treated by husbands who are cads as of no account. Some saintly souls have yet sharper trials, but still make the best of things and win through.

Wedged in between worries, glints of sunshine often play, even for the lonely woman.

Making the best of things is, however, sadly difficult to far too many lonely, helpless women workers.

It seems a sorry jest to tell starving women and girls to "make the best" of being in a world where there are some millions too many of them; for there are times when one suffers, suffers, and suffers until the iron eats into one's soul, and until one ceases to care, and then, and then only, in indifference is consolation found.

On the whole, women seldom have the best of it. A pressure of the hand and a kindly word of encouragement has helped many a woman along a stony path. Some men do help; more shrug their shoulders; many jeer or hinder the woman worker, or tempt her. The road of the woman wage earner is paved with flints, and flints cut into the very soul. But the pluck of the woman worker is as amazing as her courage, and all men should respect her and help her to make the best of all that comes her way. Enthusiasm is a fine torch, ambition a beacon flame. Together they may lead to illuminated success.

Surely, when ambition is dead, it is time for the body to be cremated.

If any one wishes to avoid the remote chance of being buried alive, they must leave orders that they want to be cremated. The strictest laws apply to cremation. The inquiries are many, two doctors' certificates are required instead of one to certify death has occurred. So safety is assured. More than that, cremation avoids the horrors of corruption in the damp earth, and the body simply evaporates away surrounded by intense heat, until nothing but pure white ash remains. It is never touched by fire. No flames come near it.

Every uncremated person leaves a legacy of disease to the world.

Women will have to take up cremation. There is not the slightest doubt about it. Women have more to do with our birth than any one else, and, although men won't allow it, they have more influence on life than the other sex. Civilised nations have been playing with cremation for the last quarter of a century, and now the women will have to take the matter up seriously, and add it to the long list of great issues they are helping to-day.

Cremation is one of the oldest things known ; but cremation, as we know it, is a comparatively modern revival. The Greeks practised cremation, the Etruscans, the Romans ; and it was universal in Rome in the early years of Christianity : in fact, in the Old Testament we are told that the bodies of Saul and his sons were cremated.

But that is all passed, and we women have to do with the building up of the future ; consequently, it is for us to see, for the sake of sanitation, for the

sake of poetry, refinement, and beauty, that our bodies should be cremated, and reduced to gaseous and mineral elements by intense heat—for, be it repeated, the heat is so intense that it practically withers the body away.

The Cremation Society of England is doing splendid work, and the living, who are wise, prepare for the time when they are dead by joining and making sure of their final deposition during their own life-time.

There is no horror about death. Why should there be? Why should we not face the subject boldly, and prepare as far as we can, in order to curtail trouble for our surviving relatives.

Think the subject of cremation over seriously, dear women. It is one of the burning questions of the day. (That is not a pun, but a fact.) And if you knew as much about it as I do (for I sit on the Council of the Cremation Society) you would see what valuable work cremation is doing, and how much women could help it forward.

Cremation is as important as Eugenics or Vivisection, and those who cry out against either are inhuman sensationalists, morbid unintellectuals who are doing their best to retard the advancement of the world, civilisation, sanitation, and the general betterment of mankind.

We all love animals. Animals are sometimes more human than humans because they have no ulterior motives. But we must not blind our eyes to the call of Science by which thousands and tens of thousands of human lives are saved by the painless—yes, painless, for everything is done by qualified medical men, under anæsthetics—death of a handful of animals.*

* Tens of thousands of lives were saved by inoculation and science in the European War of 1914.

Passing from cremation reminds me I once saw a mummy unrolled. It was a most interesting ceremony. The mummy of a woman was laid on a table, and very carefully the bandages were unwound; yards and yards, and dozens of yards of strips of linen came off that mummy, and as the folds were unwound a distinct odour of incense and spice emanated from the figure. The outer bandages were yellow and brown with age, but as these were taken off, they became cleaner with each twist, until the mummy itself was reached, when the bandages were almost pure white. The onlookers were amazed to find that the strips of linen were twisted with the same care and skill as our surgeons' bandage to-day. Evidently the old Egyptians had mastered the art thousands of years ago, and we have but followed in their footsteps. The body had been embalmed, and thus it was that the scent of myrrh and herbs which had been confined for two or three thousand years by these bandages, were distinctly noticeable in the room.

In those days sacred animals were embalmed, as well as persons, and, therefore, thousands and tens of thousands of cats were shipped to England a few years ago as manure. The term "embalming" comes from the balm or balsam employed for preserving the body, a process invented by the Egyptians, whose bodies have lasted in many cases four or five thousand years by this means. It is probable that embalming was first considered necessary to enable the soul to return after completing its cycle of three or ten thousand years. It is said to date from 4,000 B.C. Embalming was a costly method. The mummy was pickled for seventy days, washed, and then elaborately

bandaged in fine linen, cemented together by gums. The process cost about £700 of modern money. Even the poorer people were *salted* for seventy days. Millions of bodies were embalmed in Egypt in bygone times, and yet the art is so nearly lost that the man to whom the embalming of a late Pope was entrusted seems to have carried out his work clumsily enough. But Roman Catholics do not approve of cremation, although Anglican Bishops are now cremated.

There is something to be said for the Indian tomahawking the old. The only pity is we can't tomahawk ourselves and slip off quietly, when the pains of life are greater than its gains. Great people, like great buildings, tumble and decay; the buildings can be restored, till none of the original remains; but, alas, the great people crumble and rot into superfluous old age. How short a span is man's real vital life. Twenty-five years of growth, twenty-five years of full force, twenty-five years of decay.

It requires a great deal of courage for some people to live their lives to the bitter end. For instance, a woman knowing she is absolutely incurable from cancer, and that week by week she is getting more and more bed-ridden, helpless and in pain, is expected to have the bravery to endure complacently this long-drawn-out, torturing death.

A man with serious heart-disease, a man who has lived a very full, busy, and useful life, finds he cannot even walk up and down stairs at a railway station, or at his office, or in his friends' houses, and he knows he may drag on for years. His occupation is gone, the very backbone of his existence is gone, and yet he must smile as each morning dawns, while his heart

is bitter, as he knows it is merely a question of getting gradually worse, and waiting for the end.

Another man, a writer of deep thought and profound work, finds blindness overtaking him. With the greatest effort he reads for one hour a day, in portions of ten minutes at a time, under the strongest possible electric lights, through magnifying glasses, and guarded by shades. After ten minutes the black lettering entirely disappears from the page, and becomes white and blurred. He waits, drinks a cup of coffee, takes a walk, smokes a cigarette, and then perhaps can take up his beloved subject for another few moments.

Week by week the length of time dwindles in which he can see to read, and nothing but the inevitable horror of blindness faces him. He cannot write because his subject is too profound to dictate. He cannot read because he can no longer see ; he cannot afford a reader, because, being a literary man without private means, he is necessarily a poor man—for almost no one can live on literature alone. Think of the pluck required to face that life. And yet he does it, because he feels it is the proper thing to do, and because he knows that if he took his life even the little sum he has put by for his family through insurance would be denied them, for insurance companies—or at least many of them—do not pay the premiums on those who commit suicide.

We can neither take our brains nor our gains to another world ; but we can leave behind us the memory of great actions when circumstances favour.

In these days of advanced science, when the medical world is able to tell us almost precisely when the ultimate end of disease will be, and its probable

duration, it seems strange that if a person does not wish to live their life out to the bitter end, he or she should be allowed—quite openly and honourably—to end it.

Very likely if people knew that this was possible many of them would be more content to live on, they would feel that they could endure the present because they had a possible source of relief in the future.

Every lost dog or cat or suffering animal should be put into a lethal-chamber. Every human being who finds the pains of life beyond his capacities should surely be allowed the free choice of entering such a chamber on his own.

Battle-fields often do not demand as much real courage as to live one's daily life, year in, year out, ill or well, rich or poor. It is one long wrestle with self and circumstances, and he who succeeds with both is just as much—aye, more—of a hero than the man who wins a "V.C." in a moment of excitement. 'Tis easy to be brave then; 'tis magnificent to be brave in cold blood. Difficulties exist to be evercome.

There is nothing to fear in death, yet every passing leaves a vacuum, and the great lesson of life is to make the best of things.

Suicide is the act of a coward, generally committed in a moment of misery—no one could recommend anything which shirks responsibility, brings stigma on a family, and often debars them of their daily bread. No, no, suicide is not to be thought of. It is secretive, low, mean, cowardly. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to facts, and facts are often stern and cruel realities. To many life becomes unendurable. Dire disease long-drawn-out, faces them. The first



By permission of the National Anti-Sweating League.

THE SWEATER'S VICTIM.

signs of madness are upon them. Every relative they value is dead, every interest is moribund. They don't want to crawl on to the end, they cannot be sure the merciful hand of pneumonia will overtake them. Why, then, should they not openly declare, honourably announce their wish to finish it all. Why should there not be in every town a proper committee of doctors appointed, to whom people could apply in distress of mind and body, before whom the *pros* and *cons* could be properly threshed out, and, if they still wished to enter the lethal-chamber of peace, who then has the right to say them nay.

If the writer of these pages had walked into a lethal-chamber, the public might be spared the boredom of these wild thoughts.

We are more humane to our dogs than to ourselves. Superfluous kittens are drowned, stray dogs and sick animals are poisoned; the lethal-chamber is open to them. They walk in at one end, a few whiffs of narcotic, and the last long sleep has fallen.

Why should human beings be denied what is allowed to dogs?

CHAPTER XVI

THE VOTE

THERE is no question of sex in brains.

There is no question of sex in voting.

None need neglect their home if they spend a couple of hours once every four or five years in going to a polling-booth and casting a vote.

Every *really* thinking man and woman would give women the vote. There is no logical reason against it. And that is about all there is to say about it. In a few years the whole world will be amazed that all the women of the world had not the vote as citizens, just as a matter of course, as men have.

Women's votes will be universal in every land before 1925, and Namow will be the better for it. Meantime, Great Britain is the laughing-stock of the world.

Women did not make war, women do not like war ; but did any woman ever hold back husband, son or brother when his country called upon him. No. Why, the women encourage, watch and wait. The women make clothes and bandages, and nurse and help. Women never fail. War with its atrocities and bloodshed claims the sons of the women who bore them, reared them, and let them go forth for their country's service, perchance to be mown down in the prime of life.

Women are the greatest sufferers through war, and



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

IRISH TYPE OF BEAUTY.

yet women have no say in national or international differences of opinion.

Yes, women hate war even when they see its necessity against barbarism, and bravely send forth their sons to fight for civilisation. If such an end can be attained by war then let us fight for it.

In the fourteenth century Mahaut, Countess of Artois, and in the fifteenth century Christine de Pisan, were pioneers of the Women's Movement as known to-day; but no great campaign began until the end of the nineteenth century.

What of the woman who first openly advocated Woman Suffrage—Millicent Garrett Fawcett, LL.D., born in 1847. In spite of her life of work, of her writings, her speeches, of her having been the wife and helpmate of a blind Postmaster-General, the mother of a famous daughter—for Philippa was a Senior Wrangler—Mrs. Fawcett looks more like a woman of fifty than sixty-seven. Short in stature, pleasant in manner, without a grey hair on her head, she lives a busy life in her comfortable home in one of the oldest and once most fashionable streets in London. Right in the heart of the town, she enjoys sitting sewing in her garden at the back, and is within a stone's-throw of the British Museum. Mrs. Fawcett has seen Suffrage given to one country after another, and one can only hope she may live to see it given in the country where she struck the first blow for women nearly fifty years ago—a movement that later permeated the whole thinking world.

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT WOMEN OUGHT AND OUGHT NOT TO DO

THERE is nothing women cannot do—some women—if they are given the chance. It is the chances that are wanting, not the capacity. Up to now they have chiefly inspired men to work, amused men, educated future men, slaved for men; women have always been the pace behind men's work.

Be anything you like except a "young lady"—a term synonymous with an idiot or a girl behind a counter, who is always "*the* young lady," just as the man who sells cheese is "the young gentleman." Young, because in shops they are only wanted when they are young, and are turned adrift before they reach forty.

A foolish, giggling woman is a horror. If she were a fish, and you caught her, you would put her back in the pond. Many little tricks,—like giggling,—begun as comedy, end as tragedy.

It does not in the least matter what women do: if they are good they will rise to the top of their profession, and if they are bad they will stick at the bottom; but, above all, let them never forget that a woman's honour is as important as a man's, and, above all, let women never omit to dress well and suitably. Men hate dowdy women, just as women detest untidy men.

What Women ought and ought not to Do 301

Instead of every well-born lady who has to earn her living trying to be a secretary or a governess—both professions are overcrowded beyond possibilities—why on earth don't these girls educate themselves to fill posts crying for occupants such as—

Book-keepers (permanent or visiting).

Accountants.

Children's nurses.

Visiting housekeepers.

Librarians.

Parlour-maids.

Waitresses.

Cooks (at the head of large establishments or for parties).

Managers of clubs or schools.

Accompanists to singers or musicians.

Millinery renovations (at ladies' houses).

Visiting dressmakers.

House-cleaners (to undertake the whole business, and see it through).

All these jobs are waiting for the properly trained and competent woman.

Nobody ever achieves anything without half a dozen people claiming the origin of that great thought or deed as theirs; but here is a chance for a woman to invent a new trade for her sex.

To name some of the professions and trades the women of Great Britain are practising, let us glance for a moment at the following list :

Actresses.

Agriculturists.

Artistic furnishers.

Artists.

Astronomers.

Authoresses.

Automobilists.

Aviary-keepers.

Balloonists.	Dog-breeders.
Barmaids.	Dogs' hospitals, superintendents of.
Basketmakers.	Domestic servants of all kinds.
Bee-keepers.	Domestic science teachers.
Billiard-markers.	Dramatists.
Bookbinders.	Drapers and outfitters.
Book-keepers.	Dressmakers.
Brush-makers.	Dust-women.
Canvassers.	Editresses.
Caretakers.	Embossed leather workers.
Cat-breeders and keepers.	Embroiderers.
Charity workers.	Emigration officers.
Charwomen.	Enamellers.
Chemists.	Engravers.
Chromo-lithographers.	Estate agents.
Civil Service clerks.	Factory hands (embracing workers in many diverse crafts).
Clerks (in numerous and varied offices).	Factory inspectors.
Club-managers.	Factory superintendents.
Concert directors.	Farmers.
Confectioners.	Fish-curers.
Cookery instructresses.	Florists.
<i>Corsetières.</i>	Flower-girls.
Dairymaids.	Foxhounds, lady-masters of.
Deaconesses.	Fruit-pickers.
Dentists.	Gardeners.
Designers (Christmas cards, book-covers, chintz, carpet, wall-paper, fashions, etc.).	Goat and rabbit farmers.
Detectives.	Governesses.
Dispensers.	Greengrocers.
District visitors.	Guide-book makers.
Doctors.	

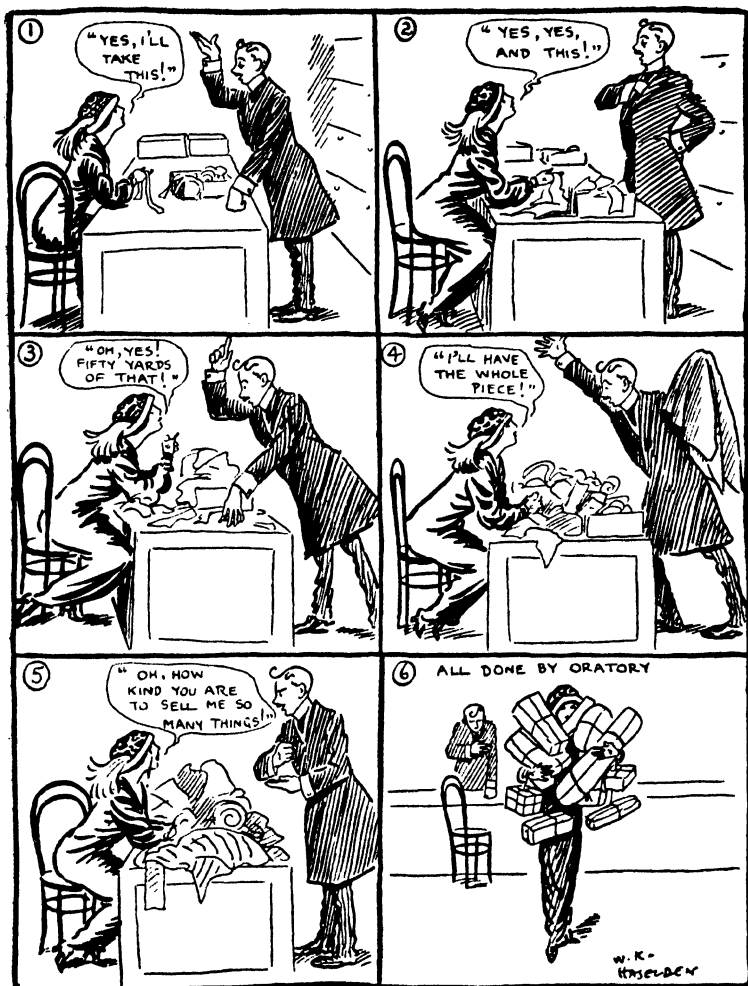
Guides.	<i>Modistes.</i>
Hairdressers.	Municipal officers.
Head mistresses.	Museum custodians.
Home industries, promoters of.	Musicians.
Hop-pickers.	Needlewomen.
Horticulturists.	Organists.
Hospital nurses.	Parish councillors.
House-agents.	Patentees.
House-decorators.	Pheasant farmers.
Housekeepers.	Photographers.
House mistresses.	Plan-tracers.
Indexers.	Playwrights.
Innkeepers.	Pony-breeders.
Inspectors.	Poor Law Guardians and administrators.
Interpreters.	Post-office officials.
Jam-makers.	Poultry-farmers.
Jewel-setters.	Printers.
Journalists.	Prison matrons and warders.
Kindergarten teachers.	Proof-correctors.
Lace-makers.	Rag-pickers.
Ladies' tailors.	Readers.
Laundresses.	Record-searchers.
Lecturers in all branches of science and learning.	Rent-collectors.
Librarians.	Reporters.
Machinists.	Sanitary inspectors.
Masseuses.	Savings-bank officials.
Maternity nurses.	Sculptors.
Matrons in schools and other institutions.	Secretaries.
Metal-workers.	Settlement workers.
Milliners.	Shop-assistants.
Missionaries.	Shop-walkers.
	Singers.

Stenographers.	Town councillors.
Social reformers.	Toy-makers.
Street-merchants.	Translators.
Superintendents of restaurants, tea-rooms, and other commercial concerns.	Typists.
	Upholstresses.
Teachers in all branches of education.	Urban District councillors.
Telephone-clerks.	Waitresses.
	Weavers.
	Wood-carvers.

Men have entered woman's sphere. Able-bodied striplings sell stockings and ribbons across the counter. There are men-tailors and men-staymakers for women. There are men-dressmakers and men-hatters for the fair sex. It is quite pleasant to find women employed in theatrical box offices, and such-like. Why not employ women in ticket-offices, not only at theatres, but at railway stations? It is essentially a woman's job.

Who does not know the women signalmen of Belgium and France and Switzerland, on whose right actions the lives of hundreds of thousands of people depend? It is the women in their blue cotton frocks, with their kerchiefs tied over their heads, who bob out of the little cottages, push back the gates, attend to the signals, mark the arrival of the train, notify it on to the next signal-box, open their gates again, and let the public pass over the track. Women do this in many lands.

Or again, Bavaria. In the Tyrol, in the most mountainous districts, where every square yard of soil is cultivated, it is the women one sees hanging on to the mountain-side, scythe in hand, cutting the



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

MEN DOING WOMEN'S WORK.

hay. It is the women who live quite alone in the little cow-huts high up on the mountain, where they milk their cows, store their cream, make their cheese into huge cartwheels, and finally roll it down the mountain side to the nearest town. The life of the woman in the Senhütte is particularly lonesome. She goes for weeks at a time without seeing a human being ; her only companions are her cattle, and yet, nothing daunted, these women lead these solitary lives, and no one thinks anything of it, because it is the custom.

It really was amusing. The Hastings bandsmen went out on strike because a woman conductor took the bâton.

Is there any earthly reason why a woman should not conduct an orchestra as well as a man ? As with so many of these things, there is no reason whatever ; there is merely the prejudice of custom, which men call logic.

Dr. Ethel Smyth conducts her own operas. People shrieked at first ; but they got over it. And so the bandsmen of the military band in this little English seaside resort who laid down their instruments in horror, had to take them up again and submit to the innovation.

Why on earth should not women play in orchestras ? There is nothing unwomanly in playing a violin, a 'cello, or even a flute. Why, then, should women be barred from orchestras, except in the case of the harp, when one occasionally sees a woman in a very black dress, with barely a collar round her neck, sitting hidden in some corner, as if the conductor was ashamed of having a female harpist amongst his men.

Please remember that women have got to live, they have to be fed and clothed, and housed, and if

they are not provided for by some one, they must provide for themselves, and the only way they can provide for themselves, or the only way they should have to do so, is by working; and when they work side by side with men they should be paid equal wages.

In 1914 none of the boys seem to want to do anything.* School education and influence teaches them to slack. The girls are all bubbling to do something—anything. School and home education have taught them the value of work and the necessity of occupation.

How often one hears the hateful remark: "Don't cry like a girl."

From that moment is implanted in the small boy's mind the idea of looking down on girls.

"Be a little man" is another of those cruel remarks which suggest a slur without really intending to do so.

How absurd both these remarks are, when one comes to think of them, and knows how really plucky girls are about pain—for corroboration of this one has only to ask a dentist or a doctor. A woman will sit still and clench her fist and endure agony. She will even have things cut out of her eyes unflinchingly; while a grown man, at the mere sight of blood, or the first touch of the knife, will faint away.

It is ridiculous that boys should be brought up to be dominant in these matters, and the saying, "Boys will be boys," is horrid, and often merely an excuse for rudeness and cruelty. Slurring remarks against

* The terrible, yet merciful, European War broke out since these pages were written, and young men received a shock which stirred all that was best in them. This war should be the making of Europe. Barbarism must be stifled. Civilisation must triumph.

little girls implanted in the youthful manly bosom are utterly wrong, and, as events prove, entirely without foundation. As we have seen, from the first moment of existence this handicapping of girls begins.

Boys are brought up on gory vengeance, as described in Greek plays. Morals in Greece were vile. The gods were called upon for everything; and these teachings are stuffed down young boys' throats like fat down the gorges of geese to make *pâté de foie gras*. Both suffer from the surfeit, the one mentally, the other physically.

As a sign of the times, it was extraordinary to hear a conversation lately between husband and wife, in a home typically English, where the wife, although well over fifty, still had to show her books weekly to her husband, who was essentially the "lord and master" type, and receive the cheque for the amount they added up to, not being trusted with an allowance, and not resenting it in the least, although a large share of the family purse was her own. She was moving with the times, though, in a great many other ways, and was only too glad to smile on her husband when he said: "Oh, don't talk to me about women being able to govern, and suffragist nonsense of that kind. As long as I have my present cook, parlour-maid, typist, and last, but not least, you, my dear, I'm quite happy as I am."

She smiled quietly, and said:

"Well, dear, you've mentioned four women."

Justice is a fine banner, and injustice a cruelty and dishonour. One may submit, and even smile. One may bury the hatchet, but the wound hurts.

Men have prided themselves for years on their

honour, spelt with a capital H ; but what about women's conscientiousness ? Can't we spell that with a capital C ? The one sex may be as reliable and honourable and conscientious as the other. The cricket-field teaches the man to play the game. Life and all its sordid little worries teaches the woman. Neither of us have enough honour or conscience yet ; if we had we should never do dirty little tricks in trade or in the home.

An easy conscience and contentment are twin sisters. A bad conscience and shame run badly in double harness.

Fear brings disaster. If there is one railway accident, another follows. One shipwreck or one aeroplane falls, another follows. Fear and nervousness, unsteady eye and hand, indecision of mind—and trouble follows.

Fearlessness is a life insurance.

Children should be taught to be fearless, and to believe in themselves. Doubt always spells misfortune. Self-reliance is a great incentive, but one must learn to adjust it. That is the sort of education babies must learn. Self-reliance, fearlessness, obedience, kindness, truth, generosity, and cleanliness, must all be learnt in the nursery.

There seems little doubt about it, that children should not be taught anything serious until they are seven years old, because until then it is only a case of memorising without logic, or even common thought, and it also seems pretty clear that both men and women's brains are at their best between the ages of thirty and fifty, in many cases even up to sixty and seventy.

Men are seldom generous in the little things of life, except in tips ; but they are very generous in

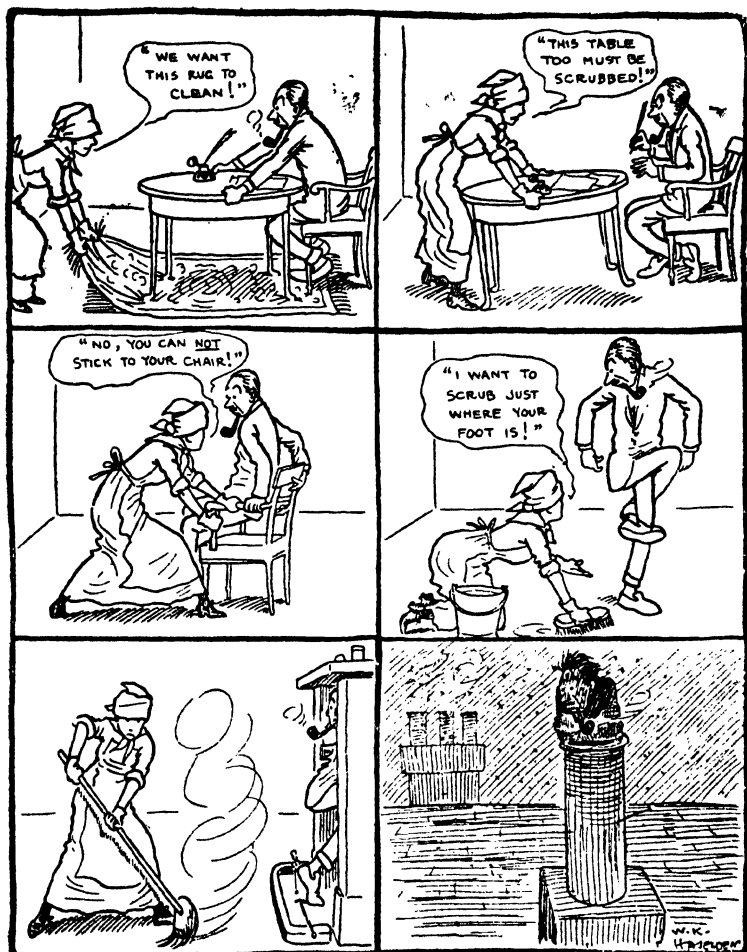
big actions. They will more readily give ten pounds than ten shillings. The woman so seldom has ten pounds of her own that she more often has the desire than the means; but she will divide her ten shillings into four half-crowns, and unflinchingly do four good deeds with her little pittance.

Men are not so elastic as women in anything, and certainly not in the art of giving. Everybody thinks he knows everything about every one—all doings, whether good or ill, are reported. But we never get away from the results of any action in life. A bad action brings worse returns, a good action brings better ones. Bread cast upon the waters comes back buttered.

We really know nothing about everything. There is always something new, even in the making of pins, and while one receives blame from one's family, one receives ill-considered praise from the outside world.

A woman's life is made up of details. All the little worries connected with food, the endless small things belonging to a house, even the quantities of little odds and ends that come from the "notion counter," such as needles, and cottons, hairpins, tapes, darning cottons, veils, ribbons, frillings, laces. The woman's weekly shopping may be infinitesimal in size, but is enormous in quantity, and it requires a good deal of arithmetic to make both ends meet. That is probably why women are such good managers, and are so economical. They know how many farthings there are in a shilling.

It really would be a good thing if every child was made to realise from its early days that it was put into the world, not to amuse itself, but to share responsibility with others for the good of the world,



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

MEN ARE NOW ADAPTABLE.

and to make that world progress—to be a citizen, in fact. Little boys and girls should have it instilled into their baby minds that they are there to exercise some sort of good influence, that every bad act hinders the progress of humanity, and every good deed improves the condition of the world. Parents and schools ought to teach them this. Instead, we each and all have to think the matter out for ourselves in maturer years, when one learns to regret the many wasted years lost in acquiring this knowledge. It is a terrible thing to hear any one say: “What am I here for?” We are all here for something.

Restaurant management offers a fine opening for women; but the women must study the question first, and open the restaurant afterwards. There are dozens of restaurants run by ladies in London to-day. They learn how to cook, how to manage, how to wait, how to keep accounts, how to buy in the best markets; they go from one restaurant of the kind to another, study the *menus* and prices, and when fully equipped start on their own venture and generally succeed.

There is simply nothing women are not doing. From Copenhagen comes the news that a woman is Master Mariner. Frau Bandinz is the wife of a ship’s surgeon. Having obtained a captain’s certificate, she commanded cruising vessels, and was then made captain on one of the boats that ply between Copenhagen and the United States. At first it was feared that the marine insurance companies might not approve; but the insurance companies were not so stupid, and the good lady is captain of the ship in which her husband has been appointed doctor.

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We have had women soldiers besides Joan of Arc and Mary Ambree ; now we have women navigators. And why not ?

But women have gone further afield even than this, and have at various times in the world's history been seen fighting side by side with men in days of war, filling the breach worthily in times of great emergency. Take the Chinese women, for instance, who in the winter and early spring of 1912 played such an important and plucky part in the great Chinese revolution which resulted in the fall of the ancient Manchu dynasty. Donning soldier's uniform, these women took their places in the firing-line with the men. Several women are also known to have served as officers with the revolutionary troops.

In 1913 Her Majesty the Queen opened that part of the University of London which particularly belongs to women, namely, Bedford College.

My old college—Queen's—in Harley Street near by, was the first college founded for women in the world (1848). There were educated Louisa Twining, Miss Beale of Cheltenham, Rosa Morrison of University College, Octavia Hill, Lady Beerbohm Tree, Beatrice Harraden, etc. But Bedford College has gone ahead. Bedford College is now part of the University of London.

It was, indeed, a subject for congratulation to see something like a thousand women wearing cap and gown, more particularly when one knows that, although women are allowed to pass the very highest examinations at Oxford and Cambridge, they are still not given the degree, except in name.

I took an American with me to the opening, a

woman well known in New York society, who was wildly excited at the prospect of seeing the Queen. When we arrived, in consequence of the crowd, it was rather difficult to secure a good place, and, espying a photographer's paraphernalia, I asked him if my American friend might stand beneath his machine, which was poised far higher than her head.

"Certainly," he replied, and made room for the lady to pass.

The Queen, beautifully gowned in a soft shade of grey, with hat to match, was looking her best. She certainly has a magnificent presence. She is very tall, rather inclined to be stout, extremely good-looking, pale in countenance, with a pretty golden sheen on her hair. The curious thing is that she is no relation whatever to her predecessor, and yet in many ways, except in stature, they are very much alike. Queen Alexandra has a long, thin neck, and a dog-collar of pearls is its usual adornment. Ditto Queen Mary. Queen Alexandra always walks with a tightly rolled umbrella or parasol, being lame. Ditto Queen Mary. She is not lame, but she is never without this form of walking-stick. Queen Alexandra always wears a fringe across her forehead, with her hair done high on her head. Ditto Queen Mary, who not only wears the same style of coiffure, but refuses to have her hat over her ears as fashion decrees, and sternly wears it on the top of her head.

The *cortège* was formed of Miss Tuke, Lady Resident, in her cap and gown; the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, looking thin and aristocratic; Lord Rosebery, in his magnificent red-and-gold robes; Lord Haldane in a plain frock-coat; the Duchess of

Marlborough, taller and more willowy than ever; and Major Leonard Darwin, whose father was one of the founders of Bedford College. As they passed us the men bowed, and the women curtsied in the usual regal style, and as the party went a little farther down the pathway a guard of Territorial boys in khaki saluted.

When it was all over my American friend slipped out from under the photographer's paraphernalia, and with tears in her eyes said :

“ Well, there is something in Royalty, after all. How imposing.”

There seems to be a large field for the energies of well-born and well-educated girls in the world of trained gardening. When, in the spring of 1914, the Annual General Meeting was held of the Governors of the Horticultural College at Swanley, Kent (founded in 1889), with Sir John Cockburn presiding, and Lady Falmouth, the Hon. Mrs. Gell, and Mrs. John Hopkinson present, among many others, the chairman declared Swanley College to be one of the pioneers of the Higher Education of Women. The training was thorough and most practical. Women were fitted, on leaving the College, to take important posts, which many old students held, not only in this country but in our Dominions Overseas. The Home Office had lately appointed one student, Miss Gertrude Watkin, to the important post of Gardening Instructor at the Borstal Institute for Girls at Aylesbury. Sir John Cockburn also remarked that the College only suffered from one thing, and that was a severe epidemic of matrimony. Serious inroads had been made even upon the staff, and the

students were exposed to the gravest possible danger in this direction. Lady Falmouth said that the fact of so many students, who had gone out to the Colonies and elsewhere, having married and proved most excellent and competent wives, had quite dispelled the idea some people entertained that highly educated women were unfitted for matrimony. Contrary to this, their good training taught them to make the most of small incomes.

And how about the physical disabilities of women, of which we hear so much, when in the summer of 1913 the city of Chicago swore in no fewer than a dozen women as constables on its uniformed police force? Well done, Chicago. That city, of course, claimed to be striking out a new path in the care of public morals; but, as a matter of fact, these were not the first policewomen the world had seen. New York and Los Angeles were both before Chicago in this departure, and Aalborg, Denmark, seems to have been before them all. Miss Teilmann Ibsen, of that town, can claim the honour of being the first woman to assume the ordinary duties of a uniformed constable, and a very strong, capable, and beautiful young policewoman she is. England has followed suit.

Women of education find fitting employment in the professions. Perhaps it is not generally known that the first bank in the world, conducted exclusively by and for women, finished its first year of existence, in Berlin, in May 1911. In the following June, when the annual balance was struck, its profits in pounds sterling did not run to more than three figures, but the *Genossenschaftsbank selbständiger Frauen* (Mutual Bank for Self-supporting Women) had already

demonstrated in that short time that it had a mission and a future.

Even the old Bank of England is waking up, and, although the matter was kept a deadly secret, the Governors had to admit, in the summer of 1914, that they were employing sixty women sorting out banknotes, and listing coupons; that their salaries began at £1 a week, and reached £100 a year; that the head superintendent received double that sum. Besides this, there is an optional pension at the age of forty-five, and compulsory retirement at fifty.

In many other Banks women are employed, but "the old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is proverbially conservative.*

What of France? That she is now "going ahead" in the emancipation of women in her own particular way is undoubted. Just as her women lay down the yearly fashions in dress for the white races, so—gracefully, surely—they take the lead in other ways at which the supposedly energetic English and German races rub their eyes.

Frenchwomen, in this period of the birth and growth of human flight, first dared to steer their own aeroplanes with skill and coolness. Think of the prowess and pluck of Madame Dupont and Baroness de la Roche, who were two of the very first women to fly, and of Miss Harriet Quimby, also, the wonderfully enterprising young American journalist who was the first woman to fly the English Channel, on the 16th of April, 1912—alone, too—and piloting her

* The war woke her up. She cashed even Belgium notes for a few shillings and gave milk and buns to the babies of the refugees in the garden. Blessed war, it humanised many, and gave fresh impetus to the sloth of life.

own machine. Her flight was undertaken under somewhat difficult conditions also ; for she was beset by gusty little cross-winds at the very start, and then immediately encountered a fog-bank, head on, which obliged her to fly at an altitude of two thousand feet.

The Frenchwoman's motto seems to be, "Let us strive for fuller freedom, with enthusiasm, perseverance, and grace." Without trumpet sound, their women-advocates have been pleading in Law Courts, wearing cap and gown with the grace of Portia. *Man versus Woman*—to win the judge's favourable verdict.

Women have often enough laid down the law in all lands ; now is their time to take it up.

In France, Norway, Switzerland, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Egypt, Russia, Japan, and the United States women are fully admitted to the legal profession, and in Finland and India they are partially admitted. In Norway there is a woman Judge, Fru Ruth Sorenson, who took up her duties in October, 1913, after practising for some years as a lawyer in Christiania.

Even in the Paris streets, despite some outcry against the women *cochers* and chauffeurs, they are to be seen here and there, neatly straw-hatted, wearing long fawn waterproof coats, driving coolly through the crush of the Place de la Concorde.

Why on earth don't British women become professional chauffeurs ? Ladies drive their own cars, both in town and country, in spite of the fact that in the former case it is difficult, because the owner of the car often wishes to shop or to pay visits, and, therefore, does not always find it easy to dress suitably under such circumstances. Women are quite as capable of steering a taxi as men. The seat on the box of

a taxi is comfortable, and one can only hope that before long hundreds of women will take up the profession of chauffeur throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Frenchwomen are wonderful, and the Frenchman's admiration of his women is wonderful, too. The Frenchwoman may be a genius, she may be a criminal, she may evince courage and pluck, she may merely be a good mother—whatever she is, the Frenchman is ever ready to do her homage ; to do anything for her, in fact, but be a faithful lover. There he utterly fails. She is a magnificent organiser, she works hard for her family, she is economical and wise ; in fact, the Frenchwoman is a great asset.

Why shouldn't women be Commissionaires ? They could do everything required of a man, and, moreover, would never stand about idly, as men do, but would knit and sew.

The average man spends his average evening smoking too much, and taking forty winks over the newspaper. How much better employed he would be in darning his own socks, and helping his wife in little household jobs.

Let us look at Denmark, and its galaxy of famous and successful modern women. To mention only two or three names out of many : Madame Zahle, wife of the Premier, is an official parliamentary shorthand writer—no easy task this, reporting *verbatim* in the House ; Madame Brances, wife of the Finance Minister, is a sculptor ; Madame Nielsen, wife of the Minister of Education, is a Surgeon ; and Madame Pedersen, wife of the Minister for Agriculture, is an indefatigable agriculturist.

Women in Finland, too, do many unusual things, but nothing excited my surprise so much as to find half a dozen of them busily engaged in building a house. Some were standing on scaffolding, plastering a wall, while others were completing the carpentering work of a door. Subsequently I learnt that there were hundreds of women builders and carpenters in Finland. It was little less strange to see women cleaning the streets. Huge broom in hand, they marched about and swept the paths, while a whole gang of female labourers were out weeding the roadways. In these days, when so little can be done without bold advertisement—and a free Press is, of course, unknown in Russia—it surprises one to find that the Women's Movement in Finland managed to get along without it so late as 1894. In that year appeared the first printed work devoted to the subject.

The Finnish University was founded in 1640, but only of recent years has it opened its doors to women. In 1870 the first woman matriculated. Three years later a second followed suit. If a woman wishes to study at the University the permission of the Russian Chancellor has first to be obtained. He always grants it nowadays, though a quarter of a century ago applicants frequently met with a refusal. To-day there are a large number of female students, several of whom have taken degrees in medicine, dentistry, arts, law, and science.

University education only costs about thirty-two shillings a year (forty marks), except in the case of chemistry, where a small extra charge is made for experiments. Men and women pay exactly the same, and enter for the same examinations, working side by side. For the matriculation four languages

are essential, many take up five, and each year more students go over to the Modern Side.

Forty years ago the women of Finland won the right to participate in the management of civic affairs. If unmarried, widows, or divorced, they, during all that period, enjoyed the municipal vote. In 1893 they were declared eligible to sit as members of School Boards in town and country.

As was to be expected, they are doing a splendid work in education. In the cause of temperance and in all philanthropic movements they are active. They have organised schools for the deaf, dumb, blind, and crippled, and look after night-shelters, mother's unions, ragged unions, rescue homes, working homes for children, benevolent societies, and much else.

How often in life one is struck by the resemblance between individuals and nations! In their youth and growth, nations pass through the phases common to human beings; in full age, they have their characteristics and learn experience; in old age, they are inclined to nod.

Therefore, when looking round the world to note the various work of women, naturally one glances keenly at the eldest daughter of Mother England—at Canada, the young, growing nation who should, and does, make her usefulness felt in her own home, in the British family; whose voice seems destined to be heard in the Council of Nations.

What do the women of Canada do in the cause of womanhood?

There comes a many-voiced reply. The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire are many thousand women banded together in the cause of Im-

perialism. Their chapters and branches are vigorous offshoots, flourishing in the Canadian provinces, and in the Bahamas, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Barbadoes, India, Ireland, and amongst the British-born women in the United States of America. With pride they claim to be the *first*—as now the largest—Woman's organisation for Imperial work within the Empire. Their first work was during the Boer War, when they sent comforts to the men in the front, helping forward the work of the Canadian branch of the Red Cross Society. Among other many and good deeds of a patriotic nature the Daughters of the Empire care for the Labrador Fisheries and Deep Sea Fishermen, work in hospitals, and, most important of all, among school-children. They themselves thus write :

“The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire's first aim is for Imperial unity ; surely a grand work, and one that must not be taken up lightly ; it is a most serious work, and one to which every woman in this grand Dominion should lend herself. The unity of the great British Empire is as much in the hands of the women of the Empire as in the hands of the men of the Empire. The mighty influence of the women in the homes with the youth of the country will have much to do to-day, and in the future, with the welding together of the greatest Empire that it has pleased God to let the world know ; and shall not the women of this great Dominion be foremost in showing their appreciation of the blessing offered to them. It is so large, so great, so mighty a thing to work for, that they should thrust aside everything to work for it, and to know that, perhaps, by doing so they are lending a little help

to the welding together of the British Empire, and securing for their children and grandchildren the untold blessing of living under British law and the grand old Union Jack."

The world is topsy-turvy. England's young County Council School misses, who ought to be domestic servants, are all struggling to get into shops, or become typists.

The educated young women, who are thoroughly capable of being secretaries, writing the English language and spelling properly, see what a hopelessly over-crowded trade typewriting is, and are becoming domestic servants. Ladies train as cooks; and the lady parlourmaid is a new innovation. The lady nurse is of long standing, and who could be better to bring up children in nice ways, gentle manners, and thoughtful appreciation than the woman who is herself well born and educated.

The Harley Street doctors offer a fine field of employment to ladies willing to act in the capacity of door-keepers or parlour-maids. The girl who wishes to earn an honest living goes to the medico's at nine o'clock, puts on her plain uniform of cap and apron, looks over the list of appointments for the day, attends to the telephone, shows the patients in or out, and makes future appointments; in fact, runs the doctor's business with wisdom, tact, and precision. Her day's work is over at three or four, and she jogs home again. The lady door-keeper has come to stay. The lady parlourmaid will become an institution.

What can be more interesting than cleaning beautiful silver, laying dinner-tables and arranging flowers, polishing glass—in fact, putting everything upon the

table for the mistress exactly as she would wish it put upon the table for herself ?

No educated woman taking up a profession or a trade must give herself airs. Airs belong to the lower orders. All work is honourable ; all work is ennobling to one's self, if one does one's best.

Act up to your principles ; never do a dirty trick you would resent any one doing to you.

Stealing is a common little habit, and stealing, too, among people who would be horrified at such a word being applied to themselves. Ordinary people don't steal money, but they take stamps and chocolates, pencils or books, umbrellas or notepaper, and think nothing of it. Among the servant class it is even worse ; they take anything and everything they happen to require. Needles, cottons, tapes, or buttons, they seem to consider, belong to them, and in the kitchen department the cook calmly invites any workman who enters the house to partake of her mistress's tea, and any boot-boy to eat his mistress's breakfast. The servant sometimes lays tit-bits aside for her friends, or takes a cake away on her outing ; and not one of these people seems to think for one moment that, unless a thing is given to them specifically, taking it is an act of theft.

They would be horrified at the idea of being accused of petty theft, and yet people are really stealing small things all day long.

Buttons and hooks-and-eyes belong to the person who bought them, but people seem to forget that little fact.

A certain lady read "Thirteen Years." She had lost all her money, and wrote asking my advice.

Six months later, when I had forgotten all about the circumstances, again she wrote and asked if she might call.

The lady arrived, young, nice-looking, and a lady in every sense.

"I've come to tell you," she said, "that I really profited by your advice. You said: 'Be a parlour-maid; be anything. Grind your teeth and stick at it.' I have not been a parlourmaid, but I have been a domestic servant, and I have ground my teeth, and stuck at it.

"When I first came to London I struggled for three months to get work—as companion, secretary, anything; but nothing came my way. At last, seeing an advertisement for a working housekeeper in a boarding-house, I applied. I thought to myself, I know how I ran my own house, and my own servants, and I'll try. Accordingly I went, was interviewed by the lady—who was not a lady, but a very nice woman, and was rather shy of me until I told her that the only conditions on which I would accept service would be that I received no remuneration beyond my board and lodging, but that I must have a room to myself. She explained what I should have to do, to keep ten bedrooms entirely, without aid, and help in the housekeeping; but as I was what I was, I should not be asked to have my meals in the kitchen, but should take the bottom end of the boarding-house table.

"I agreed. For months I stuck at it. Downstairs at seven every morning, cleaning sitting-rooms, taking hot water and boots, brushing clothes, doing my ten bedrooms, and always managing to be tidy when I appeared at the luncheon hour, as if I had

already done a very hard morning's work. I got on. All the people there were charming to me. I never disclosed who I was, although I think they felt I was a lady ; and the woman herself had all the refined feelings of our own class. My bed and board and washing were paid, so I had no expenses, and I gained a vast amount of experience. I was there for months. Often I laughed when I went up to bed at night, and sat down in my little room, and thought how funny it all was, although the laughter was sometimes not unmingled with tears.

“The one thing I really learned was that the system which goes with an educated mind enables me to accomplish exactly half as much work again as is done by the half-educated class, with their want of system. My employer always maintained that my rooms were kept cleaner and better than those of the other servants, and yet I was finished and done in much quicker time. It was an experience worth having ; and although I am now at the head of a big institution, which sounds better, and yet has worse drawbacks, I often regret that I did not remain longer as housemaid in those boarding-house surroundings ; and I certainly should have done so, had I been able to accept tips or take a salary without endangering the independent position I had assumed at first so as to learn my job.

“You were right. There is nothing degrading in domestic service, and the sooner educated girls who have to earn a living take to it, the better.”

That woman in her own little way was a heroine. She developed her own character, earned much respect, shook off the thralldom and demoralisation of friendly charity, and proved as fine a subject of

the Empire in her cold-blooded pluck as the soldier at the front in hot-handed fight.

If a servant cleans a room badly, smears her silver, or cooks a dinner atrociously, she resents being told the fact. If a dressmaker makes a dress badly, she is disgusted and resents being asked to remake it; but if a young man fails in his exams. for medicine or the law, he has to go back and work the whole thing over again for six long months, with no chance of getting through for half a year.

If an author writes a book, and it is too long or too short, or he or his publishers are not satisfied with it, that author rewrites the entire volume from start to finish. Ditto with a picture.

To excel in anything, one must just go on perseveringly until one attains one's very best. The higher the art, the more serious the work entailed, and the more necessity there is to do the whole thing again, even if it takes a year to accomplish. Therefore servants are really the best-paid people to-day, with the least anxiety and responsibility.

A new profession for women might be the organisation of children's parties.

Miss Gladys Beattie Crozier has written delightful books on children's games. With that, and a love of little people, an able woman can easily make out a programme; parties for the afternoon, out-door parties, gymkhanas, and what not; and if she can organise and carry through a successful scheme, she is worthy of her hire, and many a weary hostess would thankfully pay for her co-operation.

A cotillon is more difficult and more expensive; so the party organiser has even a large field along that line.

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Pope. Then surely the proper study of womankind is woman.

We are told by harsh critics of the opposite, and often opposing sex, that we have no logic and no philosophy. Bah! One cannot philosophise about women.

To show the influence of women—or shall we call it the common sense of women—a woman has just shown me the following letter. The writer is a foreign diplomatist, the receiver an English lady. He had thrown up his post because of some little tiff, and she, as a friend, told him she thought he had made a mistake. He says :

"DEAR AND CHARMING FRIEND,

" . . . I have not yet written to my King to offer my services. I promised it to you, not only because you are a fascinating woman, but because all you said to me seemed so reasonable, and, the more I think it over, the more thoroughly right. But I find it hard for me now to comply with my promise, because I have never in my life asked for anything, or offered my services to any one. Still, of course, I feel bound by my promise to you. A way out of this difficulty has appeared most unexpectedly. The Crown Prince arrived on Tuesday evening. I saw him for a moment last night, when he said he wished to have a chat with me before he leaves. Through him I can send my message to the King—the message I promised you, that I would not refuse to be re-appointed Minister in if the post was again offered me.

"I am glad you are enjoying your holiday. Your children must, no doubt, contribute very much to

your happiness. My mother was still a young and handsome woman when I was a boy of sixteen. I remember how proud I was of that mother!

“I should be grateful to a kind Providence, and I should, indeed, be proud if I could gain your friendship, madame.

“Nothing is so inspiring, nothing so uplifting to a man as the friendship of a good, intelligent, and handsome woman.

“May God bless you, and let you be the chosen instrument of His mercy to many a man who, like myself, was in darkness, till you showed me the light.”

CHAPTER XVIII

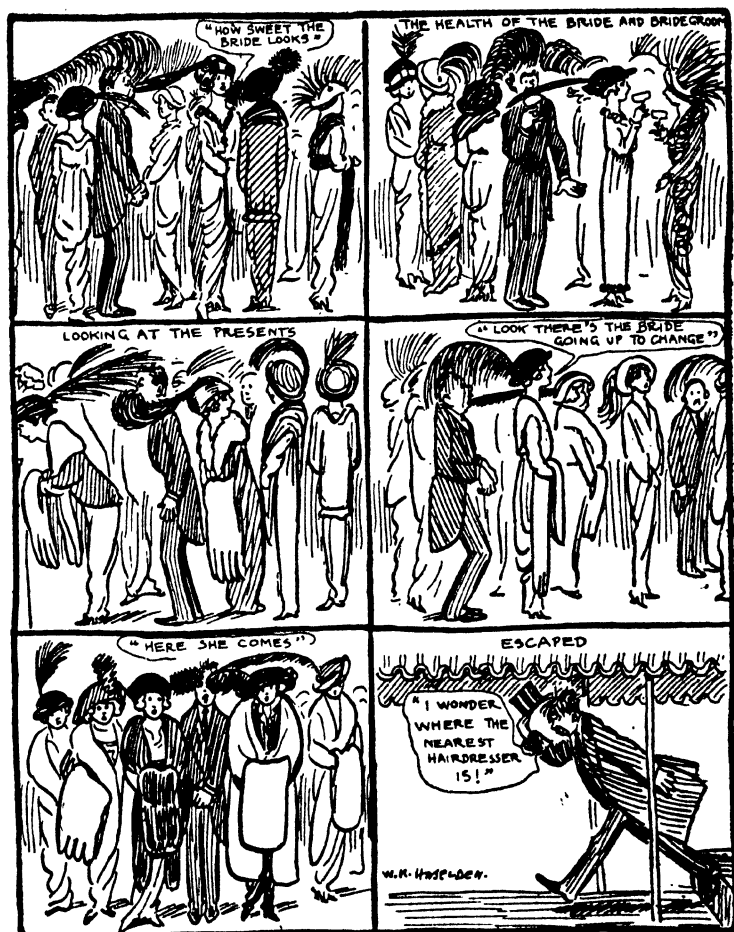
A SCOTCH HIRING-FAIR, FASHIONS AND FEATHERS

IN Scotland (and in parts of Wales) they still hold "Hiring-Fairs," and very good institutions they often prove.

The boys and girls, men and women, who want situations, and the employers who want servants and farm hands, all attend the fair. There is great choice. The partnership, once entered into, is for six months. That in itself makes people anxious to please and be pleased, and does away with the week-end domestic servant, who is constantly in and out of service.

Shopkeepers in the village make great preparations. The fairs are welcome and profitable events in usually dull lives. Strolling caravans of all kinds assemble, with their merry-go-rounds or shooting-galleries, and little booths are put up on the green. The arrangements begin some days in advance, for the farm hands take the opportunity of such a great event as a visit to a distant village or small town to buy their clothes and household necessities, and generally make a day of it.

It is a curious spectacle at the village market to see the arrival of the hirelings from the country. They assemble in the early morning and troop past rows of severe Scotch cottages, with their grey stone walls



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

PRESENTS ARE HIRED FOR WEDDINGS AND SERVANTS ARE HIRED
AT FAIRS.

and slate roofs devoid of creepers, flowers, or any architectural adornments. They all appear happy and buoyant, these folk, and are prepared to wait patiently for the arrival of the farmers who come from the surrounding country to engage them. A busy time ensues. No engagement is struck without a vast amount of talk, and sometimes amusing little scenes are the result. As the day wears on, when good bargains have been made, the lads give the lasses their "fairing". These are bags of sweets, or gaudy paper bows and other weird decorations. Peppermints are the most fashionable form of gift, but any kind of sweets rolled up in mottoes are in particular favour on these occasions, and cause much merriment among the young folk, who finish their day's work of bargaining in a very lively manner. Dancing on the village green, rides on the merry-go-rounds, and general joviality end the proceedings of the hiring-fair.

When an engagement has been effected at the fair the farmer hands over to the hireling his "airles", which is a sum of money varying from 2s. to 5s., and is supposed to seal the bargain. The acceptance of the money legalises the bond of engagement.

In the Highlands "bondagers", or women workers, are in almost more demand than men nowadays. Women are engaged from 11s. a week for the winter, and 12s. for the summer, with extra during harvest-time. The average wages for the farm hands are 18s. and 19s. a week, with the usual allowances; but when a "hind," or married farm-worker is unable to provide a competent woman out-worker he cannot always reach that sum. So important is the bondager that an unmarried man sometimes engages and boards a

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woman in this capacity, his being able to supply a bondager being a condition of his tenancy of the croft.

Halfpins were asking more than farmers were disposed to give them in March. Many English readers will wonder what "halfpins" may be, so it is as well to explain that they are young lads who have worked a year or more on a farm, and whose terms vary according to age and the length of their previous service. They are quite important individuals in the eyes of the Scotch farmer, who often turns them into ploughmen-helps at £16 or £20 a year, with free board and lodging with his own family.

Once the hirelings have arrived at the fair, a brisk trade ensues. Sturdy Scotch farmers from all parts, with their accents so thick one might cut them with an axe, busily negotiate with the "bondagers", "hirelings", and "halfpins", for their valuable services, and it was interesting to note lately in a well-known Scotch paper that ploughmen were in "brisk demand". Single ploughmen were only hired at 16s. a week, while men with wives or sisters readily obtained 18s. and 20s., with a free house, so evidently it is a very economical trade to get married, as it ensures a good situation and means of livelihood at once. These terms carry with them the usual conditions of a free house, potatoes, meal, and other perquisites; but when a cow is kept, and requires pasturage, a couple of shillings is deducted from the hireling's wage. These married ploughmen, though hired and paid by the week, are bound for a year; but all other farm-servants are engaged by the "term", which is six months.

Until comparatively lately it was the fashion for

all domestic servants in Scotland to be engaged by the "term," that is to say, for six months; but with the advance of civilisation—which in this particular case means railways, newspapers, and registry offices—the Scotch servant has ceased to care to be bound any more than the English one, and a monthly engagement is the result. Forty days' warning before the end of the "term" is necessary for dismissal. The month has become more universal of late years than the "term", especially in big towns like Edinburgh or Glasgow, where the "term" has almost died out.

Scotland is forging ahead in many ways; she has organs in her kirks, tramcars running on Sundays; public restaurants, such as there now are in Edinburgh, even venture to keep their doors open on Sunday nights, and actually employ a band to play during dinner; and, strange as it may seem, golf is creeping in on the Sabbath; but yet the old hiring market remains. The origin of the hiring-fair dates from time immemorial; it is probably the outcome of the feudal days, when the bondmen stood up in rows for hire, or, properly speaking, for sale.

The Scotch domestic is generally an excellent person, well educated, with a strong sense of right and wrong, and a warm love for her employers, proud of keeping a good situation when she has found one. She saves her money, is more thrifty than her Irish sister, and more reliable than her English one as a rule. As a cook she excels, and her cakes and her soups are hard to beat. The Scotch are good agriculturists, and particularly skilful as gardeners; very dour, hard, and solid, but thorough, and then they all have the advantage of a good sound education, a matter in which the land of Burns excels.

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Long may the Scotch agricultural labourer be there to be hired; long may he live on the land instead of rushing to the towns to starve or fill the gaols.

Even the women at hiring-fairs try to be fashionable nowadays, and, alas! have latterly discarded their charming national dresses. One never sees the tall beaver-hat of Wales to-day, and even the Scotch Fishwife has been bitten with a love of feathers.

Well I remember on one occasion our train steamed into a small station on the Cromarty Firth, on the east coast of Scotland. It was an out-of-the-way little place, yet a number of fisherfolk were waiting upon the platform. There must have been nearly a hundred of them. The women wore white caps and aprons, and all had on short woollen skirts, so fully kilted at the waist that the fish-creel could rest upon the folds at the back. Most of them were barefooted, although not a few carried their shoes and stockings in the creel.

Shouts and acclamations in Gaelic greeted the arrival of our train as out of many third-class carriages tumbled the fisherfolk, returning from the herring harvest. "Following the herring," as it is called, is a great performance every summer in the north of Scotland. The men and women work gradually south, even getting as far as the Isle of Wight. The men hire themselves out to boat-owners, and, besides earning wages, get a certain sum on the catch, so that £20 clear profit is no unusual thing at the end of a season, and if a man can go "shares" in a boat with two or three others, he may make as much as £300, and have his outing into the bargain.

The women do not go to sea; they go south for

the "gutting", a horrible but necessary operation, for which they receive 10s. a week, with so much a barrel on their work, and on these wages they have to keep themselves; but a £10 note is their usual home-taking profit. Whole parties start from different districts, and it becomes the chief annual event in their lives. Many trades are open to the fisherfolk, not only as fishermen and "gutters", but as salters, packers, and curers, and altogether thousands of Scotch men and women go south every year.

On their return marriages take place, the result of savings brought from England. They rarely marry any one out of their own village, and a wedding-feast is a grand festivity.

This was the occasion of the return of the fisherfolk from Aberdeen, and a curious home-coming it was. Instead of neatly-capped and aproned fishwives, women resembling the terribly-dressed class of water-cress girls in London emerged from the train. Corruption was written all over them; they had donned long skirts and coloured blouses, had curled and frizzled their hair (one even wore a black silk jacket with jet trimmings), and, worse than all, the charming, clean white caps had been superseded by hats and feathers. Out they tumbled, these fishwives, with their cardboard bandboxes, their large lace collars, their high-heeled shoes.

"Oh, my, how fine you are!" one of the platform folk exclaimed; others saluted their friends with "What a beautiful hat!" or, "Jean, what a grand blouse!" And, doubtless, every neatly-dressed fishwife on that platform wished she had been to Aberdeen and come back with so much common finery.

"The wives wear hats as big as parasols, and even

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have more ostrich feathers stuck into them than the ladies themselves," remarked an onlooker.

"And do you like them the better for it?" we volunteered to ask.

"Na, na, I like the white *muchie* [cap] best mysel'." And he was right. Tawdry finery is awful, and never more awful than when donned by a bronzed, healthy-looking fishwife.

Twenty or thirty of these women will push a big herring-boat with their shoulders, and walk into the water up to their arm-pits. They repeat the work on the return of their men with "dry feet." These women seldom have dry bodies, even in the winter; but they never seem to mind, as long as their men return safely from the perils of the deep.

A few days' later we had tea in one of these fishermen's homes, with all his family, including dogs, cats, and chickens, after a long walk over sand-dunes by the sea, with the waves lashing the shore below, and sea-gulls flying overhead. When we reached our destination it was one of the quaintest and queerest old fishing-villages left in Scotland, and yet not a score of miles from a capital city. We knocked at the door, which was quickly opened by the lady of the house, in a red flannel skirt and pretty cap.

"Aye, but it's Mistress Tweedie hersel'," she exclaimed; "and I'm right glad to see ye back, mam, I am. Johnny, Johnny," she called to her elderly husband, who came from behind the croft with a pipe in his mouth.

"Why, how grand you are," I said, on entering. "You've got a wooden floor!"

"Aye, mam, and there are several wooden floors

in the village now, whatever, although there be lots of earth ones still."

There, in rows, piled one on top of the other upon the dresser, were the much-prized basins. Basins are the chief household ornamentation of this particular village, and some wonderful colours and patterns are displayed upon their surface.

"Will ye tak' a dish o' tea wi' us?"

"Delighted," I replied, and in a moment the gude wife was busy laying a white cloth upon her table, dusting the best blue and white cups, sorting some excellent scones, and adding boiling water to the teapot, the tea in which was already made and standing on the hob. Milk is practically unknown in the village, and the babies are reared on porridge, tea, and whisky; consequently, many of them die; it is, indeed, the survival of the fittest. For one half of the children born to reach maturity is considered a triumph. It was the quaintest tea-party. For the family and endless friends crowded into the small circle, all ready with a hearty handshake of true Highland hospitality. The cats and dogs fought over the crumbs that fell, the small boy chased the chickens, whisky was offered all round, and it was considered extraordinary that southerners did not take it with their tea.

There is something very captivating about the kind-hearted hospitality of the Highland fisher's home, and it is sad to think the wave of so-called *improvement* is reaching these quaint old villages, where the characteristic genial habits of the people are vanishing. That wish to ape their employers is creeping in, and in trying to do so they lose their individuality and sink to a lower level. While dis-

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carding caps and aprons, and the primitive ways of their forbears, they assume hats and feathers, and degenerate and lose their charm.

We all want to be something we are not :

If we are tall we want to be short.

If we are short we want to be tall.

If we are fair we want to be dark.

If we are dark we want to be fair.

If we are comic we want to be tragic.

If we are tragic we want to be comic.

If we are writers we want to be painters.

If we are painters we want to be writers.

If we are fishwives we want to be parlourmaids.

If we are parlourmaids we want to be ladies.

If we are ladies we want to be working women.

If we are wise we are contented to stay where we
are and just move on a step nearer perfection
year by year.

CHAPTER XIX

SHOULD WOMEN HAVE TITLES ?

Do men never feel a pang of remorse at their want of generosity to the other sex on this question. Practically no distinctions have ever been given to English women.

Nurses and policemen get medals, but one has never heard of a brilliant woman doctor having even been offered a Knighthood—when the title in her case would be “Dame,” not “Sir.”

Has any woman artist, except on the rarest occasions, been admitted even to membership of the Royal Academy, although women exhibit their pictures or sculpture beside the men’s work.

Although MADAME Curie discovered radium, it was MONSIEUR Curie who received the Royal Society’s medal.

The position is laughable.

Think of the useful services women have rendered their country. Think of what women have done for the nation, and yet, unthinkable it is, the mothers of our great men—the very women who have moulded their characters and inspired their lives—go unheeded and unacknowledged, so far as State recognition is concerned.

It would be an enormous incentive to women workers if our reigning Sovereign were to inaugurate an Order of Queen Mary. It need not be so



From the original miniature by kind permission of the Greek Minister.

BYRON'S MAID OF ATHENS.

high a decoration as the O.M. (Order of Merit), instituted in the reign of King Edward ; but the order would be an incentive to women workers to attain greater things. Women would feel that their talents might one day be recognised by the State, as men's talents now are. Women would not pander to buying honours, nor would they pay subsidies to Party funds, because they seldom have money. Their Order should be strictly one of merit, and, if necessary, a Council of Women, headed by the Queen herself, might decide to whom the Order should go.

Women have excelled in the arts ; women have given their services to humanity ; but because, poor dears, they have to wear petticoats, they are not even allowed to wear a Freemason's decoration.

As men dearly love decorations, there is surely no particular reason why women should seriously object to them ! Men who don't receive stars, buy Freemasons' aprons, collars, and jewels.

Some husbands decorate their wives as an advertisement of their own prosperity, and many men are decorated generously as an acknowledgment of gifts to their Party, or services as Mayors of Towns, and occasionally for work in the Arts and Sciences.

Not nearly enough is done for the encouragement of the Arts. One takes up an Honours List, and among the dozens of coal-owners and cotton-spinners and ship-builders and quarry-owners, each with his tens of thousands of pounds, one looks long to find perchance one artist, one doctor, one musician, one representative of science or literature ; and one looks again and again in vain for one woman rewarded with a title of any sort. We have had several women Mayors ; but even they are passed by unheeded,

although if they had been men they might have received the accolade.

Surely it is time the country woke up to what women are doing, for we all know women composers, philanthropists, factory inspectors, county councillors, matrons of great hospitals, etc., among whom there is wide choice for distinction and style, who ought to be styled "Dame".

But titles and distinctions are still denied to women. Great singers, composers, playwrights, actresses, scientists, Heads of Colleges, Civil Servants, doctors—none of them are given anything that will allow them to use the title of "Dame", as equivalent to "Sir."

There is no—

Dame Melba, O.Q.M. (?)	Dame Fawcett.
Dame Meynell.	Dame Scharlieb.
Dame Kendall.	Dame Lucy Kemp-Welch.
Dame Terry.	Dame Horniman.
Dame Ethel Smyth.	And so on galore.

It would be nice to know *why*, as already remarked, women artists are one and all shut out from being members of the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy. What a senseless, hampering law is this—for every one is aware of the value of "R.A." and "R.S.A." after an artist's name; it means good places in every exhibition, and first notices in the newspapers; it ensures sales of pictures, and good prices being paid for those pictures; and it commands special invitations to exhibit at the home, colonial, and foreign exhibitions.

Why, then, withhold any longer this honour from the woman artist who merits it?

Independence is a necessity. Surely parents should see that girls, when twenty-five years of age, are put into more or less independent position. Instead of always striving to get away and not having the means to do so, if a girl knew that at twenty-five she would have an income, or a trade, or a profession thoroughly mastered, which would enable her to make her own life, her own home, her own friends, she would not so continuously be like a bird beating its wings at the bars of its cage. A year or two of such independence would teach her to appreciate the old home.

With boys much the same applies, although they are generally taught, while young, how to make a living and independence for themselves.

In Sweden something of real value has been done for the usually forgotten sex.

Three women have received the Nobel Prize.

The first was Madame Marie Sklodowska Curie, Professor of Physics at the Paris University. In 1903 the Prize was given to her jointly with her husband, the late Professor Curie, for Physics, in consideration of their eminent work in investigating the phenomena of radiation discovered by Professor H. Becquerel. In 1911 Madame Curie was herself given the Prize for Chemistry in consideration of the discovery of the elements known as Radium and Polonium. She was born in Poland, and her husband was a Frenchman.

The second was Madame Selma Lagerlof, a Swedish author, unmarried, who was given the Prize for Literature in 1909, in consideration of her eminent literary productions.

The third was Baroness Berthe von Süttner, the Austrian author, who received the Prize for furthering

International Peace in 1905. Her chief work is called "Die Waffen nieder."

Yet even now there are women workers who have never heard of the Nobel Prize—worth £5,000—and women workers of whom the Nobel Prize Committee have likewise not yet heard. Still, things are moving a little.

Now that openings have been made for women workers, over sixty thousand women are employed in the different departments of the Civil Service, and yet the Royal Commissioners cannot make up their minds as to the quality or quantity of their work.

In the recent Royal Commission for the Civil Service, an attempt was actually made to introduce a statement that women's work was inferior to men's. Great was the fight, and although in the end the men would not acknowledge that it was equally good, they got out of the dilemma by saying they had not sufficient data of the comparative value of the work of men and women, upon which to form a conclusion. Delightful of them, wasn't it?

It can only be a question of economy, which is not worthy of the Commissioners. Seeing that women have to pass the same standard as men, surely it is time that they received equal wages and recognition of their work.

It is rather interesting to look at the position the learned societies take as regards women :

The Society of Antiquaries does not accept women as eligible for Fellowship, nor does it give them awards of any kind, yet there is no earthly reason why a woman should not be as good an antiquary as a man.

In the worlds of science, music, literature, etc., women are gaining every year higher and higher

prizes, in spite of the terrible obstacles that surround them on every side. Among others who have achieved success is Mademoiselle Edmee Chandon, Bachelier ès Lettres et ès Sciences, who was appointed on March 6th, 1913, Assistant Astronomer to the Paris Observatory. Another clever woman—girl, rather—she was only nineteen when, in July 1913, she was actually awarded the most eagerly coveted musical prize in France, the Grand Prix de Rome. In the whole history of the French Academy of Fine Arts this is the first time it has awarded the much-sought-after reward to a woman.

Scientific women are not even admitted inside that most august circle called the Royal Society.

Once in the year there is a Ladies' Soirée. The ladies are not the scientific discoverers of the land—oh, dear no; they are simply the wives of Fellows.

No matter how stupid or uninteresting those wives may be, they go there by right; no matter how brilliant, how great the discoveries of women scientists may be, they only get there by accident. If some Fellow's wife happens to fail, some scientific women may perchance be invited.

The Royal Society sometimes listens to women's papers, and sometimes prints them in its transactions, but only through the "courtesy" of a man friend, who has to father the paper from first to last. The woman cannot give it in, the woman cannot read it, and when the woman is allowed to make an exhibit, as she sometimes is, her page-boy may stand beside that exhibit and explain the virtues of her show; but the wearer of the petticoat, whose brain-work it is, is not allowed to do so. No woman has yet been allowed to put F.R.S. after her name.

When I was a little girl much of my time was spent outside the Royal Society, of which my father was a Fellow; and I remember even to this day always thinking it was a man's club, because I never saw a woman cross the threshold.

How long is this state of things to exist?

To be a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society means an interest in geography, a five-guinea Entrance Fee, and three guineas a year. Those seem to be the only qualifications, but among the first batch of women who were admitted as Fellows in 1913 I had the proud distinction of assuming the right, and putting "F.R.G.S." after my name; so it has gone on this book's title-page, as so many men think the distinction worthy of going on to the front pages of their books. The Society has a beautiful house at Lowther Lodge, and now that I have written many books of travel I have been accorded the privilege of Fellows to go there to look up maps. At the Royal Geographical Dinner in 1914 two hundred and fifty men sat down to table with twenty-five women. Mrs. Bullock Workman has lectured to the Society, and Miss Lowthian Bell has received one of their honours. Among well-known women Fellows are Miss Violet Markham, Miss Mary Hall, and Mrs. Olive Temple (formerly Miss McLeod).

The Linnæan Society, on the other hand, has sixty-seven women Fellows, being precisely one-tenth of the total number.

Among others may be mentioned the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Isabel Browne, Dr. Agnes Arber, Professor Margaret Benson, D.Sc., Miss Gulielma Lister, Mrs. Longstaff, Dr. Catherine Raisin, and Miss Ethel Sargent. The last-named was President

of the Botany Section at the British Association in

None, however, have received any medals given by the Society.

The Royal Society of Arts has been really generous to women. Sir H. Truman Wood says :

“From the first foundation of the Society ladies have been eligible for membership, and the lists of Members have always contained a certain number of women’s names. The first list of October, 1755, contains the names of Miss Elizabeth Vaughan and Lady Betty Germain, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, wife of Sir John Germain, who came with William III to England and served under him. She inherited a large fortune from her husband, and bequeathed it, in accordance with his desire, to Lord George Sackville, who took the name of Germain. She was a friend of Swift and other literary men. Miss Mary Cook—who, like Miss Vaughan, is now but an unknown name to us—was elected a little later in the same year (1755), and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu—whose name is spelt Mountague in the list—the earliest ‘blue stocking’ and the well-known authoress and leader of intellectual society, became a member in 1758. Her portrait appears in Barry’s picture of the Society. Later lists include the names of the Countess of Denbigh, the Countess of Macclesfield, the Countess of Northumberland, and Viscountess Falmouth.”

Wonderful as it is to relate, there has been no discrimination whatever between the two sexes since the foundation of the Society. The result is that many well-known women are Members of the Royal Society of Arts.

The Royal College of Physicians (London) has two women Members: Mrs. Haslam, who obtained, membership when she was Miss Evelyn Woodward, in 1909, and Miss Dossibai Rustomji Cowasji Patell, who received the diploma in 1911. Fellowship is by election, and not one single woman has been elected yet. They may pass examinations, but man's logic prevents their receiving the highest rewards. Hundreds of women hold medical degrees in Great Britain. The M.D. of London, a very stiff pass, is their favourite diploma.

As regards the Royal College of Surgeons, women were not admissible to the examinations of that College before 1910, but since then twenty-three have become Members, and one, Miss Eleanor Davies-Colley, has become a Fellow.

I believe there is nothing women cannot do. Some women—just as some men—if they are given a fair chance.

The Royal Astronomical Society does not accept women as eligible for Fellowship, but has, from time to time, elected various women eminent in Astronomy as "Honorary Members," among others having been: Miss Caroline Herschel, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Agnes Clarke, Mrs. Williamina P. Fleming (American), Lady Huggins, and Miss Annie J. Cannon (American). The last two are the Honorary Members on the list in 1914.

The only woman who has been awarded the Society's medal was Miss Caroline Herschel, who received the Gold Medal in 1828 for her reduction of the nebulae discovered by Sir William Herschel.

Men are not very generous to women as regards distinctions, honours, or titles, neither are they generous

towards women who are not their mistresses. Indeed, men's generosity sometimes takes quaint forms. For instance, a certain man started life at fifteen on 10s. a week. Forty-five years later he was a millionaire without wife or child. He had no real ties. In the same town a family of girls, highly born, lost father, mother, husbands, and money. The millionaire knew them from their babyhood, knew them for thirty years. He liked them all. They amused him. They could give him what to him was priceless in the social world. In return he invited them to dine at gorgeous spreads, entirely forgetting the dresses and gloves and taxis required, which they could ill afford. He paid for theatre parties, and suppers, trusting to their getting the people together to make them a success. He paid lavishly when he himself was being amused; but when serious illness and operations came, when doctors, nurses, and long convalescence followed, he never thought of sending £500 to the Bank so that they could draw their own cheques. Oh, dear no! He sent £5 worth of orchids, and thought he had been most generous.

Would a millionaire feel any poorer for buying annuities for each of those sisters, costing one-twelfth part of one year's income—so little to him and yet happiness for life to them. He throws that sum away on peaches out of season, exorbitant tips, motors he never uses. He, the rich man, flaunts money about, while the poor aristocrat fights poverty and stifles pride.

These are the kind of men who give to charities provided their names appear, but never send an anonymous gift to hospital or friend. The genteel poverty of the gentlewoman is the saddest of all, yet

how few men realise it. And the self-made man the least of all. He likes to feel his power, and loves to have a smart, well-bred woman beside him at a public restaurant, feeling, when he has paid for her dinner, he has been most generous.

Once the rearguard—and for thousands of years, with rare exceptions, women have been the rearguard—one of the greatest revolutions in the world's history is taking place. Most remarkable of all, the revolution is bloodless. Women are no longer content in any land, not even in ancient China, to remain behind; so from Pole to Pole, from East to West, the whole world's span, women are taking their place side by side with men, and in cases of Education and race betterment are often the advance-guard to-day.

There is vast work of all kinds waiting still for women. The lower tenth male-being has long been provided with his cheap lodging-houses. Doss-houses, Rowton Houses, etc., with beds from fourpence a night; but women, who really want protection for health and morals more than men, have been left utterly uncared for until recent years.

How many wretchedly poor, yet still to some extent refined, outcast women would gladly spend nights in the open air rather than herd with the diseased, drunken, foul, immoral, indecent inmates of some common lodging-houses, full of insect and human vermin.

The latest arrangements which have been made for the poor, who in this case include women, come under the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Policemen on night-duty are given so many tickets for a night's lodging, and anybody who is really destitute has only to apply to the "gentleman in blue", who will give

them a ticket enabling them to get a bed somewhere in that neighbourhood. These beds are supplied by the workhouse casual wards, Church Army and Salvation Army shelters, etc. There is no reason why people should actually sleep in the open, although the cheap free bed may not be attractive; but there is still an enormous want of thoroughly respectable, good, clean, lodging-houses for really deserving, and thoroughly respectable honest women.

Women inspectors are wanted in the public parks.

Women inspectors and women doctors are also wanted in all the prisons. Thanks to the Suffragettes, much has already been done in the way of prison reform.

All good women, nowadays, are wishful either to be good, which is quiescent, or to do good, which is active. And of the latter there are a considerable number, independent club-women for instance, who "don't exactly know what to do". A thing that women can do—may one whisper *ought* to do?—is to interest themselves in, however little, yet at all events sufficiently to gain an understanding of, what is meant by the Higher Education of Women.

Alas and alack, there are still women who don't understand "cricket"; in a word, they will take a mean advantage, be slack or callous, and generally lower the whole tone of the game they are playing. There are secretaries who come late, stay away an extra day over their allotted holiday, ask for a rise of salary at the most inconvenient moment of stress. There are girls who don't understand that a bargain is a bargain, and, whether as servant, companion, or teacher, do little things that are not strictly honest.

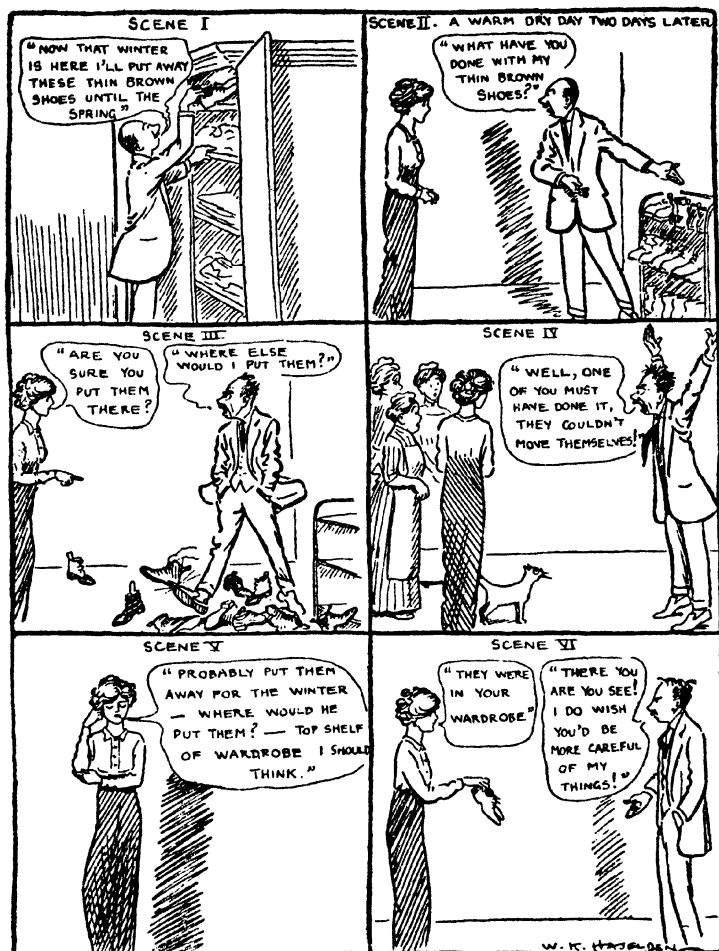
For instance, being late is dishonest, it is stealing time, and so on.

Such slackers lower the whole tone of women's work. Women must remember that they have a heavy door to push in order to open the whole labour market to their sex, and they must each one fight for the good of that sex, and die feeling they have shown the world—their own little world—what a woman can do or did do.

In most cases women are more reliable than men. As secretaries they do not gossip, they do not run out to smoke, or dawdle over their meals, all of which are dishonest tricks in men. But then, men are there, they have arrived. They are fixtures in the labour market, and they give themselves airs accordingly. Women still have to win their way. Only by conscientious, hard work have they gained admittance, against great odds of opposition, to their present posts. Every woman who fails in playing "cricket," as our male friends say, retards the position of women generally. The world is made up of units, and every unit counts.

Four nails hold a picture in a frame; one falls out, the three have to bear the extra strain; they weaken, and all suffer for the failure of one. Then the glass falls, and the picture and frame are destroyed. So with us. We are nails, and when we cease to do what we have undertaken we shake our whole economic condition.

When you are married do try and keep up some of your accomplishments; don't drop music and painting. If they are only a veneer, still, polished furniture is more pleasing than rough wicker. Your husband should encourage you, and help you.



From a cartoon by W. K. Haselden, by courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

A FUNNY LITTLE WAY THAT HUSBANDS HAVE.

If you are unmarried, and have no special gifts, don't think yourself a nonentity. When you lose faith in yourself, buy a bottle of tonic. Without faith one falls at every hedge ; with faith in oneself one clears even water-jumps. Do go in for some occupation or hobby, and let it be active. Prizes for pigs or roses are more helpful to yourself and your neighbours than an album of postage stamps, though collections fill up idle chinks in wintry evenings. Often what one begins as a hobby one continues as a habit.

If you are engaged, don't imagine that nobody was ever married before.

Never mention ailments. Being ill seems to be a sort of profession with some people.

Never mention servants outside a servants' registry office, and always apologise when you grumble about them even there.

Don't tell all your friends the price of your newest French frock ; it sometimes makes them feel a little envious.

Try not to spend more than three hours a day on clothes.

When an elaborate dinner is put before you, don't say you are a nut-eater, or after the champagne is opened aver that you are a teetotaller.

Don't always talk about "my motor," or "my chauffeur" to the friends who move about in 'buses, but lend them the motor one afternoon instead.

Husbands and wives should never talk in the first person singular about their joint affairs.

A man should not say, "I have taken a new house."

A woman should not say, "I have bought a new motor-car."

All these things are, or ought to be, done in co-

operation, and joint possession should be indicated by plural pronouns. Matrimony is partnership, and unless founded on that footing it is a failure.

Besides, it is hurtful to the man or woman who happens to be the poorer member of the firm to be ignored ; and if it is atrociously bad taste for a rich wife to speak about “ my this ” and “ my that,” it is equally bad for a rich husband to do the same thing.

Unfortunately, this is a matter that has been allowed to go on unheeded, and women have become so accustomed to their spouses be-lording themselves, with their “ my that ” and their “ my this,” that for generations they have submitted to this want of courtesy as one of the many stones on the tortuous path women have had to travel.

There is a very delightful woman, one of the cleverest women in England, one of the brightest and wittiest and cheeriest, who happens to be enormously rich. Wealth of means is on her side ; the position is entirely due to the husband, who has climbed to the top of an arduous profession, and reaped the highest laurels in that, as well as a seat in the House of Lords.

He is not a poor man ; he has quite a good and comfortable income of many thousands a year ; but his wife happens to have a great deal more. The only thing her friends cavil at—for she is a charming hostess and delightful in every way—is her incessant :

“ I have just bought a new house.”

“ I have just started a new gardener.”

“ I was exchanging my Panhard for a Charron.”

“ I have arranged that we shall go abroad.”

“ I am going to let the children do so and so.”

It jars. After all, few people stand success successfully.

It is bad enough to have principles; but it is worse still to have to stick to them.

Work, work, incessant work, punctuality, and order will accomplish almost anything. Hard work and keeping straight bring their reward, and yet sometimes an indefinable call urges us to do silly things.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is in doing something one knows one ought not to do—viz. staying in bed when one ought to be up, being up when one ought to be in bed, eating something utterly unsuitable, going somewhere where one ought not to be seen. Wicked, but true.

And, by the way, if you want good looks and success—DON'T think and worry when you go to bed. You will not be so fresh for work in the morning. This is "easier said than done," as we all know from sad experience.

One goes to bed.

Says to oneself—"I won't worry over that business," and thinks of something else.

A few minutes afterwards one's sub-conscious self is hard at work trying to unravel that particular business again, and working as determinedly and regularly as the clock ticking on the chimney-piece.

"How foolish," one says, and turns over, bangs the pillow, and again prepares for sleep; but no, that sub-conscious self gets loose again, and there, seating its wicked little self on the chimney-piece, so to speak, it ticks, ticks, ticks away to its own time and pleasure.

The restfulness of bed, and the quiet solitude of darkness are oft-times more helpful and stimulating

than crowds and gaiety. Sancho Panza said, "Blessed is the man who invented sleep."

A lonely walk through a beautiful glade or sun-kissed wood is an uplifting force. It fills our soul with delight and joy, and enthuses us with the multitudinous wonders of Nature and her mysterious whole. The more beautiful the scene the more beautiful still it is rendered by the presence of some one we love. BUT—

Has the day not come when women should have fair play ?

There is no sex in brains, and only men's illogical logic prevents women getting all for which they work in this world.

But, outside work, outside trades and professions, men must remain men, just as women will always be women. NAMOW must work together.

God bless them.

Life is a battlefield, and they have just got to fight on and on and be brave, ever keeping their eyes in front.

Our greatest Laureate was right :

"The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink
Together. . . ."

Good luck to NAMOW.

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